

PICTORIAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 1922



Feature Extraordinary

PAPINI'S "STORY OF CHRIST"

Begins in This Issue

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For washing-machine use, chip Fels-Naptha directly into the machine (see illustration) or, as some women prefer, make a soap-paste, by dissolving a bar of Fels-Naptha in a half-gallon of warm water.

Give your washing-machine the benefit of naptha

Real naptha—that marvelous dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners—cannot be obtained in prepared-flake form. The only way, therefore, to give your washing-machine the benefit of naptha is to make your own Fels-Naptha flakes (or soap-paste) as needed, on washday. Do this for cleaner clothes.

Wet the clothes; and either shave the Fels-Naptha directly into the washing-machine, or make a soap paste (using your usual amount of soap); let them soak a few minutes. The real naptha will go through every thread, loosen the dirt for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanish—leaving the clothes clean, sweet, sanitary.

No matter how you wash clothes, Fels-Naptha will wash them cleaner, more quickly, safely and thoroughly. For Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Directions inside every wrapper.



Real naptha! You can tell by the smell

The Ten-Bar Carton

The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the ten-bar carton. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each red-and-green wrapper.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

FREE Test The Sanitary Soap on difficult washing jobs. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia, for free sample.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Women

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

WE HAVE been saying a great deal about peace on earth; now let us talk for a while about "good-will to men"—or rather good-will to women. We are commonly supposed to be far more lacking than men in good-will toward each other, and woman's inhumanity to women often puts us in the class with cats, so adept have we become in purring and clawing with a single gesture.

That women are more personal than men in their social, business, and political life we are obliged to admit. We never seem to be able to get away from the purely personal attitude of mind, and it is this entirely personal mental attitude that accounts for much of the so-called "cattishness" of which we are so often accused.

Symbols of Sisterhood

A GROUP of women organized a business enterprise in New York. One of the first to become interested was a woman from another city. When the "literature" describing the project reached her home town and her name appeared among the original stockholders, the ardor that had been kindled there suddenly cooled. Finally the promoters were candidly told that this woman was unpopular and that no woman "who is anybody" would have anything to do with an enterprise in which she was a stockholder.

Diligent inquiry developed nothing whatsoever against this woman's character. She simply was not a member of the clique. The prejudice extended even to the newspapers, and social editors who had been warm in their praise of the "all-woman project" suddenly tabued it. Fancy men staying out or dropping out of a perfectly good thing in which they believed, simply because some man who didn't belong to their social set happened to own a share of stock!

Unfortunately this seems to be the only kind of "gang spirit" we women have developed—the spirit, not of standing by our own, but of ostracizing those who are not one of us. It is a negative and not a positive attitude. We do not stand by with nearly so much energy as we stand against.

Certainly the "gang spirit" is much more highly developed in men than in women. The reason is plain: it is men found expression for their social instincts through political parties, lodges, et cetera, long before women had any opportunity for developing social-mindedness. And even now women have practically nothing that satisfies or answers for them the same sort of social impulses that the lodge satisfies in man. There are no "grips" or passwords or symbols of sisterhood among us.

Women's auxiliaries in fraternal organizations have never attracted large numbers of women, even where the objects are purely altruistic, and the largest memberships among fraternal bodies are in those where the chief inducement is insurance and not pure fraternalism. What a wonderful thing it would be if there were some sign or symbol of sisterhood, some symbol that we honored and respected and loved!

Yes, women's habitual personal mental attitude must be overcome if we are to cultivate that good-will toward other women which is so beautifully suggested by the Christmas season.

Many a woman has wrecked a promising business career because she was unable to be impersonal regarding the men with whom she was associated. The average business man is not looking for a social companion or a vamp when he employs a stenographer or an assistant. What he usually wants is an efficient, intelligent, pleasing, attentive person, who has a sympathetic and understanding attitude toward his business.

It is true that relations between men and women who are associated together are both personal and satisfactory. But whether the relation develops into real friendship—as it often does—or whether it becomes even more personal—as it sometimes does—the background must be laid in first, and that background must be mutual confidence and respect. The stenographer who conceives herself in the rôle of charmer before she has succeeded in the rôle of stenographer is apt to come to grief.

But it is probably in the world of social affairs that woman's inhumanity to woman is most noticeable, and often most tragic. It is true that the War did much to set leveling processes in motion, and that "society"—by which is usually meant the idle and the prosperous, because only they can pay the price—has become more democratic, or thinks it has. But among many women the purring and clawing go on.

An obscure little Southern girl won one of the prizes in a beauty contest, and within twenty-four hours she was internationally famous. Artists wanted to paint her, newspapers and magazines pursued her, and the green people offered her fairlike sums. And because of all these things she was invited to a dance given by a Southern hostess in New York. There were other girls there from her city; she was for the moment a celebrity; would they not be proud of her?

But no, indeed! They were members of the "best society" set and she clerked in a department store. They shrugged their shoulders just a trifle, flicked the ashes from their cigarettes, and whispered suggestively behind their fans that really they had "never heard of her." Within half an hour after she had entered the room mobilization was complete—mobilization of the army of mean thoughts. It was as if a chilling breath had blown through the room. Unskilled as she was in social graces, the young beauty felt it. And what was the world's praise and admiration of artists now! She wanted to run away, to put her head down on somebody's shoulder and cry! Only women themselves can understand how those things hurt, how much they mean.

Woman's Inhumanity to Woman

AND how extremely skilful we women have become! What exquisite technique we have acquired! How softly, how sweetly we purr, and how cruelly we claw! Not a word spoken nor a gesture made to indicate our feelings! And yet half a dozen such experts can chill a room in ten minutes, chill it so successfully that the victim is visibly affected, the hostess miserable, and even the men outwardly icy—without knowing precisely why!

Now, Babe Ruth may not be a member of any social clique under the sun, but had he or any other athletic star entered a room under similar circumstances, what a lion he would have been! We will have peace on earth just so soon as enough of us really want peace; just so soon as there is more universal good-will. Each of us can bring the dream of peace nearer realization by being in our individual relations more kindly, more tolerant, more sympathetic, and, above all, less critical of each other.

We have been very much exercised concerning the political and economic inequalities between men and women. How much more quickly could opportunity be equalized if we women would stand by each other in a spirit of real sisterhood! And what better time could there be than this in which to inaugurate a great invisible but universal cult—the sisterhood of women!

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

Schoenhut Toys

Made in U. S. A. Since 1872.

American Ingenuity and Invention

SCHOENHUT Toys and Dolls are made for children to play with—day in and day out—year in and year out. They are the kind that never grow old, or if they do grow old, then the children love and appreciate them all the more. That is why mothers say that Schoenhut Toys cost less in the long run—and are worth more. Look for the name "Schoenhut."



Alphie Blocks

The Schoenhut Alphie Blocks are cute, chubby, attractive little creatures, each of which has a separate personality to endear itself to the childish mind. In shape, the blocks present the semblance of human figures. They are handsomely lithographed on both sides; one side a cute little child, the other a funny little animal; each block a different design. A different letter of the alphabet appears on the front and back of each block, so arranged that a half set provides a complete alphabet. They are made of hard wood—5" high, 2½" wide, and about ¾" thick. Flat on the tops, bottoms and sides, they can be used in innumerable ways for building, spelling, ten pins, etc. Several rubber balls come with each set.



Toy Pianos

The Schoenhut Toy Piano has accurate notes. Real tunes can be played upon it. The keys are the same width as on grown-up pianos, so that the child learns to spread her fingers properly. Schoenhut Toy Pianos are sold by practically all toy dealers and music stores. There are 42 variations of sizes and styles, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$40.00 each. They should not be ordered from the factory, as it is not practical to ship them by parcel post. Get them from your dealer, and make sure that the name "Schoenhut" is on the front of the piano. Schoenhut's toy pianos have been famous for 50 years.

Look for the Name "Schoenhut"

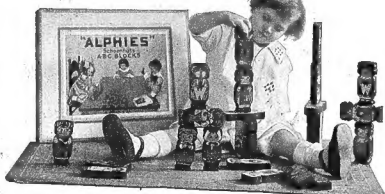
With Schoenhut Toys in all good stores, no mother need put in the hands of her child carelessly conceived or cheaply constructed toys that break a few days after Christmas: toys with paint that comes off; toys that confuse the child's growing thoughts. Every Schoenhut Toy means education directly interwoven with amusement. Look for the name "Schoenhut" which appears on every toy or package.



Schoenhut's All-Wood Doll

Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls

are made entirely of wood, firmly jointed with patented swivel connections and steel spring hinges having a double spring tension. They do not come apart. They are practically unbreakable. Children love them dearly because they will stand or sit in practically any position, a metal foot-stand being furnished with each doll. They are painted with enamel oil colors that do not come off. They come with either finest quality mohair wigs or with hair carved and painted on the wooden head, and may be had with either conventional or natural child faces. Eyes movable or fixed. A whole family to choose from—the world's only educational doll. Send for our illustrated doll booklet. If your dealer cannot supply you with Schoenhut's Dolls, we shall be glad to do so direct from the factory.



Humpty-Dumpty Circus

Here are the toys that every boy and girl in the United States is longing for this Christmas. Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys are made of solid wood, firmly jointed with strongest elastic cord. They are attractively enamelled in natural colors. With a Humpty-Dumpty Circus you can have all the thrills of the big tent right in your own home. The toys can be put through all kinds of contortions. Here is the elephant standing on his hind legs and there is the clown balancing himself on a ladder. They will stay that way, too, until you take them down. Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys can be bought in sets from \$1.00 to \$35.00, according to the number of pieces. You can start a circus with a few pieces and then keep adding to it until you have "the greatest show on earth" right on make up a real circus. It is more fun than you can shake a stick at, and mother won't get mad, because there is nothing that will soil your clothes or mar the furniture. If you can't get these toys at your regular toy shop, send us its name and we will mail you an illustrated catalog free.



"The Greatest Play Toy in the World"

The A. Schoenhut Company, 2188 East Hagert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

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Home foods and school marks!

Why healthy bodies usually harbor bright minds.

For years teachers have puzzled over this problem:

Of two children with perhaps the same native intelligence the one, with little apparent effort, leads his class. The other struggles, yet barely "keeps up."

Lately, however, we have learned that careful home cooking has a surprising bearing on good school marks; that healthy sparkling brains are nearly always found in healthy buoyant bodies.

One striking illustration comes from New York City where the Bureau of Child Hygiene estimated that 216,000 school children, prosperous and poor alike, were seriously undernourished.

As doctors, nurses, newspapers and magazines broadcast this newly discovered condition, children will gain the benefit in more digestible home foods.

Fats, for example, are necessary to health because they supply one-third of our energy. And a mother may end her search for a digestible fat when she finds Crisco. For in Crisco she has a truly digestible shortening—a vegetable shortening.

And what fine satisfaction thoughtful mothers find in cooking with Crisco! In most homes the mere assurance of healthfulness in fried foods is enough to make Crisco a prized kitchen companion. But Crisco is a versatile shortening—it gives wholesomeness to foods but it assures, also, as delicious cakes, pies and cookies as you ever tasted.

Two things, then, to remember: Crisco is a vegetable shortening. Crisco imparts healthfulness and easy digestibility to family foods.

You will appreciate, now, why Crisco must cost, during a week's cooking, a little more than do shortenings which can have no pride in their origin. These extra pennies are gladly spent by informed mothers as insurance against risk to young digestions.

Grocers may well take satisfaction in selling a food ingredient like Crisco whose healthfulness is so certain.

Special Cook Book Offer!

This fine, helpful cook book entitled "A Calendar of Dinners" contains 615 recipes and 365 dinner menus. If you wish it mail 25c to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Section N-12, Dept. of Home Economics.

Digestible Vegetable Shortening

For delicious digestible cakes
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome, digestible fried foods



Two Simple Home Tests!

Low Melting Point. Easy Digestibility.

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other shortening. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt once body heat—98½ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)



Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Place slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke at this proper frying temperature.

You will find that frying with Crisco will be very helpful in keeping your whole house fresh and free from the odor of cooking fat.

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THE JESTER

BY BURGESS JOHNSON
DRAWING BY W. FLETCHER WHITE

WHEN I am dead, I think no paradise, or angel throng,
Will satisfy this restless soul of mine,
Or any hell contain it overlong.
Yet my poor troubled wraith will break no bars,
Nor steal past barriers of opal cloud set thick with stars;
But there will be within its eyes such fire
Of yearning—such a flame of pure desire,
That saints or devils, very swift to read
And opening wide the gates, will bid it speed.

HERE as I dream, in this clear hour of scorn
For impotency now and pity for me then,
I see, before the Throne in that gray morn
Pleading its sorry case, a tortured heart;
For that it went through life with seeing eyes and
hearing ears
And chose the jester's part.
"God on Thy throne," it cries, "here is no rest!
On Thy great book I'm credited with kindly mirth.
Dost Thou erlook that there on earth and in my
mortal stage,

This and that idle jest, scorching my memory in paradise,
Belong upon the debit page?
Misshapen dwellings lined the road I trod.
Ofttimes I laughed in passing, pointing out
The grotesque pillar or framework odd,
Gaunt fragments of some one-time beauteous whole.
Yet through each window, often fogged by filth,
There peered a soul.
Thou knowest, God, I loved the little dwellings best,

And sometimes sought to look within.
And yet how often wistful, seeking eyes
Looked out at me from quaint abodes and
won—a jest!"

Men battered on the tears of that pale host;—
Ruler of Hell, great master of their craft,
Commission me, a wandering vengeful ghost,
To work among those merchants.
I still shall suffer, watching as I work,
Remembering that in life—I laughed.

IF I return from that far biding-place,
One other purpose, hid from saints or fiends,
Will urge my ghostly feet to faster pace.
Until they find

A station very near to One I left behind.
In that uncanny hour, close kin to death,
Between her sleep and waking, she will feel
Upon her fluttering eyelids just a breath
Of pressure—that is I!
There will be many breaths, each with a message.
Each one of them shall call to mind
Some moment in the years now gone,
Some wasted moment left so far behind;
When my true self sent unaccustomed words
Out to my lips—weak lips at best;
Which trembled inarticulate, and then
Framed her a jest.
When I am dead, for all these things
Shall my torn spirit strive.
But now am I helpless, for I am alive.





A Christmas Play for Children

BY PERCIVAL WILDE

Illustrations by Gertrude Kay

THE CHARACTERS:

The Wooden Soldier

The Jack-in-the

The Policeman

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From one side a little boy wanders in. He is not a toy, he is real. He is a well-dressed little boy, and his name is Bobby. He is all alone in the empty shop, and we wonder why he is there so late at night. He goes toward the

810

"DAD'S FACE
LIGHTS WITH A
GREAT JOY.
'AFTER FIVE
YEARS—ON
CHRISTMAS EVE
—GOD HAS
BROUGHT US
TOGETHER!'"



Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



THE JACK IS STILL IN HIS BOX, WHICH HAS GROWN TEN TIMES BIGGER."

the same place you are, so I'm losted too! So there!

BOBBY

[Who is a very logical little person.] Well, if you didn't want to get lost-ed, why did you come here?

BETSY

I came here— [She interrupts herself.] You won't tell?

BOBBY

No.

BETSY

Cross your heart?

BOBBY

Hope to die.

BETSY

I came here— [With shyness.]—to kiss her good-by.

BOBBY

Her?

BETSY

[Silently indicates the Masked Doll.]

BOBBY

Oh! [He pauses.] Well, go right ahead. Don't mind me.

BETSY

[Shaking her head.] Now that I'm here I don't want to be her good-by. I don't want to say good-by to her at all! [She sobs; continues hesitatingly.] I saw her the first time ever so long ago. She was in the window, and there were lots of other dolls with her. But they weren't as beautiful as she was; not one of them. I looked at her, and—and she smiled at me.

BOBBY

Go on!

BETSY

She did! She did! I told mother about her, and mother said and said, "Wait and see! Maybe you'll find her in your Christmas stocking!"

BOBBY

[Interrupting.] Say, you don't believe in Santa Claus, do you?

BETSY

'Course I do!

BOBBY

Huh! [He pauses.] Go on!

BETSY

Well, mother said maybe I'd find her in my Christmas stocking, and every day I've been coming here to see if she was still in the window.

Go! All by yourself?

BETSY

[Nodding.] Just me. I didn't tell mother about that!

BOBBY

And she didn't catch on?

BETSY

Not mother. All I had to do was wait, and tiptoe out after they brought me back from school. Mother goes out to work every day.

BOBBY

So does my dad!

BETSY

My mother works harder! I know it! I just know it! When she comes home at night she cries, she's so tired.

BOBBY

Dad doesn't cry. Never.

BETSY

Just wait and see! Everybody cries—some time. [She pouts again.] I came here every day to look at my doll; and Christmas getting closer and closer; and every day she was in the window, and looking at me just as if she wanted to be in my arms. First mother said, "Maybe"; and then a little later she said, "Wait and we'll see"—that's what she says when everything's going to come out all right; and then, only this very morning, mother said, "Betsy, would you be dreadfully disappointed if you didn't get the doll?" and I knew that meant that everything was all wrong.

BOBBY

Gee, that's hard luck!

BETSY

So I said, "It doesn't matter, Mother; I didn't care about her very much." But I did, oh, I did! Only I didn't want mother to see me crying. So I came here, just for a last look, and she wasn't in the window any more, and I was afraid she was gone. I was afraid somebody had bought her—but I wanted somebody to buy her if I couldn't have her. And then I found her in some on the table, and I wanted to say good-by to her, and whisper in her ear that I hoped she'd make some other little girl ever so happy, and kiss her—just once. But I couldn't do it with so many people around, so I hid—and

I think I fell asleep—and they closed up the store while I was hidden.

[Surveying the Masked Doll critically.] She isn't so much to look at.

BETSY

Oh, how can you say that? She's just sweet!

BOBBY

[Indicating the Wooden Soldier.] I'd rather have this one.

BETSY

[Crushingly.] You would.

BOBBY

[Magnanimously.] But if you'd told me you wanted her I'd have gotten her for you.

BETSY

You?

BOBBY

I'd have told my dad, and he'd have done it sure as shooting. He doesn't say, "Maybe," or "Wait and see." He's not like that! He just says, "Righto, old fellow," and there you are!

BETSY

[Sighing.] It must be nice to have a father like that.

BOBBY

What's your father like?

BETSY

I don't know; I don't remember him. Mother doesn't talk about him much. It's years and years since she's seen him.

BOBBY

[Impressed.] Years and years?

BETSY

Oh, ever so many! Sometimes she does talk about him, and then I don't understand what she says; and mostly, when she talks about him, she cries.

[Accidentally—or perhaps on purpose—Bobby louches something on the counter. There is a whirr, and a round little head, topping a grotesque little body, looks a foot into the air. Betsy screams.]

BOBBY

It's only an old Jack-in-the-Box. See! [He closes it up and lets it fly again.] He can't hurt you. [He notices the signs on the counter, and reads aloud.] "Bar-gain Counter." "Ev-ery-thing Here Re-duced." That's what they think of your old doll. Nobody wants her.

BETSY

[Sighing.] That's what mother says about us; nobody wants us.

BOBBY

Aw, cheer up! It's Christmas eve!

BETSY

[Almost weeping.] I know it, oh, I know it! And it's going to be the same as any other day.

BOBBY

No, it isn't. You feel it here. [He places his hand on his heart.] Don't you feel it?

BETSY

Not much.

BOBBY

Try again. Close your eyes, and say to yourself, "Christmas!" Just "Christmas!" Now!

BETSY

[Closing her eyes.] Christmas! Christmas!

BOBBY

[Anxiously.] Well?

BETSY

I think I feel it—a little.

BOBBY

Sort of warm feeling—with tickles on it?

BETSY

Um—hum.

BOBBY

[With approval.] That's more like it! My dad says it's just a matter of getting a grip on yourself.

BETSY

[Yawns.] I'm tired.

BOBBY

So'm I. Let's go to sleep.

BETSY

What'll mother say when I don't come home?

BOBBY

What can she say? You can't get out of here. Cheer up; you're with me.

BETSY

[After a shy pause.] I can't go to sleep without saying my prayers. May I say them at your lap? [Bobby nods timidly. Betsy kneels.]

Original CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



PAPINI, A NEW APOSTLE

The Extraordinary Character and Dramatic Conversion of the Author of "The Story of Christ"

Tissot, the Devout

A STRIKING coincidence is the fact of the dramatic conversion to Christianity of both Papini and Tissot, author and painter, respectively, of our "Story of Christ." Of the sudden awakening of Signor Papini, mention was made last month; the painter Tissot, many years earlier, was turned by the shock of bereavement from a reckless career on the Paris boulevards to devote his life to sacred themes.

After an intensive study of the life of Jesus, Tissot proceeded to Palestine, where he made some seven hundred paintings intended to interpret the life of the Master. Of these, many were published and exhibited in the United States. Jacques Tissot was born in 1836 and died in 1902.

No other group of paintings illustrating the life of Jesus can lay claim to the authenticity of Tisso's. Their faithfulness to types of character, scenic backgrounds, and the costumes of the New Testament period goes unchallenged. Tisso, a devout Christian, was saturated with his subject in all its phases.

To the courtesy and co-operation of the Brooklyn Museum, Pictorial Review is indebted for the reproduction of the Tissot paintings in the pages which follow.

actually based upon the true spirit of love. War and destruction seemed to be the natural climax.

"I began to examine the history of capitalism and industrialism, the development of Italy, of Europe since the fifteenth century, and the upshot, I found, had been always the same: War and destruction.

"I believe in poverty for the artist," he said simply when we talked of it. "Not in misery, mind you (the Italian *miseria*, which means destitution), for then no thought or creative work is possible. But wholesome poverty is good for the thinker and the writer. To be brought up in luxury—" and he shook his head forbiddingly, deprecatingly. His autobiographical novel, "Un Uomo,"

novel, *On Uomo Finito*," begins with the words: "I have never been a child. I have never had a childhood."

And that, I discovered, was literally true. He was born in Florence on January 9, 1887, the son of poor parents and of a family numerous in relatives. His father was a furniture-maker in a small way, and to-day you can still see the name of Papini upon doors and windows of shops dealing in furniture and carpets in the heart of Florence. The old Papini was a man of a certain energy of thought, a Garibaldista, something of a radical and revolutionary, a freethinker, very much of a modern Italian. Whatever there may have been in the dark rooms of the modest, laborious Florentine household, behind the shop, there was certainly no piety. His mother had the boy baptized by stealth, because of her inborn instinct, but fearful lest the father should cry out in wrath against such antiquated bigotry and superstition.

Photo by F. Barnetti

AND DAUGHTERS, "My passion became to know — to know — to know everything, all that had ever been printed or written or known. Nothing short of omniscience became my goal."

It was not long before he began to dream of writing an encyclopedia—but a far more ambitious work than any existing one. Indeed, the fullest of existing ones were to

WHO is Giovanni Papini? There is a thrill in the thought that to-day, virtually unknown to English-speaking peoples, his name to-morrow perhaps will be a household word. By a simile, "Story of Christ," he seems destined to become one of the world's great authors. In Italy the book has already secured a not always been de-

Not only had Papini not always been a devout or even religious, but actually, according to rumor, he was a scoffing atheist, an anarchist, a grim and bitter satirist of all things the human race generally affects, and most of all. And rumor in this respect is strikingly veracious.

He had published some "Story of Christ,"
umes in Italy before his "Story of Christ,"
and every one of them, almost, has a dash of
vitriol in it.
... a hater rather than a lover of his
... Anarchist,

kind, a master of invention, an atheist, nihilist, his one firm belief for a time, at least, was that suicide for the entire human race was the only salvation!

And now, virtually, no past few months, virtually, no a book that is already translated, or being translated, into a dozen languages, that turns its back upon all criticism or analysis, that has for its one aim and goal the calling back of its readers, or rather of calling it

of the human race, or rather
anew to the religion of love!
What is the secret? How did it happen?
What is the growth?

Was it a sudden conversion, or a growth?
What manner of man is this Papini?

I wish I could paint him as he is, the new Hound of Heaven, with his gaunt frame, his great dark hair, like a popular

shock of curling dark hair, the pale, olive-tinted face, pianist's; his thin, pallid, olive-tinted face, like an ascetic's. The deep-sunken eyes of the student scrutinize you myopically from behind large round spectacles that gleam somberly with a chill aloofness. Yet there is an appeal about the eyes, as of one who has labored long and hard, and kept long vigils over books and thought.

There is a sense of struggle about the long deferred, of terrific energy expended in book-lined study in the modest Florentine flat. And yet, too, you have a feeling that the struggle is only beginning.

"America wishes to know something of your life and history," I told him. "But first of all it wishes to know how you came to write the 'Storia di Cristo.'"

"It was the War," he broke out, as tho' this speech had been long pent up in him.

"When the War came, and nation after nation plunged in almost without thought or care, offering up holocausts of

its men, destroying, burning, killing—then I laughed with all the joyless bitterness of having one's saddest convictions confirmed. That is pre-

cisely what I believed and thought about the human race; that it was criminal and imbecile; that it was incapable of good and turned only to evil,

that its dominant desire was only to destroy and to kill, to kill and to destroy. Yes, I laughed, and I was glad that my deep-rooted conviction was

"In time, however, this

mood of scoffing and bitterness passed by. I was tormented by the question. Why should

this be? Why all this killing and maiming and destruction?"

"I began to read history," he went on, "more history. I went back to the earliest h

as far back as 2500 B. C. And always it is the development of peoples and nations led by the progress of science and technology, and not by the failure of religion.

"Was there any way to avoid this horrible tragedy, to do away with it permanently?"

"The only solution," he continued solemnly and more slowly, "was to change the spirit of mankind—to turn it toward religion."

Signor Papini laid a clear emphasis upon every one of

been printed or written or known. Nothing short of omniscience became my goal—"

It was not long before he began to dream of writing an encyclopedia—but a far more ambitious work than any existing one. Indeed, the fullest of existing ones were to

original from CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



GIOVANNI PAPINI, THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CHRIST," HIS WIFE, AND DAUGHTERS,
AT THEIR HOME IN FLORENCE, ITALY



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THE ANNUNCIATION

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The Story of Christ

Part One ~ The Nativity

By Giovanni Papini

Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Illustrations from Paintings by J. J. Tissot

To Appear in Five Parts



JESUS was born in a stable, a real stable, not the bright, airy portico which Christian painters have created for the Son of David, as if ashamed that their God should have lain down in poverty and dirt. And not the modern Christ-

mas-egg "holy stable" either, made of plaster of Paris, with little candy-like statuettes; the holy stable, clean and prettily painted, with a neat, tidy manger, an exotic ass, a contrite ox, and angels fluttering their wreaths on the roof—this is not the stable where Jesus was born.

A real stable is the house, the prison of the animals that work for man. The poor old stable of Christ's old poor country is only four rough walls, a dirty pavement, a roof of beams and slate. It is dark, reeking. The only clean thing in it is the manger, where the owner piles the hay and fodder.

cut down by the scythe; and with the grass the beautiful flowers in full bloom, white, red, yellow, blue. They withered and dried and took on the one dull color of hay. Oxen dragged back to the barn the dead plunder of May and June. And now that grass has become dry hay and those flowers, still smelling sweet, the animals take it slowly with their great black lips, and later, the flowering fields changed into moist dung, return to light on the litter which serves as bedding.

This is the real stable where Jesus was born. The filthiest place in the world was the first roof of the only Pure Man ever born of woman. The Son of Man, who was to be devoured by wild beasts calling themselves men, had as His first cradle the manger where the animals chewed the cud of the miraculous flowers of Spring.

It was not only by chance that Christ was born in a stable. What is the world but an immense stable where men produce filth and wallow in it? Do they not daily change the most beautiful, the purest, the most divine fall of length on the piles of manure, they say they are "enjoying life." Upon this earthly pigsty where no decorations or perfumes can hide the odor of filth, Jesus appeared one night, born of a Virgin, without flaw, armed only with Innocence.

First to worship Him were animals, not men. Among men He sought out the simple-hearted; among the simple-hearted He sought out children. Simpler than

children, and milder, the beasts of burden welcomed Him. The humble, tho servants of beings weaker and fiercer than they, the ass and the ox had seen multitudes kneeling before them. Christ's own people, the people of Jehovah, the chosen people whom Jehovah had freed from Egyptian slavery when their leader left them alone in the desert to go up and talk with the Eternal, did they not force Aaron to make them a golden calf to worship? In Greece the ass was sacred to Ares, to Dionysos, to Hyperborean Apollo. Balaam's ass, wiser than the prophet, saved him by speaking. Ozus, King of Persia, put an ass in the temple of Pitha, and had it worshiped. And Augustus, Christ's temporal sovereign, set up in the temple the brazen statue of an ass to commemorate the good omen of his meeting on the eve of Actium an ass named "The Victorious."

Up to that time the Kings of the earth and the populace craving material things had bowed before oxen and asses. But Jesus did not come into the world to reign over the earth nor to love material things. He was to bring to an end the bowing down before beasts, the weakness of Aaron, the superstition of Augustus. The beasts of Jerusalem will murder Him, but in the meantime the beasts of Bethlehem warn Him with their breath. In later years when Jesus was to go up to the city of death for the Feast of the Passover, He was mounted on an ass. But He was a greater prophet than Balaam, coming not to save the Jews alone, but all men; and He did not turn back from His path, no, not tho all the mules of Jerusalem brayed against Him.



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"BUT THE EXILE IN EGYPT WAS SHORT"

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After the animals came those who care for animals. Even if the angel had not announced the great birth, they would have gone to the stable to see the Son of the stranger woman. Shepherds live almost always alone and far away. They know nothing of the distant world, nor of the feast-days of the earth. They are moved by whatever happens near to them, even if it is a little thing.

But as they were watching their flocks in the long Winter night, they were shaken by the light and by the words of the angel. "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. . . . Glory to God in the high, and on earth, peace, and good-will toward men." highest, and on earth, peace, and good-will toward men." In the dim light of the stable they saw a beautiful young woman gazing silently at her Son. And as they saw the Baby with His eyes just open, His delicate, rosy flesh, His mouth which had not yet eaten, their hearts softened. The birth of a new man, a soul becoming incarnate from one moment to another, and coming to suffer with other souls, is always a miracle so deep as to move to pity even the simple-hearted who do not understand it. For these shepherds, forewarned, this new-born Child was not just a Baby, but He for whom their suffering race had been waiting for a thousand years.

The shepherds offered what little they had, that little which is so great when offered with love. They carried the white offerings of their craft, milk, cheese, wool, the lamb. Even to-day in our mountains where one finds the last, dying traces of hospitality and fraternal feeling, as soon as a wife is delivered of a child the sisters, wives, daughters of the shepherds come hurrying to her; and not one of them empty-handed. One has three or four eggs still warm from the nest, another a cup of freshly drawn milk, another a little cheese, another a pullet to make broth for the new mother. A new being has begun his suffering: the neighbors hasten to carry their offerings almost as tho to console the mother.

Themselves poor, the old-time shepherds did not look down on the poor. Simple as children, they loved children. They came of a race born of the shepherd of Ur, saved by the shepherd of Madian. Their first Kings had been shepherds—Saul and David—shepherds of herds before being shepherds of tribes. But these shepherds of Bethlehem, "unknown to the hard world," were not proud. A poor Man was born among them, and they looked on Him with affection and lovingly brought Him their poor riches. They knew that this Boy born of poor people in poverty, born of common people in the midst of common people, was to be the Redeemer of the humble, of those men of good-will, on whom the angel had called down peace.

Some days after this three wise men came from Chaldaea and knelt before Jesus. They came perhaps from Ecbatana, perhaps from the shores of the Caspian Sea. Mounted on their camels with their full-stuffed saddle-bags, they had forded the Tigris and the Euphrates, crossed the great desert of the nomad tribes, followed along the Dead Sea.

They were guided to Judea by a new star, like the comet which appears periodically in the sky to announce the birth of a prophet or the death of a Caesar. They had come to adore a King, and they found a nursing Baby, poorly swaddled, hidden within a stable. Almost a thousand years before this a Queen of the East had come on a pilgrimage to Judea, and she too had carried gifts—gold, fragrant perfumes, and precious stones; but she had found on the throne the greatest King who had ever reigned in Jerusalem, and from him had learned what no one else had been able to teach her.

The wise men found no King. They found a new-born Baby, a tiny Boy who could neither ask nor answer questions, a Boy who in His maturity was to disdain material treasures and the learning which is based on material things.

They were not Kings, these wise men, but in Media and Persia they were the masters of Kings. The Kings ruled over the people, but the wise men directed the Kings. They alone could communicate with Alma Mazda, the good God. They alone knew the future and destiny. They killed with their own hands the enemies of men and of the harvests—snakes, harmful insects, birds of prey. They purified souls; they purified the fields. Except from their hands God accepted no sacrifices. No King began a war without consulting them. Theirs were the secrets of heaven and earth. In the name of science and religion they held first rank in the nation. In the midst of a people sunk in material things they represented the Spirit.

IT WAS fitting that they should come to kneel before Jesus. After the animals, which are nature; after the shepherds, which are the common people, this third power, which is knowledge, knelt at the manger in Bethlehem. The old priestly caste of the Orient made its act of submission before the new Lord, who was to send His Gospel to the West. The learned men knelt before Him who was to set above the learning of words and numbers the new wisdom of love.

Symbolizing the old theology, bowing before the final revelation, the wise men at Bethlehem knelt before innocence: Riches prostrated itself at the feet of Poverty. They offered gold to Jesus; gold which He was to tread underfoot. They offered it not because Mary in her poverty might need it for the journey, but in anticipation of the command, "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the

poor." They offered Him frankincense, not tokens that their own ritual was ended; that their altars would need smoke and perfume that this Boy would die young, and His mother, smiling now, would need spices to embalm the dead body.

Knocking in their pontifical robes upon the bedding of straw, they, the mighty, the learned, the soothsayers, offered themselves as pledges of the obedience of the world. Jesus now had received all His rightful inheritances, begun by those who were to hate Him to the day of His death.

His Childhood and Youth

A CHRISTIAN poet, an Italian, sang this lullaby to the new-born Jesus:

Sleep, Baby, do not weep;
Sleep, heavenly Babe;
Over Your head the tempests shall not dare to rage!

But the Son of Mary did not make Himself man in order to sleep; and the tempests raged, but He was not afraid. Better than Siddhartha, He deserves the name of the Awakened One. How can He sleep in the stable, where the donkey brays, precursor of all donkeys who will lay against Him; where the ox lows, waiting until the other oxen speak at His presence; where the shepherds question Him; where the wise men give Him their blessing. How can He sleep when the shuffling steps of Herod's assassins draw near? How can He ever sleep up to that last night when He will agonize under the olive-tree, amid the sleeping bodies of the Eleven?

And Mary can not sleep. In the evening as soon as the houses of Bethlehem disappear in the darkness and the first lamps are lighted the mother steals away like a fugitive. She is stealing a life away from the King; she is saving a hope for the people as she presses upon her breast her Man-child, her hope, her sorrow.

She goes toward the West; she crosses the old land of Canaan and comes by easy stages—the days are short—to the Nile, to the country of Mizraim which had cost so many tears to her ancestors fourteen centuries before—to Egypt.

Egypt, the rich spawning-bed of all the infamies and all the magnificences of the first epoch; that African India, where the waves of history broke and died, where 'tut a few years before Pompey and Antony had finished the dream of empire and of life; this prodigious country, born of water, burned by the sun, covered with the blood of many peoples, inhabited by many animal-gods; this country, paradoxical and supernatural, was by contrast the predestined asylum for the fugitive.

When Jesus could speak He was to pronounce the verdict

against Egypt: the Egypt which is not only on the banks of the Nile; the Egypt which, with its Kings, its sparrow-hawks, its serpents, has not yet disappeared from the face of the earth. "Christ was to give the final and aerial answer to the terror of the Egyptians. He returns to mud, and all the fetiches of the pot-bellied river-dwellers of the Nile, and He was to conquer death without sculptured tombs, without mortuary kingdoms, without statues of granite and basalt. His victory over death is won by teaching that sin is greater than worms and that spiritual purity is the only aromatic which preserves from decay.

But the exile in Egypt was short. Jesus was brought back, held in His mother's arms, rocked throughout the long journey by the patient steps of the ass, to His father's house in Nazareth, humble house and shop where the hammer pounded and the rasp scraped until the setting of the sun.

The canonical Gospels say nothing of these years; the Apocrypha give many details, but unworthy of belief. Luke, the wise doctor, is content to set down that the Boy grew and was strong; that is, that He was not sickly and overworked. A Boy developed as He should be, healthy, a bearer of health, as was fitting in one who was to restore others by the touch of His hand.

Every year, says Luke, the parents of Jesus went to Jerusalem for the Feast of Unleavened Bread in memory of the escape from Egypt. They went with a crowd of neighbors, friends, and acquaintances to keep each other company on the journey. They were cheerful like people going to a festival rather than to a service in memory of a solemn crisis; for the Passover had become at Jerusalem a great feast-day, when all the Jews scattered about the empire came together.

On the twelfth Passover after the birth of Jesus, as the group from Nazareth was returning from the Holy City, Mary found that her Son was not with them. All day long she sought for Him, asking every acquaintance, but in vain. The next morning the mother turned back, retraced her steps over the road, and went up and down the streets and open places of Jerusalem, fixing her dark eyes on every boy she met, asking the mothers standing in the open doors, begging her countrymen not gone, to help her find her lost Son. A mother who has lost her son does not rest until she has found him; she thinks no more of herself; she does not feel weariness, effort, hunger. She does not shake the dust from her clothes nor strange her hair. She cares not for the curious glances of the passers-by. Her distracted eyes see nothing but the image of him who is no longer beside her.

Finally on the third day she came to the Temple, looked about in the courts, and saw at last in the shadow of a portico a group of old men talking. She came up and talked, for those men with long beards seemed people of importance, who would not pay any attention to a plain woman from Galilee, and discovered in the center of the circle the waving hair, the shining eyes, the tanned face, the

fresh lips of her Jesus. Those old men were talking with her Son of the Law and the Prophets. They were asking Him questions and He was answering: He put questions to them in His turn and they marveled at Him, astonished that a Boy should know the words of the Lord so well, out in the little synagogue of Nazareth: and His memory had retained every syllable.

Mary remained for a few moments gazing at Him, hardly believing her eyes, her heart, a moment before But she could not restrain herself any more, and suddenly in a loud voice called Him by name. The old men took breath and silently clasped Him to her, the tears which she had kept back till then raining down on His face.

She clutched Him, took Him away, and then, certain that she had Him with her, that she had not lost Him, the

"How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Weighty words, especially when said by a twelve-year-old Boy to a mother who had sought Him for three long days.

And, the Evangelist goes on, "They understood not the saying which He spoke to them." But after so many centuries of Christian experience we can understand those words, which seemed at first sight to be hard and proud.

"How is it that ye sought Me? Do you not know that I can never be lost, that I can never be lost by any one, even those who will bury Me under the earth? I will be everywhere where any one believes in Me, even if they do not see Me with their eyes. I can not be lost from any man, by any man, provided that he hold Me in his heart. I shall not be lost alone in the desert nor alone on the waters of the lake, nor alone in the garden of olives, nor alone in the tomb.

"And who is this father of whom you speak to Me? He is the legal father, the human father, but My real Father is in heaven. He is the Father who spoke to the patriarchs face to face, who put words into the mouths of the prophets. I know what He told them of Me, His eternal wishes, the laws He has given to His people, the covenant, which He has signed with all men. If I am to do what He has commanded Me, I must be busy about what is truly His. What is a legal, temporal tie, confronted with a mystic, spiritual, and eternal bond?"

BUT the hour for really leaving His home had not come for Jesus. The voice of John had not yet been heard; and with His father and mother He once more was taking the road to Nazareth and returned to Joseph's shop to help him in his trade.

Jesus did not go to school to the scribes nor to the Greeks. But he did not lack for teachers. Three teachers He had, greater than all the learned—work, nature, and the Book.

It must never be forgotten that Jesus was a working man and the adopted son of a working man; that He was born poor, among people who worked with their hands; before He gave out His gospel He earned His daily bread with the labor of His hands. Those hands which blessed the simple-hearted, which cured the lepers, which gave light to the blind, which brought the dead to life, were those hands which were pierced with nails upon the cross, were hands which had been bathed with the sweat of labor, hands which had known the numbness of work, hands which were callous with work, hands which had handled the tools of work, which had driven nails into wood, the hands of a working man.

Before being a workman of the spirit, Jesus was a man who worked with material things. He was poor before He summoned the poor to sit around the festive table, to the festive table, to the festive table, to the festive table. He was not born into a wealthy family, into the house of luxury, on a bed covered with purple and fine linen, a descendant of Kings, He lived in a



© 1902, 1903, J. James Tissot. © 1902, John H. Kaysers. JOSEPH AND MARY SEEK AN ABODE IN BETHLEHEM

Often while the thin, light shavings curled up under the steel of His plane and the sawdust rained down on the ground, Jesus must have thought of the Father, of the prophecies of the promises of what He was to create, not of old time and rules, but with spirit and truth. with boards

of fields which perfume heaven, or on steep desert hills parched by the sun. Jesus took His language from the country; He hardly ever uses learned words about conceptions, drab and generalizing terms. His blossoms with colors, is perfumed by the abstract and of orchard, is peopled by the

When He became no longer a manual worker He went down lower yet in the eyes of the respectable folk. And sought His friends in that miserable huddle which is even below the common people. But until that day when Jesus, before going down into the inferno of the dead, went down to the living. His position was that of a poor working man and nothing more, in the hierarchy of castes which eternally separates men.

Jesse's trade is one of the four oldest trades of men's occupations. The peasant of the penance of the smith, and the carpenter, mason and those who have penetrated with the life of man, the most ancient religious. They handle the most famous materials and their transformation into various creations, useful to all men breaks the bread from it. The bread eaten by the saint in his cave and the soldier in his derelict prison; the stone and mason squares build up the house of God, the house of the King, the house of the King of Kings. The smith heats and hammers to give a sword to the soldier, a plowshare to the peasant, and the carpenter constructs the wood of the house, protects the houses from the thieves, to make the bed in which the noble people die.

These plain things, these common, ordinary, usual things, so usual, common, and ordinary that they pass disregarded under our eyes, used to more complicated marvels, are the simplest creations of man, but more miraculous and needful than any later inventions.

Jesus the carpenter, lived in His youth in the midst of these things, made them with His hands, and for the first time by means of these things done by Him, entered into communion with the daily life of men, with the most intimate and sacred life—home life. He made the table around which it is so sweet to sit in the evening with one's friends, even if one of them is a traitor; the bed whereon man draws his first and last breath; the chest in which the country wife keeps her poor clothes, her aprons, her handkerchiefs; the table for the festive, and the starched white shirts for the sober days. He made the kneading-trough in which the flour is put, and the leaven raises it until it is ready for the oven; and the armchair in which the old men of an evening sit around the fire to talk of never-returning youth.

His trade taught Him that to live means to transform dead and useless things into living and useful things; that the meanest material fashioned and shaped can become precious, friendly, useful to men; that to save, in short, it is useful to transform; and that just as a child's crib or a wife's bed can be made out of a log of olive-wood, gnarled, knotty, and earthy, so the filthy money-changer and the wretched prostitute can be transformed into true citizens of the kingdom of heaven.

JESUS, like all great souls, loved the country. The sinner craving purification, the saint moved to prayer, the poet eager to create, take refuge on the mountains in green shadows, by the sound of the water, in the midst

He saw in His
 swelling the rig-
 ing under the great
 dark leaves: He saw
 the dry tendrils of
 the vine
 over withered
 and from the leaves
 the white and
 purple clots were
 hanging down for
 the joy of the vine-
 taker. He saw from
 the invisible mud
 itself up with rich
 light tendrils: He
 heard in the night
 the mournful
 rustle of the reeds
 along the ditch
 along the ditch.
 He saw the seed of
 grain buried in the
 mud, and its reas-
 rection in the form
 of a full ear, when
 of an air first began
 to be warm. He saw
 the beautiful
 yellow, and purple
 bloom in the midst
 of the trader green
 of the wheat. He
 saw the first tender
 of grass luxuriat-
 to-day, and to-
 morrow dried under
 heat into the oven:
 He saw the peaceful
 animals and the
 harmful animals:
 the dove, a little vine
 of its brilliant neck,
 cooing of love on
 the roof, the eagle
 swooping down with
 wide spread wings
 upon its prey: the
 swallows of the air,
 which, like King-
 can not fall if it is
 not God's wish: the
 crows tearing flesh
 from carrion with
 their beaks; the
 their
 loving mother hen
 calling the chickens
 under her wings
 when the sky dark-
 ens and thunders:
 the treacherous fox
 after its kill, slink-
 ing back into its
 dark lair; and the
 dogs under the
 table of their
 masters begging for
 scraps that fall to
 the ground. He saw
 the serpent with-
 ing through the
 gram and the dark
 viper hiding among
 the scattered stones
 of the tomb.

Born among the shepherds, He was to become a shepherd of men. Jesus knew and loved the lowly and the weak; the lambs almost hidden, under their mother's woolly bodies; the flocks sweltering on the thin, hot pastures of their hills.

He loved with such love the tiny ones which you can scarcely see on the palm of your hand, and the ancient fig-tree, casting its shade over the poor man's house; the birds of the air, which sow not, neither do they reap; the fish swimming the meshes of the nets to feed His faithful; and, raising His eyes in the sultry evenings of gathering storm, the lightning flashing out of the east, shattering the clouds like a giant, even into the west.

In the January number will be told the wonderful story of Christ's ministry and "The Parable of the Prodigal Son"; in the February number His love of little children, the inspiration of Mary and Martha, and the conversion of Mary Magdalene; in the March number His condemnation of the Scribes and Pharisees and the beautiful story of "The Last Supper."



THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

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NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Why Not a Crowley Christmas in Your Town?

Don't You Want to Play the Role of Santa Claus as Does This New York Business Man to Hundreds of Orphan Children?

BY MONTANYE PERRY

Why Let George Do It All?

WHAT do you know about the orphan asylums in your community? Do you ever visit them?

Before you say you haven't the time read this sympathetic story of the wonderful work done by a New York business man with a big heart, who is about the busiest person that ever happened in looking after his own affairs, and yet finds time to be with the inmates of the orphan asylums in his community—every one of them—have a real, honest-to-goodness Christmas.

What he does you can do and you ought to do it. Why not interested in it who can take charge of it—your club, the newspaper, your church—somebody and everybody. You will be doing a good deed and, moreover, you will get so much pleasure out of it—pleasure mixed with tears—that you will never want to stop.

If you do not know how to start the plan going, write to George Crowley, care of Pictorial Review, and, busy as he is, he will tell you.

And do it now—this Christmas. It will be the greatest Christmas experience you have ever had.

NOVA AMESON.

THIS is a letter that has brought joy to thousands of childish hearts, that will bring joy to thousands more. It is the magic message that transformed George C. Crowley from an ordinary, hard-working, clear-headed, prosperous business man to a human volcano emitting laughter, tears, tenderness, and efficiency, all in one breath:

DEAR MR. SANTA CLAUS: I am a little girl seven years old. If you really do come to our orphanage will you please bring me a pair of new stockings? Brown ones if it is not too much trouble. Your little friend, NOVA AMESON.

Say "Orphanage" to Mr. Crowley and within five minutes you'll want three things: a very large, clean kindergarten, a screen, a check-book.

The kindergarten for tears. The screen to hide your ugly face. The check-book to try to atone for the fact that it never had on Christmas day, or any other day.

For that Mr. Crowley's slogan is "Say it with checks." It isn't "Say it with words!"

It is infinitely more exacting demand. But not having been educated to any better means of statement, you instinctively follow the great American impulse to much for a check-book and let that end it.

Last week I had occasion to visit several orphanages. Clean, sanitary, well-ordered places they were. The men and women in charge were kindly, competent people. The children were properly clothed, properly nourished, very properly beloved. But . . . somehow . . .

I looked and approved, but my mind was full of uneasy, half-tangible thoughts. I murmured, sincerely, "How attractive!" "Very nice!" "Splendid!"

And all the time there was a lump in my throat that I couldn't explain. Once I stood in a dormitory looking at long rows of small white beds, spotlessly clean, two hundred and thirty-five little sheets turned back at exactly the same angle, two hundred and thirty-five little pillows placed just so, two hundred and thirty-five little nightgowns hanging each on its own hook. There were five other rooms just the same as this one!

"What a great place for a pillow-fight!" I exclaimed.

My pride looked deeply shocked. "The boys never in at seven-thirty," he explained. "Ten minutes to undress and hang up clothing neatly. Then a bell strikes and they kneel for prayers. At a strike again they rise, say 'Good night' to all in chorus, and get into bed. Then there is perfect silence."

I nodded helplessly. Something was clutching at my throat.

"Here is our system of signals," my guide went on. "This button in case of fire; this one if a child is ill and needs more attention than the attendant in charge can give. Everything is provided for."

Anything, yes. Again I nodded. But . . . I had seen two riotous youngsters, white-robed, frolicking over their beds, pelting each other with pillows, quieting down with immense difficulty, golden hair in my lap, for their whispering to a good-night fairy-tale, wanting, and getting, a drink. A toddy-herb, a bit of court-plaster for an infrequent night at three-minute intervals, until the sandman swooped down and quieted them perforce. A cough, a little cry in the night, and a quieting hand and a soothing murmur sent them happily back to dreamland.

It was in a little girls' orphanage—that I heard of Mr. Crowley. The Orphans' Santa Claus. It was a rainy afternoon, and the children could not go out for their playtime. And there, in a playroom, was a circle of tiny tots in rocking-chairs, each one hugging a doll. And in the hospital were a half dozen girls with slight ailments, each one snuggling a dolly beside her. And in a larger playroom more girls

times by various people whom Mr. Crowley sent out from a board meeting. It was still waiting. At a quarter past five he came, and I suddenly realized that unconsciously I had been expecting to see a fat, jolly old gentleman who'd "shake when he laughed, like a bowl of jelly"; a benevolent, loquacious person who'd ramble on reminiscentally about himself and his hobbies.

What I really saw was a slim, blond man in the well-cut gray business suit of the typical New York Yorker. Brisk, keen-eyed, absolutely uninterested and non-committal about himself, but a human dynamo on the topic of orphans.

"How'd it happen?" he answered my first question. "Well, I had a friend who had lost his own little girl and wanted to make some kids happy at Christmas. He asked a matron at an orphan asylum to let the kids write Santa Claus letters and send them to him. He got more than he could handle alone. Called me up and asked if I'd be Santa Claus to a little girl in an orphanage. I said yes, and he let her letter. When I got the letter the kid had asked for a pair of stockings! That got me going. Think of a little girl writing to Santa Claus for a thing like that! Not a doll, nor a toy, nor candy. Just stockings!"

"Well, I took the letter and a box of brown stockings and went up to the asylum to see the kid. Pathetic little thing, eyes as big as saucers. Talked to her and found out she never had a nice, new pair of stockings since she could remember. They had to darn them and they were faded and there always were bunches up places and she wanted a whole new pair of her very own, once. She got 'em."

"While I was there I thought I'd like to look around the place. My! Clean and orderly and everything running in well-oiled grooves—absolutely not a joy in life for those kids. Just one day after another, all alike. Kids don't care so much whether they're warm and well fed. They don't give a hoot whether they're clean. But they want to be loved, and they want to laugh. Love and laughter—that's what kids are for. And in orphanages they don't have either one. They can't!"

Over his fine, keen eyes had come a quick mist of tears. He wiped them away, unashamed. "The people in charge seem very kind," I murmured hurriedly, as if I must comfort a small, grieving boy.

"Kind, yes. They do the best they can. But think of the number they have to deal with. They can't take 'em singly. Those poor kids are loved collectively. And what every child needs is to be loved individually. Think of never having anything personal—meals, games, bedtime, everything, in big impersonal bunches. Prayer, even! Didn't you say your prayers at your mother's knee? Isn't that the way God meant prayers to be said?"

Original continued on page 31



THE CROWLEY DAUGHTERS SORT AND TAG THE THOUSANDS OF CHRISTMAS BUNDLES
EACH CHILD GETS WHAT IT WANTS. MRS. CROWLEY, HERSELF, SPENDS A DAY AND NIGHT INSPECTING THE PACKAGES

and more dolls, doll-houses, carriages, cradles, tea-sets. "He came last Christmas, very early in the morning," the matron told me. "A real Santa, with a red suit, a white beard, and a huge pack. He brought every child a doll. Other things, too. It was the most wonderful day in our history."

"I'm going to see that man," I decided instantly. But it wasn't so easy. Three times I asked for an appointment



THE FIRST-BORN

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

I WON'T run any more—I can't run any more—my legs *loo-ah!* Madge plumped down Turk-fashion, crossing her reedy shins, and dropped her chin into the hollow of her translucent palms. Her skinny little body heaved with the unweary effort of the romp leaved with the unwonted effort of the romp and her cheeks worked in and out. She cast a corner-glance at the boy.

"Whistle!" she fretted. All the interminable five years of her life she had been a fretter. "Whistle like birds!"

The boy, throwing himself at full length on the grass, poured his lips as if willing to enthrall her once again with that magical possession. Then, grinning with a blithe perversity, he shut them tight.

"Learn, yourself," he pleaded her. He lay, cheeks in fists, studying her with his piny blue eyes. Half buried in the long grass, flecked with dazle where the sun leaked through the high black canopy of cypresses that wooded the small promontory where they played, and motionless as a creature of pagan gods, there were times when it seemed for six weeks that he wasn't there at all. Like a spotted leopard in a spotted bush he had vanished, and Madge, panic-stricken, had to crane her neck and strain her weak pale-brown eyes to get him back again.

It was always as if this new playmate hovered on the borderland of enchantment, an enchantment of tree-boles and shrubs and sylvan shadows from which he had appeared but the other day, a grinning Goodfellow of the forest (as if, even with his brave smile, his engaging red-brown curls, his tidy white blouse, blue breeches, and wind-roughened knees, he knew he would not be welcomed by the house gateway), and into which he was apt to vanish as craftily again, for all Madge's pleading, at so much as one footfall of lazy Emma coming up the path. No, he was worse; he would be off for less. His elusiveness, as Madge knew to her terror, was tremendous. She was accustomed when she awoke to being nagged at in return. When she awoke with this boy his interest was gone in a wink, and he with it, slinking off with a kind of hangdog look about the shoulders among the trees.

So he held the whip over her. And she, to whom this illicit possession of a playfellow was the purest of magic (like those rare fairy dreams from which she was hailed back to the dismal world by Emma's morning officiousness), what breathless, scared work she made of it at moments to pinch the wall in her throat, to hoodwink the tyrant with a painted smile where habit told her to "rammer" and stamp her feet, to get him in safety past those precarious instants of "thiness" by such devious stratagems as pretending she wanted to race when what she really had was a stomachache, or lie on her back beside him and discern extraordinary faces in the clouds, when in point of fact their sun-blown luminosity was sending the old dull pulse down through her eyeballs into that knobby place at the top of her spine—until she forgot it, at any rate.

"No-o-o! Whistle like birds!" she persisted.

"Whistle like birds, yourself."

"I tell you I—I—"

Terror got in her throat, and her ribbed body came up with a snap. She saw his eyes still trying to smile, with that kind of funny tenderness, but about his mouth and shoulders was coming the look she knew so well.

"Oh-uh!" she stammered. "What let's play? Build a grass house?"

"Let's!" From lying flat on his stomach he was sitting cross-legged in one miraculous bump. His teeth reappeared. He ran his fingers through his hair. "Let's build like an Indian fort!" he cried, reaping hand-swaths of the long grass-stems that make fine logs.

THAT was one of his qualities that startled and charmed **I** her. When this boy did a thing he went about it, methodically like Emma, not headache-fashion like mother, not like father, preoccupied and profound, but as if with a whoop, like an April wind in new leaves. It was as unsettling as some gorgeous shouted heresy.

"No, tho—" Old perversity had its moment; already she was tired of grass houses. "Let's do something else. Let's run."

It was touch and go with him at that. Touch went, tho; the corners of his mouth managed to break up again.

"All right, then, let's!" "You race me!" He looked at their several legs, hers like pea-props, his like the ruddy underpinnings of heroes.

"I can beat you so bad; that's the trouble. Unless I should only hop. I'll hop one-footed, tho. One—two—three—go!" Croaking his left leg, he was off up the path in a spatter of gravel, Madge, tricked out of the dumpy, full after him, aching legs and all. So they raced for it, up through the tops of the cypresses, till the boy, stumbling at last on his single flying support, fell headlong into a dogwood-bush, and the girl won to the top, victory whistling through her teeth and patching her cheek-ridges with a color strange there.

It was the first triumph of her history, and it sent her suddenly soaring, heart and feet, her feet in a tumble to the coping of the

"I SAW HER, THEO. ALL OF A BLINDING SUDDEN! SHE WAS LOVELY, THEO, LOVELY!"

mouse in his black gloves and his eyes brooding over his wheel.

So for a moment the walking balanced on the lip of mother-space and saw it with widening eyes and felt the wind that came out of it clutching at her meager flesh, and, tricked by a queer enchantment, lifted her arms of a sudden over her head and spread her ten fingers wide.

The boy too, following up, seemed to feel the pull and magic of the instant. He surrendered differently. Going was straightaway with his chin propped on a wrist, he was accepted. His eyes, fixed seaward under drooping lids, dreamed in peace, the peace that is in the wind and the sun and the roots of pines. There was no obstacle or division. It was as tho, just as in the sun-streaked grass

"lookout" built on the cliff in native rock; her heart, for one respondent life. She stood poised, thinner than pinnares, in the wind that came swooping up the cliff from the sea.

The sea spread a brave asphire; the sun, still vibrant shadow-drawing in the detail of the immensity of the earth, the distant whitecaps, the pattern of greening (the down under the eastern lee of the rock, the garage, the chicken-run, a spot of the kitchen-garden seen through a gulf in the treetops, and Emma's new bear, the garden man, up to his knees in beans—and beyond, above the platform of the leaves, the colored squares of the Hills, through which came winding somewhere the tar-black Boston father down each Saturday afternoon (now that they had come to the shore), his hands enormous in his black gloves and his eyes brooding over his wheel.





he had a tendency to
relapse into a certain
graininess or among the
trees to merge willy-nilly
with leaf and bark—it
was as the now, from
instant to instant of the
interval that was but an
instant altogether, cham-
eleon-like, his identity
as a boy began to be
overcast and lost without
struggle in the living
body of the rock.

Madge was lifted on her toes. It was her own upflung arms and spread fingers that pulled her skyward, to save her perhaps from flinging down into that sun-warmed, wind-cooled, life-blown blue. Something ecstatic went shuddering up her skeleton. She shut her eyes.

She popped them open with a wail, and there was the old malignant sun boring into their bottoms to make her squint. In the blink of an eye, the blink of an eye, each had been shattered, cosmic paradise whisked shut, and all the highways of scarcpoised-at, fabulous adventuring folded back into the ether again.

The wind had gone mean and cold; it nagged her because she was sickly and small. The giant sea sneered at her niggardly flesh and her pigmy soul. The world, enormous, unfriendly, lifted its old cry, "For pity's sake, can't that child be kept still?" against her aches and pains.

Throwing herself down and locking her fingers around her stringy neck, she wept. It was no silent weeping either, but a plaint strident and long-drawn, sole known defence against a universe beleaguering and unfair.

She had been too high and fallen too far; she was too tired, too destroyed

The boy was cast out by the rock. He reared to his knees.

"Why? Wh-why——"

"Why do you cry this way?"

But this time the poison had been pent too long:

tion rocked her, and her sh

leather ribbons against the stone.

"THE BRAT'S ALWAYS HAD SPELLS OF TALKING OFF AND

"I LOVE YOU MORE'N ANYBODY!" SHE CRIED OUT IN A WHISPER. "MORE'N MY FATHER. EVEN MORE'N MY MOTHER."

cringing, but she couldn't stop. Once he did hesitate. He half wheeled, half put out his hands.

"I—ugh—ugh—please—" she choked, "—let's play—"

"[Let's]

There was a third voice, searching up through the cypress-mat.

"Emmal Emmal For pity's sake, can't that child be kept still?"

The boy swung toward it, the freebooter again in the instant, Puck poaching, the scandalous elf, on his toes, between standing and flight.

Only a breath. There was a sound of heavy nurse-maid's feet on gravel below, and with that he was off for cover, bent like a Mohican, half gone behind one rock, all

Gone! Irrevocably gone!
Emma was red and perspiring and mad.

"Drat 'er; look at her kick! Hark to her howl! How on earth a sickling imp no bigger'n a starved cat can— And (turning an outraged ear below) drat *her* into the

"For pity's sake, Emma—for Heaven's sake—can't she be still?"

MARJORY WHITEHOUSE came down from the porch and stood on the lawn, as she had but now come out of the house to stand on the porch, in a fidget of nerves and boredom. It was the dusk of a Saturday, and she was always worse on Saturdays, especially toward evening, when her husband was home.

He would probably be late to-night. She *hoped* he would be late.

She hoped he would not be late.

She hoped he would not be late. As they walked a pace and again stood still. Where to go? What to do? The twilight, deepened by the shadow cast across the west lawn, deepened the blue of the sky. The moon, a little, a little steep headland that he and she had hedged off from the common in the old days and left wild and secret and serene, half gilt by cypresses and half by sea—the shadow oppressed her. The hush set the teeth of life's spirit on edge. Or rather it was the small intricacy that stood before her, the monotonous lap of wavelets on the sand of the shore, the cypresses, the house, and the endless nagging quaver seeping out of a window overhead, where Emma, the nurse-maid, was at her nightly task of driving Madge to sleep.

It was ironic and bitter. She had so loved and desired beauty and depended upon it, the beauty of

things wholesome and robust, things jubilant and unlabored and unimpeded and full of the sap and urge of whole life. There had been years when it was almost a dogma, a fanatic and splendid dogma, working in blindness toward its hidden ends.

And now—Madge!

Who had given that strange creature the right to be there, by wanting her? Certainly not Marjory. Marjory had hated her from the first knowledge, the first suspicion. Coming too soon after the disaster of Marjory's life, when her flesh was still in wreck and her soul in pain, this again-impending motherhood had been worse than anything; it had been malevolently mean. It had chosen the moment when, after months, she was just beginning to find her feet again in life: a new life sheltered feverishly against the storm, noble, mocking memories of the old and sustained by the memory of her father's love. And now this! This coming, this inevitable unguesessed, nostrum of coming and going, opium, flattery, poppy and mandragora of her first yarrow herb.

There had been Rolland Russ, for instance. An alert youngster with a merry, ready eye. But it had spoiled

It had done this; it had cast her back into the cage of herself, beaten her to her knees, to her face, wrung from her the last whimpering sob.

In the nursery overhead, Madge's drowsing whimper grew to a wail. Emma, seeing that the child was at last going off," had begun to temper by practised stages the volume of the lullaby and put back the window-hangings inches as nicely calculated. But even in sleep the child's extortionate instinct kept vigil and sounded the alarm.

It seemed to Marjory that it was more just now than
ought to be asked to bear. It was too perversely
liberate of the child.

"Emma," she called up in a tight voice, "*will* you—for y's sake——"

Her face was paper-white. She pressed her hands to her

she found herself, with her ears still clamped in the vise of her palms, gazing distractedly at an opening in the wood wall of the lawn. Five wide steps of the native white lifted to a gravel path beyond, and two low shafts of the same stone held back the hedge at either side. In deepening dusk this entranceway into the high quarter of rock and wood that hung sequestered above the had an aspect austere and mortuary; the haunted path only a dozen steps before it was swallowed up in the lot of the cypress-houses.

or moments she stared

hosts!

er eyes perused the dim perspective of the path, turned along it, halted at the far edge of the topmost of five steps. It was there the pebble had lain that had ed her ankle. Dilating, they descended from level to level, from step to sharp-edged, battering, pitiless granite

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"HE PROCEEDED TO TAKE A HAND IN THE GAME OF SWAPPING AMUSING STORIES"

THIS round, fat, little face appeared seraphic in sleep. If only the hair were not graying at the temples and getting very, very thin on top, and the lines about the eyes and mouth becoming rather too accentuated, it might have been the head of one of Donatello's bimbini. It was not until Mrs. Lamb, his ancient housekeeper, hustled into the room with a can and said, "Your water, Mr. Basingstoke," the intrusion causing him to open his eyes, that it became apparent that he was a man past middle age. His eyes were very large—"goosey" eyes," the children called them.

As elderly people will, it took him some few moments to focus his mentality. A child will wake up and carry on from the exact instant it went to sleep; but it takes a middle-aged person a moment or so to realize where he is, what day in the week it is, what happened yesterday, what is going to happen to-day, whether he is happy or not. Certainly with regard to the last question there is always a subconscious pressure which warns him. Almost before he has decided which day in the week it is, a voice is whispering, "Something occurred yesterday to make you unhappy," or "Things are going well. You are happy just now," and then the true realization of his affairs and loves and passions unfolds itself. He continues yesterday's story.

As to James Jasper Basingstoke, it was not his business to indulge in the slightest apprehension with regard to his condition of happiness or unhappiness. He was a funny man. It was his profession, his mission, his natural gift. From early morning, when his housekeeper awakened him, till playing with the children—all the children adored him—practising, interviewing managers and costumiers, dropping into the club and exchanging stories with some of the other "dear old boys" right on until he had finished his second shag at night, it was his mission to leave behind him a long trail of smiles and laughter. Consequently he merely sat up in bed, blinked, and called out:

"I am deeply indebted to your Lambship."
"Nibby's got hicups," replied that lady, who was not unused to this term of address. Nibby was Mrs. Lamb's grandson. His real name was Percy Alexander. The granddaughter's name was Violetta Gladys, and she was known as Tibby. They lived next door. These names, of course, had been invented by The Funny Man, who lived in a world of make-believe, where no one at all was known by his real name. He himself was known in the theatrical profession as "Willy Nilly."
"I am distressed to hear that," exclaimed Willy Nilly. "Hicups at nine o'clock in the morning! You don't say so! I always looked upon it as a nocturnal disease. The result of too much hicc, haec, hock-cups."

"You must have your fun, Mr. Basingstoke, but the poor little fellow has been very bad ever since he woke up."
Willy Nilly leaped out of bed and rolled across to the chest of drawers. He there produced a bottle containing little white capsules, which he handed to Mrs. Lamb.
"Crunch two of these up and swallow with a little milk, then lie on his back and think of emerald-green parrots flying above a dark forest, where monkeys are hanging by their tails. In our profession the distress of hicups is quite prevalent, and we always cure it in this way. A man who can't conquer hicups can never expect to top the bill. Now, tell Master Nibby that, dear lady."

Mrs. Lamb looked at the little white capsules interestedly.
"Do you really mean that, Mr. Basingstoke?"

The little fat man struck a dramatic attitude.
"Did you ever find me not a man of my word, Lady Lamb?"

"You are a one," replied the housekeeper, and retired, holding the capsules carefully balanced in the center of her right palm, as they contained some secret charm which she was fearful of dissipating by her contact.

The little fat man thrust out his arms in an emphatic

THE FUNNY MAN'S DAY

He Leaves Behind Him a Long Trail of Smiles and Laughter, and Then—the Jester's Lot Is His

BY STACY AUMONIER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

of some long-forgotten clumsy exercise. Then he regarded himself in the mirror.

"Not too thumbs-up, old boy, not too thumbs-up. It's going, you know. All the Apollo beauty, the slender waist, the unlined form and feature of blown youth, blasted with ecstasy! Oh, you little depraved ruffian, go and hold your head under the tap!"

No, no, it was not the business of Willy Nilly to be depressed by these reflections, either in the mirror or upon the mind. He seized the stop suspended from a hook on the architrave of the window and began to flash his razor backward and forward, whilst he sang:

Oh, wist cine I for a new feather bed
And a sheet turned down so lovely—oh?

The rattle-tattle gipsies accompanied him intermittently throughout the whole operation of shaving, including the slight cut just beneath the lobe of his left ear. The business of washing and dressing was no perfunctory performance with The Funny Man. He had a personality to sustain. Moreover, the program of activities for the day included attendance at a wedding. There is nothing at which a funny man can be so really funny as at a wedding. One funny man at least is almost essential for the success of this time-honored ritual. And this was a very, very special wedding; the wedding of his two dearest and greatest friends, Katie Eastbrook, the pretty comedienne, and Charlie Derrick, that most brilliant writer of ballads. A swell affair it was to be, in Clapham Parish Church, with afterward a reception at the Haultboy Hotel—everything to be done "in the best slap-up style, old boy."

NO WONDER Willy Nilly took an unconscionable time folding his voluminous black stock, adorned with the heavy gold pin; removing the bold check trousers from under the mattress, tugging at the crisp white waistcoat till it adapted itself indolently to the curves of his figure, and hesitating for fully five minutes between the claims of seven different kinds of kid gloves. A man who tops the bill at even a suburban music-hall can not afford to neglect these things. It was fully three-quarters of an hour before he presented himself in the dining-room below. Mrs. Lamb appeared automatically with the teapot and the boy called egg.

"You'd hardly believe it," she said, "but Nibby took them white pills and his hicups is abated."

Willy Nilly did not expect, my good woman? Wasn't he likely to deceive an innocent child? Did he think of emerald-green parrots and a dark forest?

"I told him what you said, Mr. Basingstoke. Here's the letters and the newspaper."

The Funny Man's correspondence was always rather extensive, consisting for the most part of letters from unknown people, commencing, "Dear Sir, I wrote the enclosed verses for a comic song last Sunday afternoon. I should think set to music you would make them very funny—er," "Dear Sir, I had a good idea for a funny stunt for you. Why not sing a song dressed up as a curate called 'The Higher I Aspire I Epy Her, and every time you come to the word 'higher' you trip up over a piece of orange-peel? I leave it to you about payment for this idea, but I may say I am in straitened circumstances and my wife is expecting another next March."

There was a certain surprising orderliness about The Funny Man's methods. Receipts were filed, accounts kept together and paid fairly regularly, suggestions and ideas were carefully considered, begging letters placed together with a slip "in case anything could be done a little later on, old boy." Occasionally would come a chatty letter from some old friend "on the road," or from his married sister in Yorkshire. But for the most part his correspondence was not of an intimate nature.

His newspaper this morning remained unopened. The completion of his own program for the day was too absorbing to fritter away nervous energy on public affairs. Whilst cracking the egg he visualized his time-table. At ten o'clock Chris Read was coming to try over new songs and stunts. At eleven-fifteen he had an appointment with Albus, the costumier in Long Acre, to set the stamp of his apron upon the wig and nose for his new production, "I'm One of the Goo-goo Boys." Katie and Charlie's wedding was at twelve-thirty, and the wedding breakfast at the Haultboy at one-forty-five.

In the meantime he must write two letters and manage to call on old Mrs. Labbory, his former landlady, who was very, very ill. Poor old soul! She'd been a brick to him in the old days, when he was sometimes "out" for seven months in the year, out and penniless. It was only now that he should help her a bit with the rent and see that she had—everything she needed. Willy Nilly's life had been passed through an avenue of landladies, but the position of Mrs. Labbory was unique. He had been with her fifteen years, and she was intimate with all his intimates.

At three-forty-five was a rehearsal with the Railham Empire Orchestra. He must get that gay rig where he bluffs the trombone-player in his song:

"Oh, my in-laws, my in-laws, why don't you leave me be?" Perhaps a cup of tea somewhere, and then an appointment at five-fifteen with Welsh, to arrange terms about the renewal of contract. Knotty and difficult problems—contracts. Every one going to do something must have a clear head at five-fifteen. If there's time, perhaps pop into the club after, for half an hour, exchange stories with Jimmy Landish or old Blakeney. A chop at six-thirty—giving him an hour before making up for the first house. On at eight-twenty. These songs and an encore—mustn't forget to stop at Higdon about that spotlight; the operators must have been drunk last night. Between shows interview a local pressman and a young man who "wants to go on the stage, but has had no experience." Dash round for a sandwich and a refreshment. On again at ten-twenty-five. Same three songs, same encore, same bluff on the trombone-player. Ten-fifty, all clear. Clean up and escape from the theater if possible. A last nightcap at the club, perhaps.

Oh, but Bird Craft wanted him to toddle along to his rooms and hear a new song he had just acquired, "a real winner." Bird said it was, about "The Girl and the Empty Pram." Must stand by an old pal. Some time during the day he must send two suits to be cleaned, and order some new underlinen. A beastly, boring business ordering vests and pants. He knew nothing about the qualities of materials—borders surely did him over that. Really a woman's business; women knew about these things. Mrs. Lamb? No, not exactly Mrs. Lamb. He couldn't ask Mrs. Lamb to go and buy him vests and pants. A woman's business, a woman's work.

Heigho! Nearly ten o'clock already. Chris Read might arrive any minute. The Funny Man dashed downstairs and ran into the house next door. Tibby had already gone to school, but Nibby had escaped because at the moment of departure his attack of hicups had reached its apogee. Now he was in trouble because it had left off, and his materials—borders surely did him over that. He had been putting it on. It took The Funny Man fifteen minutes to calm his family trouble. Nibby putting it on! Nibby playing the wail! Oh, come! Pie and for shame! Besides, did Nibby's mother think that he, Dr. Willy Nilly, the eminent specialist of Harley Street, was to be worried by his remedies spurious remedies?

"Did you think of emerald-green parrots in a dark wood, Nibby?"

"And monkeys hanging by their tails?"

"Yes."

"There, you see, Mrs. Munro! I was a genuine case and a genuine cure."

"If he really did it, Mr. Basingstoke, I don't believe it was thinking about monkeys what cured him; it was them little white tabloids, and we thank you kindly."

Original Mrs. Munro, here are two tickets for the Railham

"A PREPOSTEROUS FIGURE WITH A BRIGHT-RED NOSE."

"And monkeys hanging by their tails?"

"Yes."

"There, you see, Mrs. Munro! I was a genuine case and a genuine cure."

Original Mrs. Munro, here are two tickets for the Railham

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Engage for the first house-to-morrow night. Come, and bring your husband, and then you will see that there are more people cured by thinking of monkeys hanging by their tails than there are cured by swallowing tablets.

This is my business. I am a monkey hanging by its tail. And now I must be off. Good-by, Willy, old boy. Why, if this isn't a suspense under the mat! Well, well, this is an age of miracles. No, you keep it, old boy. Invest it in visions. Good-by, Mrs. Munro. Come see me after the show to-morrow. Toot-a-loo, my dear."

Chris was waiting on the door-step, a fresh-complimented young man inclined to complacency. His face glowed with a kind of vacant good-will.

"Well, old boy, how goes it?" "I've got a peckhammering fellow, Willy, old boy. I think you'll like it."

"Good boy. Come on in." The Funny Man's drawing-room was comfortably furnished with imitation Carolean furniture, a draped ottoman, and a

diamond Collard plan. The walls were covered with enlarged photographs of actors and actresses in gold and walnut frames; the majority of them were autographed, and contained such inscriptions as:

"To my old Willy from yours devotedly, Cora." "To Uncle Nilly, one of the best, Jimmy Cotswold ('The Slim-Girl' Company, Aug., 1899)." "To Willy Nilly, my heart's aff, Queenie," and so on.

"Now, let's see what you've got, old boy."

Chris sat at the piano, and unwrapped a manuscript.

"I think this ought to win out, old boy," he said. "It's by Bert Shore. It's called 'The Desert Island.' You see, the point is this. You're a bit squiffy, old boy. You see, red wine and battered top-hat and your trousers tumbled up to the knees. You know how when it's been raining on a tarred road it looks like water. Well, we have a set like that—that's really a street-island—in Pica-dilly or somewhere. You're on it, and, seeing all this shining water, you think you're on a desert island and the lamp-post's a palm-tree. You take off your shoes and stockings, and there's some good business touching the wet road with your bare toes. See, old boy? There's a diamond's good tune. Listen to this—tum-te-too-to-tum-tum, rum-te-too-to-tum—works up, you see, to a kind of nautical air; then gets back to the plaintive desert rum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum. Then here's the chorus. Listen to this, old boy:

Let it be the jungle;
Oh! what a bungle,
Eaten by spiders and ants!
Where in a happy home
Why did they let me roam?
Where are my Sunday pants?

Good, eh? What do you think? Make something of it, old boy? Eh?"

THE little man's eyes glowed with excitement. Oh, you might imagine he was a winner. It was the kind of song that had made his reputation. The tune of the chorus was distinctly catchy, and his mind was already active conceiving various business.

"Let's have a go at it, old boy," he said.

He leaned over the other's shoulder and began to sing. He threw back his head and thrust out his fat little stomach; his eyes rolled, and perspiration streamed down his face. He was really enjoying himself. He had just got to

Lost in a jungle;
Oh, what a bungle,
Eaten by spiders and ants!

when there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Lamb

thrust her head in and said:

"A telegram for you, Mr. Basingstoke."

"Eh! Oh! Well, never mind. Yes, thank you, my dear, give it to me."

He opened the telegram absently, his mind still occupied with the song. When he read it he exclaimed:

"Good Heaven! Poor old Joe! Yes; no; there's no

man, my dear. I must go out."

Mrs. Lamb retired. "Poor old Joe! Stranded, eh?" "What is it, old boy?" said Chris. "Telegram from Joe Bloom. He says, 'Can you wire me tenner very urgent stranded at Dundee.' Poor old Joe! He has no luck. He was out with 'The Queen of the Sea' Company. They must have failed. Excuse me, Chris, old boy."

The Funny Man hurried out of the room and ran downstairs. He snatched up his hat and went out. When he got round the corner he ran. He ran as fast as he could to the High Street till he came to the London, City and Midland Bank. He filled up a check for fifteen pounds and cashed it. Then he ran on and entered the bank and trotted puffily across the road to the post-office.

"I want to telegraph fifteen pounds, old boy," he said to the fair-haired lady behind the wires. Filling up the forms took an unconscionable time, and there all the while was poor old Joe stranded in Dundee, perhaps without

food! Dundee! Dundee of all places, a bleak, unsympathetic town, hundreds of miles from civilization. Well, that would help him out, anyway. True, he had had to do this twice before for Joe, and Joe had not to be paid him back, but Joe was a notoriously unkindly devil, and he, Willy Nilly, topping the bill at the Railham Empire, couldn't let a pal in.

When he got back to his own drawing-room Chris was stretched at full length on the sofa, smoking a cigarette and drinking whisky-and-soda. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, Chris, old boy."

"It's all right, old boy. I've just helped myself to a tot from the sideboard."

"That's right. That's right. Now, let's see; it's a quarter to eleven. I'll have to wash out this trial, old boy. I shall be late for Albus. I like that song. I'd like to have another go at it. Have another tot, Chris, old boy. I'll join you; then I must be off."

But he didn't get to Albus that morning, because on leaving the house he remembered that he hadn't called on Mrs. Labbory. He must just put in for a few moments. It was only ten minutes' walk away. He purchased a fowl and a bottle of Madeira, and hurried to 27 Radnor Street. He found his old landlady propped up on the pillows, looking gaunt and distant, as though she were already regarding the manifestations of social life from a long way off and would never participate in them again.

"Well, Martha, old girl, how goes it? Merry and bright, eh? Oh, you're looking fine! More color than last week, eh? Eating better, old girl?"

A voice came from the stairs:

"I'm not so well, Jim. God bless you for coming."

"Of course I come. I come because I'm a selfish old

rascal. I come because I want to. I know where you'll appreciate, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Now don't you think you're getting worse. You're getting on fine. We'll soon have you about again, turning out cupboards, hanging wall-papers. Jiminy! Do you remember hanging that convoluted wall-paper in my bedroom in the Gosport Road, eh?"

The Funny Man slapped his leg, and the tears rolled down his cheeks with laughter at the recollection of the episode.

"Do you remember how I helped you? And all I did was to step into a pail of size, nearly break my leg, and spoiled the only pair of trousers I had. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! I had to go to bed for four hours while you washed them out and aired 'em. Oh, dear!"

Old Mrs. Labbory began to laugh too, in a feeble, distant manner. Then she stopped and looked at him wistfully.

"You going to Katie Esbrook's wedding, Jim?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, I'm going, old girl. I'm going straight on now."

HE HADN'T meant to mention this. "There's something a little crude in talking about a wedding to a dying woman. He paused, and looked uncomfortably at his feet. The voice from the next reached him again:

"You ought to have married Katie Esbrook."

"Eh? What's that? Me? Oh, no, old girl! What are you talking about? Me marry Katie Esbrook? Why, I wouldn't have had the face to ask her. Not when there's a good fellow like Charlie about."

Like some discerning oracle came the reply:

"Charlie's a good feller, a good-looking feller, too, but you would have made her a better husband, Jim."

With some curious twist of civility and affection the little man gripped the old woman's hand and kissed it. "You've always thought too much of me, Martha, old girl."

"I've had good cause to, Jim. . . . Good-by."

He walked a little unsteadily down Radnor Street. A pale October sun filtered through a light drizzle and gave to the meager front gardens a certain glamour. Fat spiders hung in glistening webs between the shrubs and Japanese anemones. Children were playing absorbing games with chalk and stones upon the pavement. Cats looked down sleepily from the security of narrow walls. He had to put a little girl's head and arbitrate in a dispute between two girls and a boy regarding the laws of a game called "snowball."

"Life is a lovely thing," he thought as he hurried on.

"Poor old Martha! She's going out."

He was, of course, late for the service in the church. In some way he did not regret this. He slipped quietly into a seat at the back, unobserved. A hymn was being sung, or was it a psalm? He didn't know. There was something about the security of narrow walls. He had to put a little girl's head and arbitrate in a dispute between two girls and a boy regarding the laws of a game called "snowball."

Katie was a ghostly, unrecognizable figure, like a fly bound up in a spider's web. Thirty or forty people were scattered on either side of the aisle, but he could only see their backs. The parson began to drone the service, slowly enunciating the prescribed purposes of the married state. Willy Nilly felt a flush of discomfort. It somehow didn't seem right that Katie should have to stand there before all these people and have things put to her quite so straight.

"Rather detailed, old boy," he thought.

"Perhaps that's why a bride wears a veil."

When it was over he walked boldly up the aisle and followed a few intimates into the vestry. He was conscious of people indicating him with nudges and whispering. "Look! That's Willy Nilly."

In the vestry Katie's mother was weeping, and Katie appeared to be weeping too, and was laughing with the other. A few relatives were shaking hands, kissing, and talking excitedly.

"Here's Willy Nilly."

Charlie gripped his hand and whispered:

"Come on, Willy, old boy; kiss the bride, old girl, and hold her from him."

The bride looked up at him with her glorious eyes, and held out her arms:

"Dear old Willy—so glad you came, old boy!"

He kissed the bride, old girl, and held her from him.

"God bless you, dear old girl. God bless you. May you—may all your dreams come true, old girl."

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"GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR OLD GIRL. GOD BLESS YOU. MAY YOU MAY ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE, OLD GIRL."



"THE FAT MAN STRUCK A DRAMATIC ATTITUDE. 'DID YOU EVER FIND ME NOT A MAN OF MY WORD!'"

WHEN MARRIED LIFE'S A BORE

BY ARNOLD BENNETT



MARRIAGES are apt to go wrong in their middle period; that is to say the period beginning ten or fifteen years after the wedding. I do not mean that they are apt to break up with violence and tragedy and scandal, for the average marriage survives everything but death; and I shall have no word to say here about those comparatively rare accidents of passion which lead to a regrettable publicity in the newspapers. I mean simply that marriages—and quite a large proportion of them—are apt to deteriorate or decline into unions of tedium, producing in both parties a sensation of grave disappointment not only with marriage as an institution, but with life itself as an institution.

Such marriages owe their continuance less to inclination than to feelings of duty and to an apprehension of the immense difficulty and danger attendant upon any attempt to arrange a separation. They are kept together by dignity and prudence, and if dignity and prudence did not stand in the way the partners of such marriages in numerous instances soon be occupying separate establishments.

Yet there may be nothing fundamentally askew. The income may be sufficient; manners and tempers may be good; mutual respect may flourish; even affection, though dull, may not have totally expired. The trouble indeed is mysterious. And neither husband nor wife takes much trouble to unravel the mystery. The pair accept the state of affairs, as people used to accept the plague, as something beyond the cleverness of man to prevent or to cure.

This apathy concerning the greatest of human experiences is very serious. If the husband's business were going wrong he would hold an exhaustive inquiry; if the wife's housekeeping-books showed a sinister leakage she would not rest until she had discovered the source of trouble. But since the problem afflicts naught but the dull, weekly, yearly happiness of two persons and the trend of their entire existence—it is neglected.

We are so marvelously constructed! Is it not marvelous that a husband, that repository of common sense, who well knows that his business is first and chiefly a means to live, should not exercise his sagacity upon the super-business of actual living? The singular fellow will put his brain into the work of eight hours whose aim is to enable him to enjoy the other sixteen hours—and then will calmly suffer the lamentable dissatisfaction which poisons the sixteen hours without a serious effort to get to the bottom of it. But perhaps even if both partners started to solve the mystery they would not succeed, for the same reason that people too frequently can not see what is staring them in the face.

When no obvious reason can be perceived for the unsatisfactoriness of marriage in its middle stage, when the principal factors of contentment, such as affection, respect, fair health, politeness, sane habits, and suitable income, are all undeniably present—and yet the result is a corresponding discontent, then in all probability the mischievous springs from the monotony of daily existence. More briefly, the home is a bore. The husband leaves it in the morning with pleasant anticipation, and returns to it in the evening with a sigh. Mere tedium is the explanation, and I am convinced that an immense number of otherwise successful homes are fatally spoiled by tedium.

"Now, the origin of tedium, like the origin of nearly all the maladies from which decent homes suffer, lies in the wife. When the home is tedious it is a hundred to one that the wife is bored or disaffected. One is told that the mood of the husband decides the mood of the home; but, too this dictum is true, it does not penetrate far enough into the mysteries of marriage; for the mood of the husband as a general rule answers openly to the secret mood of the wife—without the conscious knowledge of either of them.

Wives, especially if they are mature, are bored by the everlasting sameness of their days. The wonder is that more of them do not revolt. The husband has a far more diverting time. He may be worried, but he also diverted, by his daily excursion into the world. His wits are always being sharpened, his power of observation exercised, his interests dragged out of their rut. The wife escapes only from the home into the shops. She has had a rich and overwearing dose of home by the time the husband comes back at night, critical and egotistic.

The domestic evening does provide some change for the husband, but it provides none for the wife, whose very holidays are passed with the man whose character she knows backward and forward, and who offers no novelty of companionship. So her existence proceeds—and husbands have the effrontery to hint that

wives are dull! Of course they are. Cleopatra would have been dull under similar treatment and conditions. The wife's zest has withered in a vast desert of sameness.

But it will be said women are not the slaves they were. The taste for amusement and diversion has enormously grown. I admit that. Things are better than in the past, when—particularly in the provinces—the awful dullness of life could find absolutely no relief, and ennui brooded over the land in hours of leisure like a heavy cloud. In some circles of society pleasure has developed into a mania, and the picture-papers are half full of women who seem to live for pleasure alone. These women, however, are relatively few in number, and their chief social function is to rouse morbid envy in the hearts of the innumerable other women who are pained from imitating them to the smallest extent.

I will go further and admit that the resorts and manufactures of pleasure for ordinary persons have multiplied tenfold and that they are well patronized. But examine them, and you will see that they are patronized mainly by the youthful. Visit, for example, a dance-palace. The impression you receive is one of gaiety and the joy of life. But where are the middle-aged women? Where are the stout, plain women, the women worn by domesticity? Not there.

Yet have they not the same need of diversion as their prettier and slimmer juniors? Women do not precisely want to be stout and middle-aged. They want acutely not to be stout and middle-aged. And if they have been unable to avoid these calamities the fault is not theirs. Neither are they criminals. Neither is there the least justification for hiding them away as tho they were dead. They are not dead.

THE same yearning for relaxation, change, rest, in some form or other, characterizes twelve stone avoidpools at forty-five as eight stone at twenty-five. And I have no doubt at all that, on the average, the case of twelve stone and forty-five is rather a hard case, a case which suffers from lack of attention, and notably from being deprived of that which is its rightful due—not merely in regard to the form of diversion usually described as "pleasure," but in regard to all forms of diversion, including both the instructive and the social. The mature woman is neglected. Even the big London shops, according to the advertisements, have only just discovered that mature women and stout women exist and may conceivably be interested in clothes—their own clothes.

The blame for this state of affairs rests upon the whole of society—and especially upon that portion of it which consists of mature husbands who leave their mature wives to fend for themselves in nearly everything except material matters. And it is the husbands who are especially punished for the ill-doing. The varying charm of the house (I repeat and insist) depends on the wife. The wife can not produce the varying charm unless her individuality is variously nourished; the husband omits to see that it is variously nourished; the house suffers.

The remedy is not difficult for the husband to apply. What the wife wants is more contacts with the world, not excepting the world of ideas. It is the lack of these that makes her dull and the home dull. Unless she is an extraordinary woman she will not get the contacts without the active interest and intervention of the husband. And amusement or pleasure contacts, tho they are important and she does not obtain enough of them, are not the most

"How to Make the Best of Life"
Seventh Article

important. (Moreover, pleasant contacts often involve expense which the household can not afford.) It is the woman's intellect and intelligence which require food. She slips into the years of the years pass. The husband leaves her there instead of cheerfully pulling her out.

How many housewives read, or if they read, take reading as other than a sedative? But let a husband say to his wife, "Look here! Here's something that I've found interesting, and I think it will interest you." Watch the immediate quickening of the wife's faculties as she begins to read the book or article. It is touching. I have seen homes transformed, temporarily if not permanently, by this simple gesture.

Then there is the question of hospitalities. Hospitality need cost little or nothing, and in middle-class homes it is by no means sufficiently practised. A circle of friends means a series of stimulating contacts; it means change, variety, fresh experience of human nature, the broadening of ideas. Receiving visits is valuable; and yet more valuable, for the wife, is the returning of visits, because this involves emergence from the eternal home into a new social atmosphere. But a circle of friends is not achieved without some substantial creative effort—which the husband and the wife must share; and while the bulk of the effort must fall to the wife, the inspiring energy it must usually come from the husband.

Tens of thousands of homes remain solitary into themselves, like impenetrable islands in the social sea, because the husband absurdly and wickedly forgets to energize the wife to the performance of those useful, mind-enlarging activities for which she is fitted, but which she will not undertake save under the masculine stimulus.

There is another point. The average wife does not get enough holidays. The average husband gets a day and a half every week, besides his annual holiday. The wife's working week consists of seven days, for there is no period in the week when she can throw off the burden of housekeeping. Never at noon on Saturdays can she say like the husband, with a sigh of relief, "Well, anyway I'm free until Monday morning." On the contrary, the week-end often means far more responsibility and more work.

Many wives have even to keep house during their so-called vacation, and thus obtain no real relief whatever. And so they continue without respite for twenty years, thirty years, half a lifetime! At best the wife who always takes a vacation in the company of her husband only achieves a partial holiday. She has forever to play the wife, and in the majority of cases it is easier to play the wife than the husband. The husband expects preferential treatment, and usually receives it.

In my view much good would be accomplished if husband and wife could spend at least a portion of their holidays separately. Benefit would result, even tho the devoted pair preferred to spend all the time together. For, here again, the wife's individuality would have a better opportunity of self-expression. The cultivation of the wife's individuality is assuredly one of the chief secrets of an interesting home.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

THIS talk, without hesitation, we pronounce to be the most searching, practical, helpful advice to restless married couples ever offered the American public. Read—and be happy!

DRAWINGS
BY
STUART HAY

Stuart Hay



"WIVES, ESPECIALLY IF THEY ARE MATURE, ARE BORED BY THE EVERLASTING SAMENESS OF THEIR DAYS"



"HILARY HEARD BUTTERFLY'S HALF-LAUGHING AND HALF-CRYING VOICE.
"IT'S NOTHING—IT'S ALL RIGHT, CRAIG!"

Butterfly

A Romance of Youth, Love, and Character-Building

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. EVANS PARCELL

Complete in Four Instalments—Part Two

THE STORY—Two sisters, Butterfly and Hilary Collier, are orphans with a talent for music. Hilary, the older, plans to educate Butterfly in Europe, whenever her savings as business secretary will permit. Just as their board is complete, handsome Craig Spaulding, nephew of the girl's employer, comes to the office. Both sisters fall in love with him, but Hilary sacrifices her feelings to the selfish Butterfly, whose flutterings fascinate him. Craig and Butterfly become engaged. There is great promise for Hilary in a business career, but her air-castles have faded.

added an imperative appendix to Dora's letter; she must come. "Butterfly hasn't been very well," he had written, "and I think you'll be the best tonic in the world for her!"

Not very well, Hilary smiled wistfully. This was needed to complete their felicity; the delight and the responsibility of parenthood. And it would anchor Dora, Hilary had said simply to Craig, months ago.

Just why Dora should need an anchor, neither she nor Craig discussed. But it was perfectly evident that the twenty-year-old wife would be the happier for the new care. Hilary hoped that this was the real reason for her summons now.

The young Spauldings had never lived in Mount Holly, as had been their plan when first they were engaged. Just before the quiet wedding old Rodney Spaulding's lameness had taken a new turn, and it seemed best that he should try a treatment

abroad. So the senior Spauldings had followed the bride and groom to Europe, meeting them in England, in Italy, in Monte Carlo, and before Christmas Craig had come back to assume the management of the exporting offices in New York, and had taken possession of his father's handsome home in Madison Avenue.

Twice in the two years his mother had come flying to America for brief visits, but Rodney Spaulding was well and

DORA COLLIER

had been Dora Spaulding for more than two years when on a certain December afternoon Hilary Collier closed the little house in Mount Holly

and climbed into the Spaulding motor-car to be swept into town for a long visit with her sister. She had made short visits before; all sorts of visits. But somehow to the older sister's hungry heart these glimpses had all been unsatisfactory. It was not that Dora and Craig did not include her equally in their lives; not that they did not truly love her. But there was something lacking, or perhaps there was nothing lacking—perhaps that was it, perhaps it was all too easy, too rich and elaborate and flowing. Hilary, thinking of these things as the humbly warned car moved toward the city, mused in wondering whether she was contrary because to enjoy a little friction, to like the privations that emphasized the pleasures of life.

She looked out at the shabby villages, the bare trees, the frozen roads. Impossible to imagine all this clothed with fragrant leaf and blossom, the air balmy, the sky only too mercifully blue! She had not seen the leave of absence in the distant season at the factory, and she was going in to see her Butterfly. Craig had

comfortable in a Paris apartment, and she was unwilling to risk moving him away from the physician who seemed to understand his case so well. So Butterfly remained mistress of the old home, and it was to this home that Butterfly's big motor-car was bringing Hilary.

It was five o'clock, and cold twilight, in the city when she went up the carefully scraped brownstone steps and into the big, warm hallway. Butterfly came with a rush to meet her.

"Oh, you darling!" the little hostess cried, delightedly. "Did you understand why I couldn't go? I've had such a wretched cold, and there was that horrid rehearsal! I've been dancing myself dead," added Butterfly, leading Hilary into the big sitting-room behind the long drawing-room, where several young men and women were congregated about an enormous open fireplace. "You know these people, Hilary—Rose West and Katrina Clarke and Jim Clarke and Cy Dwyer? Sit down, dearest—"

She put Hilary into the immense davenport before the blaze; Hilary smiled confusedly at all the friendly faces. Most of the women were furred; they were smoking cigarets, and looked at her from under dashing hats.

"And me—" said a dark young man who was lounging with an elbow against the mantel.

"Oh—Mr. Cecil Atherton," Butterfly introduced, with a negligent glance toward him of amusement and apology. She pronounced it "sizzle." She sat down, leaning forward with her elbows almost on her knees, and accurately and firmly applied a perfumed little stick of lip-red, in an exquisite cloisonné tube, to her full lips. "Does any one want more cocktails?" she asked, looking about. "No, thank you, Banks, no more!" she added carelessly to the butler. "Do you see our fireplace, Hilary? Isn't it adorable? We had it done while we were in Newport this Summer!"

"Boarding with the Treemaynes," said young Mrs. West, significantly stressing the first word. They all laughed.

"No, but wasn't that delicious?" Butterfly asked, with her wise little smile. Hilary gathered that the joke told against her imperturbable little sister, but nobody explained what it was. They talked in busy murmurs, these young persons who saw each other every day, perhaps several times a day, and who had nothing to talk about. Butterfly was coquetting lazily with the man she called "Sizzle." Hilary could hear the young man and woman who shared with her the davenport conferring earnestly.

THERE was much gossip; some of the others joined in. Hilary listened as intelligently as she could.

"Cy, talk to my sister. All this chatter doesn't interest her!" Butterfly soon commanded.

"But perhaps it interests him," Hilary suggested, playing her part as well as she could.

"Oh, on the contrary, your sister interests me," young Cyrus Dwyer said readily to Butterfly, with his reedy laugh, as he squeezed himself in beside Hilary on the davenport. She had to square herself about, and sit erect, her knees tense, to keep from being actually in his arms. "And I think I am going to love her madly, passionately, and deeply," he added, grinning at Hilary. "Tell me the news?" he went on, animatedly. "Hev Watkinses sold their caow? But I forgot, you come from a Quaker town," he interrupted himself. "Did thee hear that thee was to be asked to Abbotts' when their cousins come visiting them?"

Hilary laughed. She rather liked this rosy, silly, tall, and weedy boy. He had always amused her; she had seen him several times since the first time, when he escorted his pretty sister, Mrs. Vanderwort, to Butterfly's wedding.

"Of course, our village conversation doesn't compare to this," she admitted, in a mischievous aside. Cyrus nodded with sudden comprehension in his somewhat vacuous face.

"Aren't we idiots?" he asked, confidentially. "But you know we have to talk about something, don't we? Feller I knew—"

"Oh, Cy, for Heaven's sake say something!" Dora, who had settled herself like her namesake butterfly upon the broad, soft arm of the davenport, next to Hilary, complained. For answer Mr. Dwyer sprang vigorously to his feet, and cried out defiantly:

"But I tell you I am the Prince!" And again everybody laughed.

"Oh, will you ever forget that—?" drawled Katrina Clarke, getting up. "Darling, we have to go," she said to Dora. "It's almost six, and we have a theater dinner. Come, James, unwind yourself from Rose—"

"Good Heavens!" Mrs. West cried indignantly, literally unwinding herself, however, from the immense chair in which she and Jimmy Clarke had been sunk, deep in conversation. "What coarse expressions you use, Katrina! Good night, Miss Collier—awfully nice to have you with us for a while. Good night, Papillon! Come on, whoever's giving us a lift! See you all to-morrow night at the Chamberlains'?"

All saying exactly the same thing, they trailed out, leaving only Cecil Atherton, who in his languid and disinterested way seemed to have something further to say to Butterfly.

"You must go now," Butterfly told him. "I want to take my sister up-stairs! Yes, show Miss Collier her room, Emma," she said to the maid who had come in answer to her message, "and I'll be right up-stairs! About the minuet, Cecil," she added, to the man, always pronouncing his name in the fashion Hilary disliked faintly as being an affectation. They turned back to the fireplace; Hilary went up-stairs with Emma.

She had not had time to do more than follow the maid into the beautiful suite that was ready for her, when Butterfly, breathless, came flying after them.

"You darling!" Butterfly said, kissing her again, "didn't they make you wild, hanging on that way? We all came home from the rehearsal; I couldn't help their

marries again? He doesn't impress you the first minute; that's the way with those English people," Dora resumed. "But he's a remarkable person, really. Plays polo; he's an eight-goaler. Craig thinks he plays wonderfully. And then he plays tennis and golf, too, and at home he's master of the hounds. You know," Dora added, dreamily, leaning back again in her chair, "the English have a leisure class; we haven't."

"You met him in England?"

"No, I only met him last April, when Craig's mother came back. They had made friends on the steamer; she liked Cecil, and she introduced us to him when we met her. We all went to have tea together," Dora said. "Then he was with us on the yachting-trip at Newport," she added.

"You'll like him."

"Was he in the War?" Hilary asked, very sure she would not like him, and hoping that Dora's answer would discredit him.

"Oh, rather! D. S. O.; he was a lieutenant-colonel," Dora answered, working over her lips again.

"Butterfly, dearest, why do you do that?" Hilary burst out. "You've got such pretty color."

"I don't—much; it's just a bad habit," Dora said good-naturedly. "Hilary, darling, we're going to a simple dinner at the Posts' to-night. I know you'll like them and they'll like you, and dear old lady Post has got seats for the new play. I'm going to wear my old blue velvet, and be comfortable. Did you bring your black with the beads? That's lovely. I wonder what some women I know would give for your hair," Dora added, in farewell. "That's Craig whistling," she finished, "and I must go and make myself agreeable to the tired business man!"

Hilary saw Craig an hour later, when she went down through the wide hallways and stairways, her evening coat over her arm, and her eyes and cheeks bright with the unusual excitement of going out to dinner and the theater.

Craig was already dressed, smoking a cigaret beside the library fire; his eyes brightened with genuine pleasure when he saw her. He put her coat aside, and they stood smiling at each other and exchanging the first of the news. She thought that he always looked his best in the severity of evening dress, and to-night she knew that he was finding her at her prettiest too; she was a little thinner, a little more slender, than the old Hilary; there were new lines of sweetness and strength about her mouth. He had always liked this honest mouth, with its frank, wide smile, and these honest blue eyes that widened so childishly when Hilary was unusually in earnest, and he liked them more than ever to-night. There was something definite, even determined, about her, he decided. She was that rare and indescribable thing, a personality.

SHE talked to him with all the easy confidence of a sister. For her old first feeling for him, the half-realized yearning and dreams, had slowly become that. Not easily, for Hilary did not indulge in day-dreams easily.

And to see Butterfly radiant in the possession of all she had ever coveted, and much, much more, to see all of Craig's devotion and generosity given to her little sister, dearly and deeply as Hilary loved her, was a bitter trial. But Hilary weathered it. She suffered alone, and conquered alone, and was the richer woman for it. Now she could meet Craig with real affection and pleasure, untouched by any secret, personal hope or pain.

"And to-morrow you'll be out at cockcrow, looking at new gowns, of course?" he teased her. She answered him with a serious look.

"I do need new gowns—two at least. I need something for afternoons, or for such a dinner as this," she said, thoughtfully, "and then I ought really to have one stunning gown!"

"I wish you'd let us give them to you, Hilary?" he hinted with a smile. But when she shook her head, with the protest that she was rich, he did not press it.

"But I'll tell you what I am going to beg from Butterfly," she presently confessed animatedly, "and that's a fur coat. She has so much fur, and I really can't afford that. She told me she was going to get rid of the old one—the brown one—"

Craig remembered buying that coat in Paris. "She says," Hilary continued innocently, "that she never wears it, and that it never fitted her, and I believe that it would fit me. So—"

"You shall have a new coat," Craig promised, "but isn't some man going to come along and give you a home and things of your own?" Craig asked, surprised to find his voice a little thick.

Hilary smiled up at him philosophically. "Well, let us hope so!" she said.

Craig had a sudden thought of her as some fortunate man's wife, in some old house under the Mount Holly trees. He thought of her dreaming at the piano, laughing and struggling with jobs far too heavy for her in the garden, piling children into a motor-car. No particular style to Hilary, he mused, but what a splendid, normal, intelligent creature she was!

"How do you think Butterfly's looking?" he asked suddenly.

"Not so very well," Hilary answered reluctantly, after a moment when she frowned faintly at the fire.

The Greatest Since the Gospels

THE Christmas story of all time, told as it never has been told since Saint Matthew and Saint Luke, opens "The Story of Christ," by Giovanni Papini, "a new apostle," in this number of Pictorial Review.

This sublimely beautiful life of Jesus is brought to our readers, as elsewhere pointed out, by men of to-day, converted from godless lives. Added to these earnest disciples is the deeply reverent American translator, Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

A truly inspired work! The five instalments will close with the Resurrection in Pictorial Review for April, 1923.

coming in. Well, how do you like this—isn't it lovely? And you see, books here, and writing-things, and you can always have a cozy little fire; isn't it nice? And we took away the old hangings, and cut that window—"

"Craig's mother won't mind?" Hilary asked, always afraid that this amazingly daring young creature would offend.

"Oh, no, she's delighted! We talked it over when she was here in April. Isn't this fun, having you here! I've had the horrid cold—been wretched!"

"Only a cold?" Hilary asked whimsically, over real disappointment. Emma was decorously unpacking her bag, moving quietly from one luxurious room to the other.

"Only a cold, you bad thing!" laughed Dora.

"But you look a little tired?" Hilary said affectionately when the maid had gone and they were alone.

"Oh, tired!" Dora exclaimed. "Don't say the word, now, with the season just starting! We haven't a dinner date left, until after Christmas; all the débutantes are working twelve hours, with no overtime, as Cy Dwyer says—and all I could do, Hilary, was to say that you'd come to things if you felt like it, and if you didn't I wouldn't make you!"

"Me? Oh, horrors!" Hilary protested. "But how does Craig like it?" she asked.

Was it her anxious fancy, or did a little shadow fall upon Dora's happy face? She had dropped exhaustedly into a chair.

"He hates it—mostly," she admitted. "He likes bridge; sometimes he has a good time. But he's working awfully hard, and now and then he sends me off without him. You know," Dora added, leaning forward with widened eyes toward Hilary, "you know, the awful thing is you've got to do everything, or you might just as well do nothing! You get caught into it—carried along. People ask you weeks ahead. You like them, it's your own crowd, and so what can you do? I stay in bed mornings, and have massage, and skip the women's lunches as much as I can—but even then," she broke off to complain, "you miss something!"

"But Dora, don't you and Craig ever have a quiet evening, in front of the fire, as you and I used to, with the old stove?" Hilary asked. Dora, who had smiled, and had begun to shake her head slowly, suddenly looked thoughtful, looked even a little wistful.

"THAT was fun, Hilary," she said softly, after a moment in which her eyes were far away. "No, we don't do that—we never have, you know! We came back from our honeymoon in December two years ago, and the thing began at full speed. That was the worst rushing we ever did!" Dora recalled, with a shudder. "Dinners and dinner-dances! But I was quite mad about it all. Then in March we went to Bermuda with the Wests, and then we went to Southampton, and that Fall I went to the Morrills' camp in Canada; Craig stayed in town; he was busy at the office. Oh, yes, and this year we were three weeks on the Morleys' yacht, just before the polo," she added. "Hilary," she began again, with a sudden change of tone, "tell me, how do you like Cecil Atherton?"

"He's the Englishest Englishman I ever saw!" Hilary confessed, laughing.

"His brother is Lord Southeringham," Dora observed. "He has one daughter, about eighteen. Isn't it funny that Cecil will really inherit, like a book, unless his brother

"So goes too hard!" Craig said smilingly, half to Buttery herself, who came in at the moment in the briefest and slimmest of dark velvet frocks, with only a touch of azure chiffon over her exquisitely thin, childish, little shoulders. Hilary noticed that the bare arms were still a child's arms, thin and soft.

She smiled radiantly at her sister and husband; Hilary came to think that smile well in the next few days; it was a new smile.

Dora had been sensitive to Hilary's criticism years ago, and as a bride she had been almost hysterically hurt by any hint of censure from Craig. She had cried, scolded, and on those days; Dora in a healthy tantrum, or sunk into fearful depression, had been one of the realities of Hilary's life. And Craig could remember, and hated to remember several little scenes.

But Dora never grieved and wept and scolded now. Instead she presented that brilliant, reassuring smile to all observers; she was always gay, sweet, apparently tractable, apparently impressed. Hilary had been with the Spauldings several days before it occurred to her with a pang of apprehension that this smile really meant nothing; or rather that it meant far too much. It meant that behind this immovable barrier—Dora was living her own life, thinking her own thoughts, entrenched in a fortress of her own determined little will.

"Oh, DORA, do let me be alone together, once!" Hilary begged one morning when her visit to Dora's bedroom was unsatisfactory. It was always unsatisfactory, Hilary thought, but it was only to-day that the mood suddenly occurred to her. Dora's maid was always coming and going. Dora's little French bedside telephone was always ringing. Dora's manicure would come in at about eleven, or her masseuse, or the woman to rub her hair.

Did Craig see it, Hilary wondered; had he defined that smile she had? She could not tell. He seemed a little more sober, a little less demonstrative with Dora than he had been, and he occupied what was virtually a different new now.

She liked him so much, liked him more than ever, indeed; and it hurt her that Dora should seem never to see him at all. Dora was always sweet with him, but she only addressed him. But Hilary liked to watch his pleasant, intelligent mood, liked to make him talk about what he was doing, and about the new and important books he was constantly reading, and loved to startle from him his little abrupt, reluctant laugh she remembered so well.

One day she spoke of the business of the Mount Holly junking-plant, and that led Craig in turn to speak of his own affairs. He took pencil and paper, and estimated, with an idle air of caring very little about it, exactly where his own personal finances stood. Between sixty and eighty thousand a year; yet he was borrowing money for household expenses this year. Hilary stared at him agape.

"Craig Spaulding! But where does it go to?" she exclaimed.

They were alone in the library. Dora had been escorted by Jose Duer to the last of the rehearsals at the West house. It was Craig to call for her at about eleven o'clock.

"He's darned if I know!" he said boyishly.

"But every thousand dollars!" the girl said. "And you don't pay any rent. And you sold your polo-ponies last year—"

"Yes, but I did pay rent last year; I paid five thousand for that Southampton place," Craig said.

"Craig, did you buy it?"

"That was just for the season. And then there are the three cars, and seven house servants here, and—oh, hell, damn it, everything!" he said.

"We have to give dinners, and buy tickets, and give wedding-presents, and send flowers, and we have bills at about forty places, and clothes cost like the deuce! And then there's income tax—"

"It's scandalous!" said Hilary, aghast. "I think Dora Collier must be crazy."

"I want her to be happy," Craig said, in an odd tone, after a silence. Hilary saw that he was staring into the fire, his handsome face very grave.

"Happy!" she echoed, vaguely apprehensive. "Well—well, but why shouldn't she be?"

"I don't know, Hilary," Craig said suddenly, "but—but she's not!"

"Poor Buttery!" Hilary whispered, her heart turned to ashes.

"I'm never going to say this again; she is my dearly loved wife," Craig began steadily, after a silence. "And you are her sister, and I know, Hilary, that her happiness means more to you than your own. But—she's only twenty now, Hilary; she's only a little girl, really, and she needs you every hour of her life. She obeyed you—she believed in you. I took her away from you; I spoiled her!"

"It amused me to see her running her own roadster; it amused me when the shop-people asked her, 'Daughter?' when she went about charging things to Mrs. Craig Spaulding. Every one fell in love with her; it never occurred to me that it might be bad for her. It never occurred to her, he added, as Hilary preserved a strict silence, "that she might make mistakes. She—she resents any hints from me; I don't blame her; it's all my fault! But I know now that what made her wonderful—so strangely wonderful to me, those two years ago, was you, back of her, making life a sort of fairy story, as you always do, laughing about everything and turning it into a game, cooking those little meals, and wearing the little velvet dresses—like that one, now. I didn't mean to say this—it doesn't matter anyway. But I want you so awfully to stand by her now, scold her, straighten her out; she'll take anything from you!"

Hilary did not answer. She sat looking steadily at the fire, her heart troubled, and her mind a whirlpool of anxious thoughts.

"Be patient with her, Craig," she said, after a long silence. "She's—pure gold."

"Yes, I know she is!" he answered. And when they spoke again it was of another subject.

IN DORA'S smart little car the sisters drove about in the Winter crowds; shopping, planning for Christmas, enjoying the excitement and the charm of the big city. They lunched sometimes at home, sometimes with other women at hotels or clubs; they always had some special engagement for tea, and always another for the evening.

Hilary usually came into Dora's room at about ten o'clock, when Craig was an hour gone. Dora was waking then, turning and twisting her lovely little body luxuriously in a sea of baribonbed and embroidered baby pillow. Emma would be decorously admitting the Winter daylight; Alice would slip down-stairs silently for Mrs. Spaulding's tray.

On the morning when Hilary was suddenly moved to protest that they were never alone together, Dora looked thoughtful. Immediately, with the brilliant, docile smile, she reached for her telephone and canceled her luncheon engagement.

"My sister and I never have a minute alone together!" explained Dora, winning eyes on Hilary as she spoke. "Now, what shall we do?" she asked, when this was done. "Where shall we lunch, and what shall we do after lunch? It's Wednesday; would you like to go to a mat?"

Hilary would have liked to go into the tiny kitchen of the old brick house, to light the gas-stove and feel its heartening warmth gradually envelop them as they

talked, to stretch fingers tired from violin-sittings, or shoulders tired from office work, and to explore the safe for cold sweet potatoes and icy, jellied soup.

As it was, she could only say somewhat flatly: "Well, let's do something!"

And Dora answered with great vivacity: "Oh, we'll do something!"

But the something proved vaguely unsatisfying, as it developed. All the hotels were alike; to go to the club meant that Dora would be immediately surrounded. So they motored up into Westchester County, and had luncheon at a large hotel overlooking the icy stretches of the sluggish Hudson. Dora was entirely manageable. She put her lip-stick untouched back into her gold-meshed bag as often as she instinctively took it out, and she smoked only an occasional cigar.

Hilary settled herself with a resolute determination to extract some enjoyment from the occasion. She smiled at Dora's remark that it looked to her like an old ladies' home. Frail, old bodies in plain satin or taffeta dresses were indeed filtering into the big room.

But Hilary saw one wholesome, pleasant-faced woman leading a troop of small children in; three little girls, two very small boys, and, steeled to sudden resolution, she said:

"Buttery, you know that if you had gone on with your music you would have had to work very hard, don't you?"

"My dear, I'm going to take up my violin work again immediately!" Buttery began, smiling contritely. Hilary began to hate that smile. Patiently she said:

"No, I don't mean that. This is what I mean, dear: Any life ought to have work in it, even if it's only the work that goes to a happy marriage—pleasure isn't everything, you know."

"I begin to see Craig's fine Italian hand in this," Buttery said good-naturedly. "Craig hates me to have a good time! But what does he want?" she demanded equally.

"Why, I don't think he wants anything, dear. He loves you!" Hilary answered, bewildered. "But it seems to me that you are being very reckless with your happiness. You and he are never alone; you are keeping up this feverish, rushing life. It seems so unnatural to me, Dora. I always imagined you and Craig with a group of your own close friends about you, with music and hospitality, and some day children—"

"The trouble is that I tried to make myself agreeable to Craig's friends, and they like me, and now he hates the whole crowd of them!" Dora burst out with the facility of one who has long stored a grievance. "Why, these are all his friends! I didn't know anybody when I was married; he introduced me to every one of them! I can't help it if they like me—"

"No, but now think, Buttery. Look at a woman like Louise Jeffries—why couldn't she have been your friend?" Hilary persisted. "It seems to me the Sunday we had at their house was the nicest I've had here. She's a sweet, pretty woman, she knows all the nice people, and yet she and her husband live so quietly down there on Long Island—"

"Excuse me; I'm not a cow!" Buttery said flippantly. "Dora, I don't think that's nice," her older sister said sternly. "To speak of those three beautiful babies and their mother as it is—"

"If you consider them beautiful, I don't!" interrupted Dora. "That oldest one with her front teeth out, and the baby looking like a half-wit, with his big, heavy head. And another coming, and poor Louise dragging herself about—"

"I thought she looked perfectly beautiful—"

"The middle one, yes," continued Dora, darkly. "I rather liked him. He's cute enough. But Sid Jeffries has lost almost all his money, or at least a lot of it, and what Louise gets out of it is a marvel to me."



"AH, BUT YOU WERE NOT TO SEE THAT; NOW I SHALL BE WELL SCOLDEN!" EXCLAIMED MADAME VON HINZ. "IN CONGRATULATION"

Have you finished?" she asked restlessly, suddenly getting to her feet.

Hilary followed her. She felt that a smile almost as unreal as Dora's was upon her face. But Dora was still amiable. She asked Hilary what she would like to do now? Should they drive? Should they run into town and finish up some shopping? Dora had had an exquisite miniature of herself painted for Craig's Christmas present; Hilary was anxious to see it finished, and in its beautiful frame.

In the exotic German painter's studio, with the artist herself watching about them in her curious manner, Hilary by chance discovered that two miniatures of Dora had been done. Dora and some friends she met in the city. Violet Vandewort among them, were talking animatedly; Madame von Hinz was at the telephone, and Hilary was drifting about, enjoying herself in her own quiet way.

Back of a great painted leather screen, upon a table littered with oils and brushes, Dora's beautiful likeness was carefully laid; it was on ivory, painted against a gold background, and looked like a Fra Angelico angel until one leaned close enough to see the sophisticated little face, the metallic scallings of hair, and the young body severely outlined in a sweeping rich brocade of Oriental purples, reds, lemons, pecks, and dark gold.

Beside it Hilary was amazed to find another portrait of Dora, prettier, she thought, than the original one. This was smaller, painted upon an ivory disk not much larger than a silver dollar. It merely gave Butterfly's beautiful head and a bare curve of half-turned shoulder. The dark-brown eyes looked up with an infantile sweetness, the red lips were half parted, and the twist of the young head gave a wide sweep of the soft, straight, flyaway hair.

HILARY, looking about in her pleasure and astonishment, found the German artist and Violet Vandewort beside her.

"Ah, but you, was not to see that; now I shall be well scolded!" exclaimed Madame von Hinz, in consternation. "I do not expect Madame to-day, and I am about to wrap it up, and now all is lost!"

Another Christmas secret! Hilary's heart sang. The big one was for Craig, and the little one for herself, of course. In an eager whisper she reassured the painter, and enlisted Mrs. Vandewort's interest; they would say nothing about it. Madame was not to give Mrs. Spaulding any hint that her sister had spoiled the surprise. Hilary went back at once into the open studio, and was innocently turning the pages of a book of Whistler's pictures when Dora brought her the larger miniature for final comment.

Hilary's Christmas present from Craig and Dora, when Christmas came a week later, was a great box that contained, as she knew the moment she saw it, an exquisite great soft wrap of fragrant, silky fur. Dora danced about her ecstatically as Hilary, almost in tears, slipped it on. Craig gave his wife a string of pearls—the beautiful milky globes themselves had been his mother's, but they were newly set, in fact two old strings had been blended into one. Hilary gave both Dora and Craig the little things that she had a sort of genius for finding.

His wife's miniature went into a place of honor on the mantel, and to every one of the scores of friends who came in for egg-nog and greeting, during the long day, he showed it proudly.

Yet it was the unhappiest Christmas of Hilary's life, and she presently suspected that Craig shared with her the brooding sense of something fundamentally wrong.

In the first place, where was the smaller miniature? Dora said nothing about it; Hilary opened the last of her gifts without finding it. Had some accident befallen it? Was there some reason for the delay? Her heart was sick with disappointment as she turned about and admired her treasures and the others' treasures. Then, secondly, something was wrong with Craig; he was animated and talkative, as she was, but the instant he felt himself unobserved Hilary saw his face fall into grave, into almost sinister, brooding.

And at one o'clock, when they with a dozen or more chance guests, were about to straggle into the dining-room, Hilary had a moment of such hideous awakening that for the rest of the day, and for many days, she could barely sleep before the world the smooth surface that was necessary for Dora's preservation, for the safety of them all.

She had run up-stairs with a double handful of beautiful Christmas ribbons, holy ribbons, broad black and blue and lemon-colored ribbons from her coat-box. With her

demure air of thrift, Hilary had gathered these together. There were little girls in Mount Holly who would think these were the most beautiful things in the world, she said.

She was running down again, to the lower floor that was so deliciously warm to-day, so scented with evergreens and violets, so pleasantly filled with furred laughing women, and beautiful presents and rich dark rooms, and snapping fires, when the sight of soft snowfall out-of-doors made her pause on the landing, to look out into the street.

BELOW her there was an odd turn in the hallway, where a passage into the new library had been cut some twenty years ago. Hilary, looking down at this angle carelessly, saw Cecil Atherton and Butterfly come through the library. In another minute somebody else followed; Rose West and Jim Clarke, and other young men. But at that instant Hilary saw.

She saw Cecil lightly infold Butterfly with his arm, and Butterfly give him a sideways, upward glance that was full of radiant meaning. And at the same moment Cecil slipped his free hand into his breast-pocket, and displayed something on his palm; something that Hilary knew rather than saw was a disk of ivory, with a crystal rim and face.

Amazed, and a little shocked, she leaned back against the window curtain of the landing; she heard Cy Dwyer's laugh, and she heard him say, "But I tell you I am the Prince!" for the thousandth time.

They had gone by. Craig was calling from below, "Hilary!" She must go down.

The utter confusion of mind and heart, as she did so, almost made her faint. Everything was a whirl of surprise—a thousand little half-remembered facts rushed to her consciousness even while Butterfly linked an arm in hers, and an arm in Craig's, and pushed herself childishly between them into the dining-room.

She remembered now Butterfly's many mysterious, if brief engagements, during the last few weeks. She remembered telephone-calls from which Butterfly came with a strange brightness in her eyes; she remembered notes, flowers, moments of unobserved murmuring with Cecil. This accounted for the incessant, elusive smile, for the cryptic air of self-content.

Why, on the very first day of her visit, Butterfly had made some excuse to remain down-stairs with him alone for a few minutes. She had clouded even that happy hour by questioning Hilary about him.

She felt dizzy and hurt. The thing appeared more important as she realized it. She knew there was no real

helping her to regain her self-control. "I know that some of them are nice—of course they are. But—but she wasn't brought up like that, and she can't stand it, Craig—she's too young!"

"Yet I think you could stand it, Hilary," Craig said, with an unsmiling look at her. "It amuses me to see how quietly you hold your own with them!"

"Did you get your Christmas present? Don't move, Craig; I can squeeze in here on your chair for just a moment!" Violet Vandewort asked, in her velvet voice, coming up to them. "Don't you remember the little miniature we saw at Von Hinz's that day?" she asked.

Hilary felt her mouth get dry, and her hands get cold, as she smiled gallantly.

"Not yet," she managed to say easily. "Perhaps it was for my birthday, in March!"

"It was the luckiest thing; Miss Collier and I stumbled upon it accidentally," Violet said, in explanation, to Craig. "Eat it!" she commanded, holding an olive against his lips. "Oh, Dora!" she called, "what became of that adorable little second miniature that Von Hinz did you of?"

Hilary felt the blood congeal in her veins. She would have liked to shake Violet. Dora, who had been laughing extravagantly, in a group of young men, turned innocent, puzzled eyes upon them.

"What miniature?" she asked, the last of her laughter dying from her puzzled yet perfectly serene little face.

"Oh, come now—come now!" Violet said. "We'll suspect you of some putrid secret if you don't 'fess up!'"

"Suspect me of nothing!" Dora drawled good-naturedly, coming over to Hilary. "But what I want to know is how you ever heard of it?"

"We saw it, Butterfly," Hilary contributed, hoping her anxiety did not show. She put her arm about Dora as Dora rested on the arm of her chair. "And I hoped it was for me!"

"YOU saw it!" Dora cried, in exasperation. "How on earth did she happen to let you see it? It was for you, Hilary, but the poor old thing begged so to have it for an exhibition that I let it go. And it was smashed—four of them were—"

"I know, you told me!" Hilary cried, breathing again.

"Yes, Frances Chisolm's was, Paulina Davenport remembered, 'poor Von Hinz was telling me! But she didn't say anything about ours, Dora.'"

"It was a surprise; I had asked her not to mention it," Dora said. "She's doing it on purpose, Hilary, and you think it's better, but I'm so disgusted that you found out!"

Hilary's eyes went about the circle. Craig was apparently neither listening nor interested; to every one else the episode was worth no more than its own tale. To every one except Cecil Atherton, that is, Hilary could have sworn that his casual glance met Dora's as she spoke, and that the faint look of relief in his face as the awkward moment passed was unmistakable.

All through the rest of the day, throughout the family dinner with Craig's uncle, she was haunted by fears. Could Butterfly have been so blind, so childish, as to fall into this? Was her little, innocent sister playing this dangerous game?

"She must be losing her mind," Hilary thought feverishly in the wakeful watches of the night.

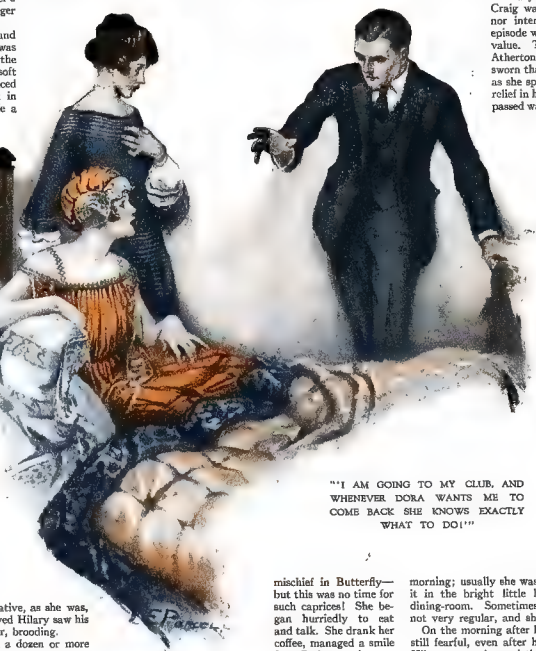
For she instinctively distrusted Dora's smooth little story, and loss of faith in her daring was the hardest phase of the whole matter to bear. If it had been illness, poverty, neglect that she had been asked to share, how gladly would she have taken Dora home to the little Mount Holly house, how she would have consoled her, worked for her, planned for her! But this sweet and sickening poison, creeping into Dora's perfumed and soft and brilliant life, frightened Hilary. She did not know how to cope with it.

It was her custom to go down-stairs at about half past eight o'clock in the morning; usually she was alone at breakfast, and enjoyed it in the bright little breakfast-room beyond the big dining-room. Sometimes Craig joined her, but he was not very regular, and she never waited for him.

On the morning after her white night, feeling tired and still fearful, even after her hot bath and leisurely toilet, Hilary was going quietly through the upper hall on her way down-stairs, when Dora's bedroom door suddenly opened, and Dora, the picture of utter desolation, appeared in the doorway, and said her name.

"Come in here!" said Dora. Hilary, with all her half-formed apprehensions returning in definite shape, and with redoubled force, went to the door, and looked in.

Dora's bed was tumbled; she immediately sprang back



"I AM GOING TO MY CLUB, AND WHENEVER DORA WANTS ME TO COME BACK SHE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO!"

mischief in Butterfly—but this was no time for such caprices! She began hurriedly to eat and talk. She drank her coffee, managed a smile for Craig as he sat beside her.

"Oh, salad, Hilary?" he asked, attentively.

"No, yet! I've hardly started. I've had—I've had a stupid headache—"

"You have? Why didn't you say so?"

"It's really—really that I—I hate to see Dora with those people," Hilary burst out, vigorously, her own vivid

among her pillows. Craig, with his face very grim, turned from one of the big windows, glanced at Hilary sternly, and again turned his back.

"Craig is going away, Hilary," Dora said in a nervous, high voice; "he doesn't want any breakfast—"

"Going away?" Hilary asked, her heart heavy as lead.

She had to repeat the question before Craig turned, and said quietly:

"I'll put up at the club for a while—I'll let you know where I am."

Hilary looked in sick amazement from one to the other.

"Oh, what is it?" she faltered, all her anxiety and love for them both in her eyes.

"It's simply that I like to have my friends as well as anybody else," Dora began readily, as Craig kept silent.

"Sorry to drag you into this, Hilary," Craig said suddenly, coming toward her, and paying no attention to Dora. "I have asked her to do what I don't consider a very important thing, for she prefers not to and I will not insist in this house. While that man has the entrée to it," Craig turned to Dora. "Make him wait presents you will, meet him where you like, get a divorce, if that's what you want," he added bitterly. "But don't let me ever see him again!"

"SAY to him, 'Ceil, I'll have to meet you out at the museum, and then we can have tea at Stotes!'" Dora retorted angrily.

"I'm sorry, Craig, but even to please you, and to give you the full run of all the big hotels, so that you and Violet can have tea together—"

"Butterfly!" Hilary said scornfully.

"Well, ask him if he didn't meet Violet and take her to tea the very day she got back from getting her divorce in California," Dora said resentfully, after a brief pause.

"This is ridiculous!" Craig said hotly. "Her mother wired me from Maine, asked me to meet Vi, and put her on the afternoon train. I hadn't seen her for two years; she'd been with him in California, getting her decree. I showed Dora the wire—then it's too preposterous to discuss!"

Hilary looked at Dora, confident that there would be at least an attempt at justification. But Dora pouted and looked down, and satisfied herself with saying mildly:

"Well, isn't that all I said?"

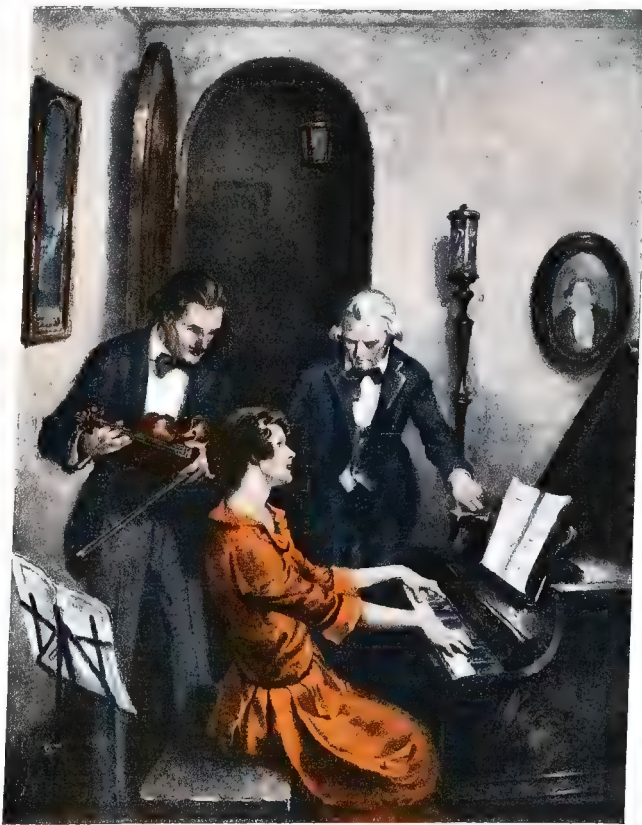
"Craig, you know she didn't mean anything—" Hilary began placatingly.

"I ask you," Dora interrupted her sharply, "whether a married woman is expected to give up all men friends, or not. Men don't do it, and why should women? Craig is making a fuss about nothing—" She fell silent, and there was a pause.

"Dora had Madame von Hinz do two miniatures of her, she gave one to Cecil Atterton," Craig explained, suddenly.

"He's old-fashioned, but I object to my wife making herself a monster. I won't discuss it! I am going to my club, and whenever Dora wants me to come back she knows exactly what to do!"

"Yes, but Craig—but Craig—" Hilary pleaded anxiously. "There was nothing in that. Women do give their pictures—"



"SHE GAVE HIM HIS STRING-NOTES EXPERTLY, AND THEY LAUGHINGLY WENT THROUGH THE SONATA MOVEMENT INTO WHICH SHE HAD DRIFTED"

letter that stood against the clock, looked at it fretfully, and flung it into the fire. She was standing, with one bare, thin young arm resting against the mantel, and her brown eyes looking stormily at Craig from under a cloud of tousled hair, when he abruptly left the room.

Hilary, who felt as if hope and joy and youth were

if he shall mail the package, and if I want it insured, as Mr. Atterton is not at his club. Cecil was up in Rhinebeck. Fool! Craig was home; it was after breakfast, the day before Christmas, and he took the message. And Craig waits all this time, two whole days, and broods and rages, and works himself into a fever—I won't stand it! What I do is none of Craig's business—"

"It's very decidedly his business what his wife does," Hilary said gently, as her sister stopped short. "You're too young, Butterfly; you're too pretty—"

"Oh, Heavens!" Dora exclaimed, almost at a shout. And immediately she called out to the invisible maid: "Yes, come in, Emma."

Composedly gathering her faces about her, Dora climbed back into bed.

"Don't worry, Sis," she said reassuringly. "Craig and I are always having rows like this!"

But Hilary, going down to her own breakfast, worried profoundly. She was disappointed in Dora and frightened for her.

Craig was gulping the last of his coffee. When the man-servant was out of the room he said briefly and composedly:

"I wouldn't let myself worry, Hilary. She'll come round. It makes me pretty sick that she should do it, but Butterfly's only a child, you know. It's Atterton—"

His tone grew suddenly grim; he stopped.

"Craig, you can't think that she wants to marry him?" Hilary asked, trying to make her laugh sound reassuring.

"Marry him!" Craig said, contemptuously. "How on earth could she marry him? He hasn't a cent—his brother sends him a check quarterly. Archer met him in Flanders during the War, and he's staying with the Archers up in Rhinebeck to get over being gassed, or something. He's been here six months or so now; he said quite frankly she

other day that he had to get a job or go home—came down to see me about it in the office. He dances, of course, and he plays tennis and polo, and Dora thinks that America ought to have a leisure class! Why, his whole estate, his brother's estate, wouldn't pay for her servants!"

Hilary felt a deep relief sweep over her. She dressed, a little later, for a morning down-town, sending no word to Dora, and making no attempt to see her.

The holiday reaction had set in; holly-wreaths looked oddly out of date in the shops, and customers and women alike yawned and blinked wearily. But Hilary enjoyed poking about the snowy streets.

She amused herself, in this unusual solitude and freedom, with a dream of what life would have been if she, Hilary, were Mrs. Craig Spaulding. How simple it would be to love a good and generous man, to make his home a charming and comfortable place, to be a mother to his children! All this hysteria of dances, of artificial beauties, of late hours, and of too much smoking and drinking and eating, led to these wretched complications. She was always there, just under the surface, ready to wipe it all mischief with the quiet course of life. And if this was Dora's point of view at twenty, what would Dora be doing at thirty and at forty?

A tall man with a foreign-looking cast buttoned tightly about his thin figure, up to his big fur collar and smiling dark face, stopped her on a crowded street corner. She looked up, bewildered; then her whole face lighted.

forever dead between them, remained standing, aghast, in the pretty-disorder of the sun-flooded bedroom. Dora had really attempted that poised and ready evasion yesterday!

Dora was breathing hard; her face looked cross. She poked the end of a burning log with a pink-satin mull.

"Butterfly, are you crazy?" Hilary asked at last. Dora shot her a resentful glance.

"Please, don't you begin!" she said rudely.

"Why, Dora, I don't know you!" Hilary reproached her, tenderly sitting down beside her, and talking possession of one of the soft, boneless little hands. "I can't understand you. If Craig were unreasonable, if he were merely cross—but what could be more reasonable than that he shouldn't like his wife to give another man her portrait—why, that was a terrible thing to do, sweetheart! And I can't think what possessed you to do it, either," continued Hilary coaxingly, as if to a very small child.

"Why, I don't know what you were thinking about! Craig was so pleased with your thought for him too—and, by the way," she broke off at ask suddenly, "how did he find out? Did you tell him?"

"No, it was that idiot of a man I had framed it," Dora said wearily. "I deliberately didn't take it to Tiff's, because I thought they might recognize me. I went to this other place, and I no sooner had the order placed than this creature said to me, 'It's Mrs. Craig Spaulding, isn't it?' The next day he calls up the house here to ask

Original from

"Kronski!" she exclaimed delightedly, holding out her hands. "I didn't know you were here! I knew that you were coming, some time in January, but I hadn't seen anything more! When did you get in?"

For answer, still beaming at her in utter content, he drew out a big, round, old-fashioned gold watch, and showed her ten o'clock with a gloved thumb. Now the city's whistles were all shrilling for noon.

"What, just this morning?" the girl exclaimed. They had drawn a little apart from the crowd, and now again he grasped her hands. Hilary, with a vague recollection of the proprieties, attempted faintly to disengage her fur-lined gloves from his.

"Now, but why do you do that?" he asked, with his amazing simplicity. "This is a friend's good hand I hold. Do you think I am so rich in friends? Yes, I am just from the boat," he told her.

"Then you've not had any luncheon?" she demanded. She looked thoughtfully down the street for a second, frowning and biting her lip. "If I can only remember—where was that?" she mused. And then briskly she nodded. "Come with me!"

"Ah, the good little mother, she says: 'I will take care of you; I will not let you suffer!'" Kronski said delightedly. "But I am meeting my friend—Von Mandescheid, here at the bureau of the oculist!" he remembered suddenly.

"Who is Von Mandescheid?" Hilary asked. Kronski raised scandalized brows.

"Yes, that is the American lady," he said impolitely. "She makes dresses, she talks all the time, and she does not know who is Von Mandescheid! He is the great *kappelmeister*! Only he is now old, and he will do no more work. The War has made him a poor man. Seventy-eight years he has, and he is my good friend—my maestro, who put the hand in his pocket when Konrad Kronski was a dirty little boy. So he comes to America with me, he works with me, and some day he shall try a concert here, and then you will see what a great conductor can be!"

They were walking up the avenue as they spoke, both entirely oblivious of their surroundings. Now Kronski plunged into an optician's shop, and here found his valet, with the gentle, white-headed old musician in tow.

Hilary took the veined old hand reverently. Konrad put a filial arm about the thick overcoat in introducing Von Mandescheid; dismissing the valet, and beaming with sympathetic joy as Hilary addressed his companion in his own tongue. The girl saw a venerable forehead under a foreign-looking round cap, and pink, healthy old cheeks wrinkling with a great smile. Von Mandescheid wore a brown knitted muffler, and thick knitted gloves of a rich green color.

KRONSKI entered into the subject of Von Mandescheid's new eye-glasses with passionate interest. The old gentleman had broken his spectacles on the big ship, Kronski explained, and he had been very unhappy.

They left the shop with the old man between the young man and woman. Hilary led the way through quiet side streets to a restaurant of which Craig had told her some weeks before; he sometimes lunched there when he was alone, for the peace and quiet, and had praised the food.

Kronski showed great satisfaction when he saw that it was a Hungarian establishment, and the three settled themselves contentedly at one of the small tables; a table spread with an immaculate limp cloth, and set with bone-handled knives and forks, cruets in blue glass, and high-stemmed tumblers pressed in lumpy designs. The waiter was not long in discovering that he was dealing with nobility, and immediately the proprietor dashed forth. Kronski stood up for what was virtually an embrace, and Von Mandescheid was welcomed with only slightly lessened warmth.

Hilary received her share of the ovation with appropriate simplicity and pleasure. The long, plain room was almost empty, and the air was warm and fresh.

The food, when it came, was delicious even to her, and to her companions evidently a genuine feast. They knew all the dishes; could discourse upon them with the chef, who came out of his kitchen to be sure that all were satisfied, and Kronski's appetite was somewhat excusable in Hilary's eyes when old Von Mandescheid assured her that "the boy" had not eaten a full meal for nine days.

"But tell me all your plans!" she had said before this, and Kronski launched into them with enjoyment.

He was to play with the symphony societies, here and in all the big cities, on such and such dates. And then he was to give two concerts in March. He took a list from his pocket, and Hilary studied it with him interestedly. Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia might then each have a concert, or two, and then when he came back, perhaps the big farewell concert in April.

And then to Norway again, and to his beloved beaches, where he could cook and tramp!

Meanwhile Von Mandescheid, upon whose old hand he laid his as he spoke, should stay in New York. Kronski's manager had rented a studio here. Did Hilary know the Porter studio on Fifty-ninth Street? He had just been to see it. He had brought his cook, and while he was

away Von Mandescheid would keep house, "like the kind wife that waits at home," he said, and perhaps take a few pupils for the violin, and perhaps play with the symphonies.

"You weren't here last Winter?" Hilary said.

"You weren't here last Winter? As if she did not know it," echoed Kronski, scornfully. "No, I am in South America last Winter, and also I am in Italy," he told her. "But I am here two years ago, and you don't come to see me—you burn the Amati for stove-wood, I suppose?"

"That was the first Winter after Butterfly's marriage,"

Happily Married—Yes?

WHETHER you are, or not, it is time for you to lend a hand in the great movement for Better Marriage Laws. Everybody can help. The situation is desperate—read what the Hon. Martin W. Littleton says this month (page 2) in connection with Pictorial Review's nation-wide campaign.

Arouse your women's club. Make the Better Marriage Laws campaign a topic for special consideration. Get your local papers interested—also your Congressman.

A national Marriage and Divorce Law to bring order out of chaos is being drawn up by the legislative chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. George Franklin White—who is also the Deputy Attorney-General of the State of Indiana and has aided in the drafting of many important laws, State and national.

This proposed law will be printed in an early issue of Pictorial Review.

Hilary said. "She was abroad until Christmas. I knew you were here, and I did mean to hear you, in Philadelphia, but that was a lonely Winter for me—" She had begun with a smile, but now to her own surprise her voice suddenly thickened, and her lower lip shook violently and uncontrollably.

"She weeps that she loses her sister; the beautiful sister has been married," Kronski explained to old Von Mandescheid in German. And very softly he brushed Hilary's cheek with his fur cuff, and showed her the bright tear shining on the fur. The older man patted her hand tenderly, and made a little clucking, sympathetic sound in his throat.

Well, they were like a pair of absurd, primitive children, of course, Hilary thought, laughing, and quite frankly drying her eyes. But something about their foreign simplicity was wonderfully touching and sweet, after the dry insincerities of the life she had been leading for several weeks, and after the solitude of Mount Holly. While they ate, she told them about Dora. Kronski remembered Craig well, because of the song he had sung, and asked naturally how their baby was?

Hilary shook her head. No children.

"That's bad," Kronski said simply. "If ever I have a beautiful wife, she shall have children—eight, ten. Then if she lies awake and sighs in the night, I know what she is worrying about! It is Nini, that her teeth don't come through, or it is Toto, that he has broken papa's favorite bowl! The women," Kronski finished, "the women, yes. We must have them; we don't care about them! They are soft, they are pretty, they cry, and we give them jewels and furs. But the wife," he added, with sudden emphasis upon the last word, "ah, that's different! She shall be always good, always simple, always loving. Yes."

HILARY reminded herself that she must not judge this man by American standards. His passionate devotion to his art was Kronski's reason for being; she knew in looking at his keen, thin face that his own capacity for emotion was all absorbed in his work. His very disillusionment with life, his years of bitter poverty and struggle, would save him from even the weakness of a Cecil Atherton, and from all the playing with realities that made Dora's set so superficial.

"Kronski," she said suddenly, struck with a heartening thought, and perhaps reminded of Dora by his oddly pertinent views of wifehood, "if my sister comes to you, would Doctor von Mandescheid teach her?"

"I offer it three years ago; I am not to change this offer," Kronski said magnificently. "Who teaches her now?"

"She hasn't touched her violin, to work, for almost two

years," Hilary confessed, ashamed. Kronski merely scowled his contempt, shrugged his shoulders, and went on eating.

After lunch they went up to see the studio, Hilary as gaily at home with these two as if she had known them all her life. They were real, she thought, studying them in the taxicab, and listening to their talk about some new opera. Kronski wanted a theme; Hilary, who had the score on her old square piano, at home in Mount Holly, could supply it. The old man was ecstatic in his admiration; he talked to her of the opera, and almost immediately afterward made her laugh by telling her pathetically that a hole was worn in one of his socks, and the toe had worked through, and was being chafed.

The studio was magnificent; an immense room with a high ceiling, and north windows twelve feet tall. Outside these windows were iron balconies, and below them the grim, leafless park, with children screaming on the ice-pond.

Inside was a tremendous and soothing bareness; one great dull rug stretched at an angle on the polished floor, one or two great unframed canvases on the dull, distempered walls, and two enormous iron candlesticks beside the big fireplace. Trunks stood about in the process of unpacking, and four men were shouting and grunting over the business of setting up a concert grand piano.

Hilary and the men went back through the little dining-room and kitchen; looked into bedrooms, small, but flooded with sunshine in the early afternoon. Kronski's handsome leather bags had been opened; the whole place was littered with a bachelor's odds and ends.

When they went back to the studio Hilary sat down at the piano, dusting the long bench with one of her gloves, and striking the keys with all the delight of the artist. Von Mandescheid came to stand beside her, humming and marking time, and Kronski, who was in the hall with the movers, rushed back, and seized his violin. She gave him his string-notes expertly, improvising little flights of chords and runs between the whining of the altered strings, and when they laughingly went through the sonata movement into which she had drifted, Von Mandescheid kissed her clever fingers reverently, with all the respect of one musician for another.

But Kronski could play no longer; his manager was announced. Von Mandescheid went off to change his stockings, as he explained, and Hilary went out into the avenue again. She wished that Kronski had not said to her awkwardly when the manager was announced: "Here, I can not

talk to you any longer, and I can not ask you to remain, because my cook and valet are unpacking, and there is no place for you!"

It was only his Russian frankness and simplicity, of course; she knew that she had given him a happy hour or two, and that he had thoroughly enjoyed the meeting and the late breakfast, as she had. But she wished he was not quite so foreign!

WALKING down the crowded street at half past three o'clock, she felt a sudden exhilaration in her veins. She thought of Dora's problem, but it was in a new way; it was with a certain confidence and strength. Dora was wrong, and she must be prevented from doing this sort of thing again. It was preposterous to have Craig, and to have Hilary herself, trembling and worrying over what Dora chose to do or not to do. Butterfly was a woman now. Hilary had worried about Dora all her life; had carried a double responsibility for all the twenty years of Dora's life.

Now she suddenly felt free and powerful. Her unexpectedly empty day had been filled independently of Dora, and delightfully filled. Had Butterfly accompanied her this morning, all this pleasure would have escaped her. Dora had small interest except for her own small crowd.

"Dora makes a great mistake," Hilary decided bracingly, smiling at her own trim reflection in shop-windows. "She is pretty, but where would she be if she and Craig had a serious split? Back in Mount Holly with me, and I can assure her," she continued, argumentatively, "that she would not find it all so easy and pleasant as it was! I'm nearly twenty-six, I'm no child, and I certainly shall not take Dora's side unless she comes to her senses and acts like a sensible woman."

This emancipation from Dora came to her suddenly, with all the exhilaration of a discovery. She had been too much wrapped in Dora's life. Kronski, to-day, had been frankly disgusted with Dora, a girl who inherited her mother's gift and her mother's Amati, and who allowed years to go by without improving her opportunities.

She went into the house breezily at four o'clock. Mrs. Spaulding was at home, Banks said, and would be glad to see Miss Collier in her room.

Dora was lying on the big divan before her fire; she had been crying. She said her head ached, and she thought Craig ought to be ashamed of himself for behaving so! They had had a dinner engagement with the Rogerses to-night, and he had telephoned Mrs. Rogers that he would be out of town. And he had moved into his mother's empty room; so idiotic, raged Dora, letting the servants suspect everything!

"You are the idiotic one, Butterfy," Hilary said sternly, remaining on her feet, and looking at her sister with disapproving eyes. "I'm surprised at you—I can't tell you what I've been thinking about you all day. A woman your age and married two years, letting herself be involved with a whippersnapper like Cecil Atherton! Craig's quite right; and if you don't like being his wife, and behaving yourself as his wife, you ought to go about the thing decently, and not in this shilly-shallying way! You ought to get that miniature back from Cecil Atherton, and tell Craig that you'll drop him."

Dora set erect on the davenport, putting her feet slowly on the floor. Her eyes did not leave Hilary's; she regarded her sister with utter stupefaction. Once or twice she opened her mouth to speak, but the rush of Hilary's eloquence silenced her, and Dora stared on, her white cheeks glaudly assuming a most uncomfortable red. "Don't think," Hilary said, well warned to her task, "that if you are foolish enough to leave Craig Spaulding, I shall be delighted to have you come back to Mount Holly. I shall be bitterly ashamed. I love you, Dora; I have always loved you more than anything else in life." She felt herself breaking a little, and steeled her voice.

"But the little hint of tenderness entirely overwhelmed me to flung herself face downward on the davenport, willing like a terrified child.

"O—o—ooooo!" sobbed Dora, choking in her tears. Hilary took a step toward her, drew back, and then moved involuntarily toward her, and turning calmly, left the room, closing the door gently behind her, but not so gently but that Dora heard the sound. Hilary, her heart beating fast, went to her room; and as she took off her street things, and settled herself on her bed with a new and relieved thought that in no case could the little dose of moral castor-oil do Dora anything but good.

However, the mood of serenity did not last; and suddenly Hilary discovered that the room was icy cold. She leaped up, turned the wheel of her radiator, and stepped into her big woolly wrapper. As she did so Alice came softly in with an armful of light wood and quickly laid a fire.

"I wish you'd go to Mrs. Spaulding's room, Alice, and ask her to let me in and see me," Hilary suggested, after thought. The flame was leaping cheerfully now, and Alice was moving about, lighting the lamps and turning down the bed.

MRS. SPAULDING went out about half an hour ago, Miss Collier; she didn't have her car; I think she called a taxi," Alice said, with the mild relish of her class for the troubles of others. "Mr. Spaulding's home, and he's in the library. Mrs. Spaulding didn't take no more than anything with her."

"Why should she?" Hilary asked reproversly. She opened her book and apparently began to read. But she was in a state of anxious misery. Six o'clock, and Dora out in the dark Winter night; going somewhere in a taxicab! Poor little Butterfy, hurrying away somewhere, into what hell and trouble?

Hilary went to the dark windows; the panes gave back only a reflection of her comfortable room.

Usually she shut it out, and dressed for dinner in one of her dark-blue condurois. The clock was striking half past six as she went down stairs. She asked Hilda in an undertone if Mrs. Spaulding had returned.

"No, Miss, she hasn't," Banks said, with a curious air of not overstepping a discreet groundance. "Mr. Spaulding went up stairs to read quite a while ago."

Craig's dressing, however, had evidently been as brief as her own; he was in the library now, and looked up from a sheaf of letters as Hilary came in.

"Don't get up," she said, sitting down. And immediately she asked him: "Craig, do you know where Dora is?"

He looked at her gravely; folded a letter and put it back into its envelope.

"No," he answered briefly and unencouragingly.

"But where can she have gone?" Hilary went on anxiously, almost as much alarmed by his manner as by Dora's non-appearance.

"I don't know, Hilary," Craig said wearisomely. "I can not always—understand—Dora. Hilda says that she went out at half past five."

He sighed heavily, and did not complete his sentence. Hilary knotted her hands in her lap, and forced herself to sit still. She looked down the fire to the clock, and back again. Seven o'clock. Craig went on with his mail with an impatient face; the big house was still.

"Craig, I really can't stand this!" Hilary said. To her relief he seemed as eager to break the silence as she was.

"I've been wondering," he said uneasily, "what we can do."

"Oh, really!" Hilary burst out, "Butterfy shouldn't scare us so!" Craig looked at her, half smiling.

"I don't think I ever heard you criticize Butterfy before," he said.

"Oh, but I think she is entirely wrong in this!" Hilary assured him quickly. "Only," she added, smiling herself at her own intemacy, "I don't think—truly I don't, Craig, that she has the faintest idea how—how silly a thing she did!"

come home!" he added, getting to his feet, and beginning to walk about the big room.

The clock struck half past seven, and Banks came decorously to announce dinner. Craig told him simply to wait for Mrs. Spaulding, and he and Hilary resumed their seats. Hardly a full minute afterward there was a ring at the front door, followed by voices, by an ugly and growing confusion in the hall.

THEY had risen at the sound of the bell, and were in the doorway. Hilary had a terrifying impression of strange faces, and of a policeman's red face and blue uniform, and of Banks's dignified resistance to what looked like actual rabble. Somebody—Butterfy!—had stumbled in between the policeman and Banks.

"My soul, what is it?" Craig said. Hilary heard Butterfy's half-laughing and half-crying voice:

"It's nothing—it's all right, Craig—"

"No harm done—the lady fell!" This was the policeman. Emma was on the stairs, shutting back a scream with both hands over her mouth. Hilary had Butterfy in her arms; Craig had taken her, staggering and limp, from the policeman.

"She's all right; no bones broken!" Craig said loudly; "it's all right!"

"Of course it's all right!" Butterfy sobbed and laughed, as Hilary half led and half carried her toward the library. Banks spoke to the curious crowd that pressed almost to the door. Hilary had a vague impression that Craig was giving the policeman a greenback; then the door closed.

Craig rushed to the davenport; and he and Hilary lowered the hysterical Butterfy upon it, Banks fluttering about. They stuffed pillows about her, and Craig told Emma harshly to stop talking and to get Mrs. Spaulding some brandy.

"What was it, my precious, my darling?" he said, his

arm about his wife. Butterfy tried to smile, and tried to say, "Why, it was nothing!" in a perfectly natural tone. But at the effort she burst out into genuine crying, unmixcd with laughter, and buried her head in Craig's neck.

"Oh, Craig, I love you so—I love you so!" she sobbed. "I—I've had such a horrible day!"

"Yes, I know; yes, I know, sweetheart," Craig murmured, his own face working, "but now it's over, and you're safe with Hilary and me!"

"Craig," Butterfy faltered, with brimming eyes and trembling lips, "never be mean to me again, will you? I can't—I can't bear it!"

"No, sweetheart, and I can't either," he said, softly and tenderly.

Emma came in with the brandy, and Butterfy drank it, coughing and smiling. Her color began to come back, and she looked like a lovely child as she lay against Craig's shoulder, with one hand held in both Hilary's hands as Hilary knelt beside her.

"IT WAS nothing," she said. "But my taximan was drunk, and he frightened me so! He kept skidding, and cutting about corners, and finally I slipped, so I let out at the corner, right here, rather than come down our street. And just as I was stepping out he jerked the car and started, and I fell down. I hooked my heel in the step, and couldn't get up, and then this policeman came, and all the crowd! I had lost my breath and I couldn't tell him who I was for a while, and he kept asking me who my father was! But finally I did say that this was my house, I lived here, and then it was all right!" She drew a long breath; looked restlessly about. "Where's my gold bag?" she said.

Hilary jumped to get it, lying with her furs and hat on the table near by.

"I got you something, Craig," Dora said, with a sweet, wise, childish look. And opening the bag, she put into his hands the little miniature of Hilary's telephone. "I explained," she said, "and said that I must see him, and see it. He had a six o'clock train to catch at the Grand Central, and he said he would bring it there; he was going up to Rhinebeck. So I met him, and we walked down toward the end of the station, and I told him how I had been here—that you thought I shouldn't have done it, and he gave it to me right away. He seemed awfully sorry about it. But I want you and Sis to know," Butterfy added, looking seriously from one to the other, "that there was a sort of reason for my giving Cecil this."

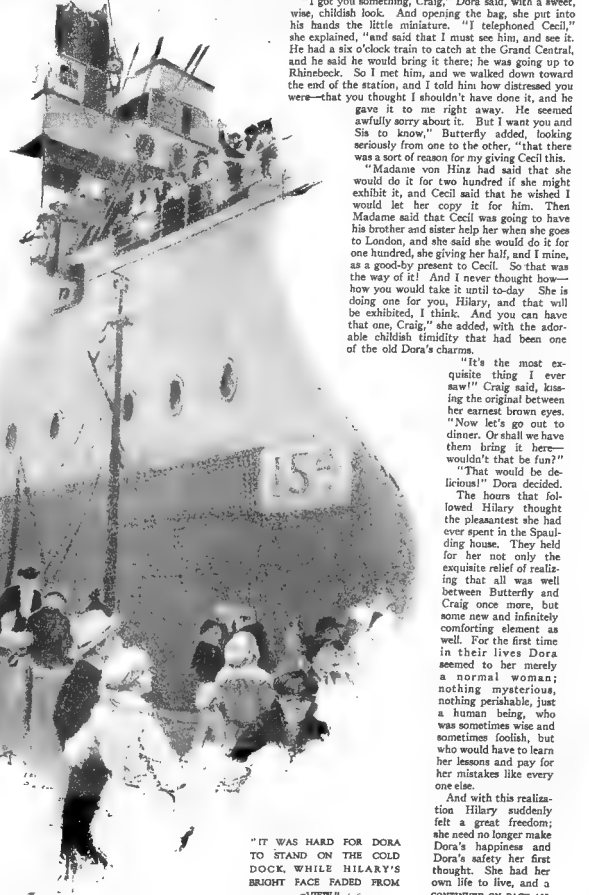
"Madame von Hinz had said that she would do it for two hundred if she might exhibit it, and Cecil said that he wished I would let her copy it for him. Then Madame said that Cecil was going to have his brother and sister help her when she goes to London, and she said she would do it for one hundred, she giving her half, and I mine, as a good-by present to Cecil. So that was the way of it! And I never thought how—how you would take it until to-day! She is doing one for you, Hilary, and that will be exhibited, I think. And you can have them right here, and I told him how the adorable childish timidity that had been one of the old Dora's charms."

"It's the most exquisite thing I ever saw!" Hilary said, kissing the original between her earnest brown eyes. "Now let's go out to dinner. Or shall we have them bring it here—wouldn't that be fun?"

"That would be delicious!" Dora decided.

The hours that followed Hilary thought the pleasantest she had ever spent in the Spaulding house. They held her for not only the exquisite relief of realizing that all was well between Butterfy and Craig once more, but some new and infinitely comforting element as well. For the first time in her lives Dora seemed to her merely a normal woman; nothing mysterious, nothing perishable; just a human being, who was sometimes wise and sometimes foolish, but who would have to learn her lessons and pay for her mistakes like every one else.

And with this realization Hilary suddenly felt a great freedom; she need no longer make Dora's happiness and Dora's safety her first thought. She had her own life to live, and a



"IT WAS HARD FOR DORA TO STAND ON THE COULD DOCK, WHILE HILARY'S BRIGHT FACE FADED FROM

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



"UNDER HIS HANDS THE ANCIENT WRITING IN ASIA HAD TAKEN THE COMPLETENESS AND THE UNIFORMITY OF A NATIONAL LANGUAGE; HE HAD SHOWN THAT TO HAVE BEEN THE LEARNED WRITTEN SPEECH OF A GREAT VANISHED AGE IN ASIA"

THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

IT WAS the signal that I had no long awaited. I had just come in when the porter brought me the telegram. I was wet, my riding-boots were covered with mud, and I was tired. I had been all day in the saddle at a distant meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. We had killed in a great wooded gorge beyond Porlock; the rain had fallen constantly, and the vast moors, covered with heather and gorse, swept by the gusts of rain, were like a sponge. A call to a ninety-mile run in a motor on this evening of early September was a thing to shudder at. But I received it with a great upward sweep of the heart! The thing which I knew would eventually happen had arrived, and it was bringing my golden hour with its wreckage.

I sat in the long hall of the Hotel Metropoli; a rain-drenched, mud-splashed figure with a sun-filled face. I must have seemed a strange creature to the hunting folk who passed and the servants who came to take my directions. I was a strange creature; one is always a strange creature when the event on which his life is turning begins to come up in the skyline!

I ordered the best in the kitchen and the cellar, and went up to my rooms for a hot bath and clothes for the road. I kept the telegram twisted in my fingers.

Her house was falling in about her, and she had sent for me! At last the thing I had to offer would have a value. That which was nothing to her when she thought her fortune was inexhaustible would now mean the things she could not give up: the staid of hunters in the Dukes Country; the string of polo-ponies here in Somerset; the gowns, the jewels, all the extravaganzas of a gilded life!

Two hours later I was on the road north. The big American roadster moved under my hands like a live thing. My driver was in the back behind a twisted

some outlet for the inexhaustible vigor that possessed me. The day in the saddle had been nothing; this night in the rain and the dark was nothing. I had the strength of ten like the Galahad of legend—but not for his noble reason. The love of a woman moved me. Would she take, now, what I had vainly offered for three months in England?

For what else could her cryptic telegram say—come? I knew something from the daily press. Her man of business had hanged himself in London and she was bankrupt; the very house over her head would go. The thing had fallen like an arrow out of the sky; in a moment, as at a witch word; as at the striking of a clock, she had only a pumpkin-coach, mice, and the rage of an evening dress—and I raced to her with the fairy-lamp that would restore them!

It was a devil's night; a cold chill on the fields, rain, no breath of wind, a vague darkness that seemed to make the visible objects only more indistinct. But it was a night in character with the event. The evil spirit of that hanged man of business would have some favor of the elements—some luck yet.

He had surprised every solicitor in London. His father and his father's father had handled the busi-

ness of this family for a century with care, with that extreme caution that one can find only in a dingy English office, up two flights of stairs. The hanged man had, in particular, an exclusive control of this estate. The girl's uncle, that eccentric old antiquarian Sir Hector Bartlett, would not be bothered with a business matter. His signature was all the concern Sir Hector granted, and that went over finally to the man of business in a power of attorney to sign. Sir Hector was usually in the East, engrossed with the lost languages of Asia.

HE WAS the greatest authority in the world on these lost languages; he was the one authority. When one mentioned Sir Hector the learned societies about in the world, so to speak, uncovered. But they had a notion, these learned societies, that toward the end he was mad—perhaps it was out of his bitter contempt for a slower wit; perhaps it was the puzzle he left them for an inheritance, after he had deciphered the great inscription of Darius on the rocks at Behistun and got what it concealed. The learned men said the inscription Sir Hector left for them was an absurdity; but Sir Hector, dying, said it would fit their wits, and the one that could decipher it would get what he had dug up in Asia.

At any rate, unfortunately, the power to sign given by Sir Hector had been extended by his niece, and the man of business had flung the fortune into every wild thing that the intelligence of crooks could bring to him—as the caution in his race, pressed too far, had gone awfully drunken. The thing had the completeness of a curse—as the gods of the ancient races, violated in their sanctuaries by Sir Hector, had taken their vengeance on his heir.

I smiled in the darkness. If such powers were the authors of this disaster they would not stand aside



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

The maid who would a-wooing go
Will stand beneath the mistletoe
But first, to make her wish come true,
She'll please her man with Campbell's too!



You'll like it!

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Make it this way in three minutes! Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

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good soup every day!

Good health is every child's birthright and good soup is a health builder. Children love it and it is as wholesome and nourishing as it is good to eat. Soup keeps the appetite vigorous and children who eat it digest all their food better. Eat soup every day yourself — for health and enjoyment both.

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while I came in to the rescue; they would ditch the car. And the next moment the car very nearly was ditched. A human figure appeared suddenly in the road before me, and to avoid it I skirted the coping of an open bridge. The car skidded and stopped, with a rear wheel within an inch of the edge.

The figure came forward into the light and hailed me. Would I take him up? I could not see the man's face distinctly, but there was something in the voice that was familiar, somehow, in some distant memory. I had known that voice. It was the voice of a gentleman, by some vague quality remaining in it. And so, uncertain whom I had before me, I took him up. But when he had climbed beside me into the seat I was disillusioned. His drooped clothes had about them the odors of a dirty ship, and the man was drunk. His voice was thick, and he had the abominable familiarity of rum-soaked creatures.

HE TALKED: he was going a long way; he had landed in England on this afternoon; he was going to see his godchild. I would be surprised; I would be amazed to know who his godchild was! How far did I go on the road? I hoped to get rid of him, and so told the truth. I would turn at the next crossing for Red House, sixty miles to the north.

The creature tittered. "That's luck," he stammered in the laugh; "there's where I'm going."

I stopped the car and turned a flash on him. What mysterious creature had I taken up?

At first I was unable to attach a memory; a foul, sodden flash appeared under my eyes; red-lidded eyes, blue sagging jowls, a nose swollen with liquor, and a slack mouth. It was the face of the worst human derelict I ever saw, and yet its abominations were laid down over something that was well bred in the beast. The creature had one time been a gentleman, but a gentleman gone with every loathsome bestiality to the pit.

"Do you know me, eh, what?" The sodden voice was in a sort of friendly whine.

And all at once I did know him.

"Good Heaven!" I said,

"it's Backmartin!"

"Right!" The whine

went up into a little triumphant note.

"Lord Backmartin of the Downs in the old days." He buttoned his rain-soaked rag of a coat, and drew his flabby body together in the seat.

"The best back in England, if I do say it. . . did you see me in the match with the Americans in 'ninety? Great polo, believe me. . . they win now, these Americans, but we rode 'em off in 'ninety. Did you see me pick out the ball in the last chukker and carry it through to their goal with every devil's sort of them after me? . . . Did you see that game, eh, what? Were you there? I was there, and I did see it! The goals were coming up slowly and one-all was the score up to within three minutes of the last bell. Hudson of the Americans was carrying the ball toward the English end. Victory was in their hand, when Lord Rose cut the ball out by a sort of accident and shouted to Backmartin to take it. And he did take it like a god; the ball went like an arrow; near-side and off-side were alike to him. He had the fastest pony in England; no one of the Americans could reach him; the ball, like a bullet, crossed the goal before the bell rang.

Backmartin was the hero of England on that day.

The Downs joined Red House, where a daughter was newly born to the sporting squire who was brother to Sir Hector Bartlett, and so Backmartin had stood—the next week-end—in the little chapel at Red House, as godfather to her.

And here he was!

I fumbled about the levers and got the car ahead.

What should I do with him?

He was unspeakable. His reputation for seven years in England had been beyond words; and for seven more years his name had not been mentioned. He had been in China, in the Malay Peninsula, in the South Seas. Word of the creature came only when some of the great missionary organizations asked to have him expelled from a district for pretending to be a member of its order. The wrath of God was in their insistence

the Foreign Office. Backmartin and his abominations must get out; and he would journey to some new field of endeavor.

The creature was unspeakable.

And here he was riding with me on a journey to his goddaughter. I was twisted in Satan's fingers. If I put him down I should have no line on the hell plan that he came with. And how could I take him on?

I considered the damned thing as we raced north, and while the creature dived.

He would be going out of his missionary trade—true it had its benefits, and the customs of the patriarchs as he taught them in the old book of the Scriptures came easy to the savage—but there was a fortune in rum-running just now northwest of the Barbados if he could fit a ship. His goddaughter would no doubt be glad to help him—he mentioned a pensioner in her house as the alternative.

So that was what the beast was after. And I carried him forward on that purpose; to force a levy for his rum-running by the threat of sitting in her door!

I could have killed the creature and thrown his rotten carcass into a ditch. My fingers itched for a clutch on him. But when I thought the matter calmly out, there seemed, after all, only one thing to do. I must hold him under my eye until I could get him out of England—when one fought the devil one needed to keep him in the light.

I took him on!

THERE is a long flag-paved terrace on the garden side of Red House, with casement doors entering the library and the drawing-room. It was very nearly mid-night, and the strange events that I set out to write down here were on their way. The night had cleared; the air was warm and sweet as from distant bay-fields; the stars were out.

And I waited on this terrace for the woman God denied me.

She had gone a moment to make sure that Backmartin

It raised: the bristles on me. The transformation in this derelict seemed only to make him more perfidious. He blew the smoke thinly out at the corners of his slack mouth, lying back in the chair, his half-closed, red-lidded eyes on the little long-smoked frame above the mantelpiece containing the cuneiform inscription that Sir Hector had left, as a jest, for his contemporaries.

It was painted in India ink on a strip of vellum.

TWO things had reduced me from the starchy spouse, and that Backmartin should be welcomed as a rose, and that I should be called here to be thanked for all my courtesies, and dismissed out of her life. My suit was now impossible. She would go up to London on to-morrow to seek some way to live and keep her self respect. She wished to see me while a day of the old life remained, was a whim I must forgive her. It had put me to some discomfort and a heavy journey; but she wished to say good-by while she remained an equal.

I offered my fairy-lamp in vain to her.

I had far more than she imagined. I was, in fact, absurdly rich. What would be needed to clear off every debt I could advance out of an idle income. But she only shook her heavenly head at me. It would be a bribe now! And on that, as on an iron pipe, I was inspired.

If the thing had been possible before, did I not see that it was now out of the question? When she had a fortune, too, it was myself I offered, and she could consider that, but I offered a bribe now, and she could not take a bribe!

Did I not see how the bribe would taint her? When my blood had cooled, something would whisper to me.

"And so it was these baubles that she wanted."

She could not face a life against that whisper. And the abominable thing about it was that I was permitted to see how very nearly I had won her. All along she had been extremely fond of me; my admiration of her had not gone unnoticed. She had been attracted to me. We had talked in common. She might have come in time to consider what I offered. That I was older by some twenty years had been no matter. Women wished experience of life in men and a tough fiber; one could not trust oneself to a callow boy. Youth was selfish, and it was, in particular, this selfishness of men that a woman longed for.

I walked the great length of the terrace with my fingers locked behind me. What sort of devil was it that ran the world?

In my abstraction I struck my foot against the square of tiles laid down on the terrace as a sort of step before the library door and caught the latch to keep my balance. The noise brought Backmartin up in his chair, and he called to me.

"Oh! I say, come in."

And I had to go in. I could not have the beast feel that I was spying on him. I pretended to be seeking a match for my cigar. I got one from his candlestick on the table and turned to go out, but he stopped me.

I do not know whether it was a word or a gesture that arrested my attention. I thought the beast, at his ease and with his cocky air, was now more loathsome. One could bear with him, perhaps, in his misery and in his habits of equal, but cleaned and fed and comfortable and turned, but for a gentleman he was beyond the patience of the saints.

And yet I had to treat him with the courtesy of a guest—a distinguished guest in this country house; a godfather of this girl welcomed back to England!

He made a little gesture toward the framed strip of vellum on the mantelpiece.

"Is that the old cock's secret cipher?"

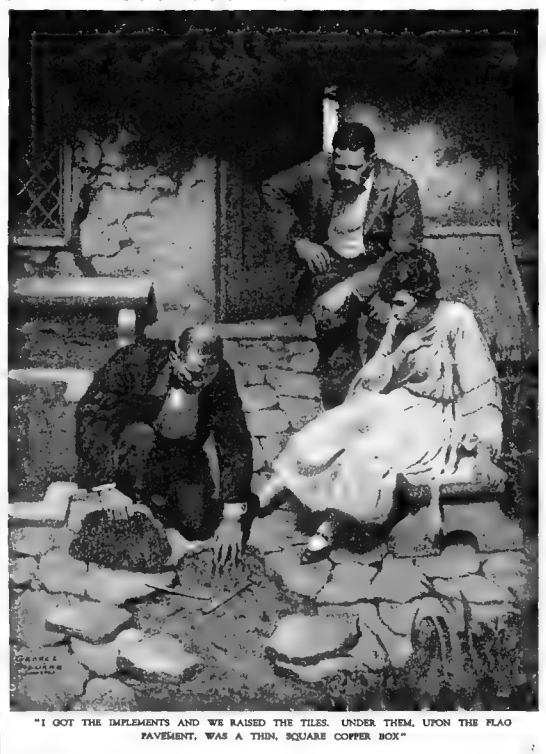
I said it was the puzzle Sir Hector Bartlett had left to his contemporaries: two crowned Assyrian figures preceded by two penguins; followed by a penguin form inscription, all painted in India ink on a strip of vellum.

"Tell me about it," he said.

I loathed the creature, but I could not fall in with my hostess would expect of me with a guest. And I told him what was well known about the cipher.

Sir Hector Bartlett had been the ablest Assyriologist

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"I GOT THE IMPLEMENTS AND WE RAISED THE TILES. UNDER THEM, UPON THE FLAG PAVEMENT, WAS A THIN, SQUARE COPPER BOX"

had every comfort the house could give. He had already leaved upon it for every use; and now dined and bathed and shaven and in the old squire's evening clothes, he sat in a great leather chair smoking a Havana, with a bottle of Burgundy opened beside him. I could see the smug creature through the glass doors to the library.

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THE FIRST-BORN: By Wilbur Daniel Steele

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15



step. So it was she had fallen, turning from her right shoulder to her left hip.

Ghosts!

She got her back to it and walked toward the house. Just so, on the evening of their arrival ten days ago, finding herself suddenly balked before those remembered steps, she had breathed, "I'm too tired to-night, Theo," and retreated in disorder toward the lighter spaces of the lawn.

But this wouldn't do. There would come inevitably a time—

She got to the porch and a chair. This wouldn't do. People would begin to speculate. Even the servants—

WITH the avid mistrust of the neurasthenic she heard them whispering: "What's all this about the mistress never once setting foot in that nook up there? Prettiest part of the property, I call it."

"Yes, and specially this hot weather, you'd think—"

"Yes, and after being away six whole years you'd think she'd want to go over every last corner of the old place, first thing she did."

"Six years since they been down here?"

"So Porpet says."

"Don't they like it?"

"She don't. Not according to Emma. According to Emma she wouldn't have come even this season if the old man hadn't put his foot down at last. On account of that pitting kid, that you'd think, being a doctor, he could have found some cure for by this time, eh? But according to Emma there was a scene. She almost begged him on her knees. But 'It's just best,' was all he'd say, hard as nails. 'Best for her, and, perhaps, for you too, Marje.' 'For me!'

Then she started to give it to him, Emma says. Was he blind? Wouldn't he ever be able to understand what it was she needed? And him a doctor! 'You'd put me away on a desert island! You'd drive me mad with nothing to think or see or do! Mad! mad! mad! Theo, if I'm to be sent to Cypress Rock I warn you—I warn you—'

"Yes, she had warned him."

She stirred, and the willow chair made a creaking in the shadow.

She had warned him that the emptiness of days would drive her mad. She couldn't tell him the strict truth, that it was the rock itself, casting its shade across that emptiness, that would drive her mad—as it was doing now—hour by hour—like the mirage of lost water to the traveler strayed from the desert track.

She had warned him.

Impulses half formed and perverse moved her thoughts. All ran on flight. A craving for speed; vertiginous speed; speed of whining cylinders!

The roadster was in the garage.

She speculated with waxing excitement as to whether the Stotes had come down yet to Sandy Neck. She hardly knew Harry Stote, but she had danced with him in the city, an uneasy, gleaming man. But his wife wouldn't be there. That was so. Marjory had heard there had been some trouble. It was only ten miles to Sandy Neck, and the roadster was in the garage. Porpet was probably there too, or out back. The willow chair creaked again, and Marjory went to the railing. She saw a shadow by the drive.

"Porpet!"

"Yes, Ma'am, that's him at the gate now."

A crackle of tires and two white wheeling lights.

Dr. Whitehouse got down from the car and came toward the steps, removing his gloves and slapping the gauntlet-ends together.

"Well, dear—"

"Well, Theo." She gave him her hand, which was cold.

He took swift stock of it in his palm, then let it fall. His heavy shoulders looked heavier. The tentative buoyancy left his voice.

"Well, Marjory, how goes it?" He folded his gloves. "How are you?"

"Ready to scream."

"I'm sorry."

No one could know how hard it had been for him to turn stubborn; how crucifying hard it was for him to carry through this last grim shot-in-the-dark of ruthlessness.

"And how's Madge?"

"I don't know." A half-defiant note betrayed itself. "Honestly, Theo, I can't see that there's any change."

A maid announced from the doorway that the doctor's supper was ready at any time.

"Serve it," said Marjory.

"First," said the doctor, "send Emma here."

He climbed the steps and sat down solidly in a chair. The silence was not broken until the nurse-maid came.

"How does Madge seem to you, Emma?"

"Something the same, sir."

"You're taking the temperatures, as I showed you?"

"Oh, yes, sir. This evening she had a degree of fever."

"Fever?" The doctor shifted forward to the edge of his chair.

"Theo, I've told them hours ago to serve your supper. For pity's sake—"

"Fever? You're quite sure? Is that the first time, Emma?"

"There was a little bit last night; that was the first, sir."

"But, good Heavens, Theo, any child is apt to run a—"

"How has she been eating, Emma?"

"Well, by fits and starts, you might say. To-night, now, she gorged."

"What had she been doing, especially, to make her gorge to-night?"

"Nothing I know of, sir. Just playing. Just romping, sir."

"Alone?"

Emma hesitated. Her venial sins of loitering at a corner of the garden, where Kennie, the gardener, was supposed to be at work, loomed suddenly cardinal. Her mistress saved the moment.

"What do you mean, Theo, alone?"

Emma plays with her, naturally."

"I mean with other children?"

Nothing on that score had ever been proved to Emma. Her suspicions were of the vaguest and laziest. If at certain moments of approach she had chanced to hear Madge's voice lifted in a peculiar way such evidence would not have been worth a penny in any court in the land. Children too often talk out loud to themselves. The mistress was again ahead of her.

"That's almost amusing, Theo. As if there were a child within miles!"

"Oh, as for that, sir," Emma came in promptly, "oh, absolutely alone."

The doctor got to his feet.

"I'll have a look at her, Emma."

"Theo, your supper will be a perfect mess. Theo!"

In this preoccupation that had come on him it was like talking to the deaf. Or as if her voice were nothing. As if she were nothing.

She continued to worry her rancor. When her husband came down again to ruminate over his supper, the impulse to nag him was too great. "Why don't you eat?"

He gave her an abstract smile. "I'm eating."

"You're not! For Heaven's sake, if it's that fever—one degree! Why, if I had five degrees—"

And especially in a child that age—her supper, or anything! What conceivably could one degree of fever mean?"

"It may mean—conceivably—salvation."

THE Summer grew to mid-August. Toward noon a haze of heat gathered over the shore and the windless lowlands; only on the wooded rock was there an island of tolerable coolness under the pavilion of the boughs.

Madge lay on her back in a mossy place, gazing up through a gap at the pure blue

the drowsy enchantment was too heavy, and she yawned and returned to the sky.

"You said yesterday the sky isn't there at all."

"Not like a ceiling, I said."

The boy rolled down from his elbow and became a part of the moss.

"Not as if, if you were a fly, you could walk on it. That's how I said. Because if you were a fly now, or a bird—"

"Is it fun to be a bird?"

"When you're a bird you can see everything and everything. You can see all the gardens of flowers and all the ships sailing over the sea."

"Is it fun to be on a ship sailing over the sea?"

"When you go on a ship sailing over the sea you grow bigger and bigger and prettier and prettier and they give you cakes and crowns."

"I'll go on a ship sailing over the sea."

"Then when I'm a bird I'll see you. They see everything and everything, birds do, and even what's beyond the hills, because hills are nothing to birds, they go so high. They go higher and higher, and the wind blows them higher and higher and higher and higher, and sometimes they go so high it comes night and they're right in the middle of the stars."

"What are stars like? How big are stars?"

"Stars? Well, they're bigger'n barrels, lots. They're as big as a house. Only round, like balloons with candles in, and there's a hundred of them, and when you're a bird you can have them all. That's true."

"IT WOULD be fun to be a bird."

"Let's!"

"How?"

"Go to the edge of the rock there and spread out our wings wide and be birds."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"I could."

Misgiving assailed her. She knew he could. Ah, she knew he could. It was she that was up on an elbow now.

"You couldn't!" she implored. "No, no, no, you couldn't!"

He didn't answer. There was something acquiescent and tristful and dismaying about his quietude. She put out a hand almost fearfully to touch his shoulder.

Immediately then tears came out of her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. It was not of her doing. There was no havoc about it and no sound. It was simply as tho, for an instant, she had become a sounding-instrument, upon which life played foreshadowing, melancholy chords.

The boy turned his eyes and perceived the tears. She made no effort to hold them back. This time she was not frightened.

"For one thing, Kennie, is playing with other little girls, even at that age, apt to turn a homely brat almost, you might say, handsome in one couple of months?"

Emma lent him the corner of a blinding beam. "Women are women," she betrayed the arch-secret into the russet catch-all of his ear; "women are women, Kennie, from the cradle up."

"You little devil you!"

"And besides," she added presently, puffing and purpling from the pressure of a yokel arm, "besides she's as good as told me as much. In her sleep. The brat's always had spells of talking off and on asleep, and of walking too. Oh, she can make a body bother enough, don't worry. Almost as much bother as you!"

"That so, Miss Ima Smarty? Take that for bother then—and that!"

"Kennie, you pester you!"

MARJORY had not gone mad after all; only blank. Blankness had evolved habits. Habits took her and handed her on, clocklike, from hour to hour and from day to day. Tea killed three half-hours of every afternoon.

The tea was not yet poured. She always put off the pouring as long as possible, tho she liked it weak. In the meantime she sat

laxed in her porch-chair, staring idly at a child crossing the lawn. She did not even wonder for the moment how the child came to be there.

It was getting cool. September was in the air, and the breeze, coming to life after its long doldrum, sent a surf ruffling along the shore. Here too at the porch corner the southerly sun brought the shadow of the flanking rock further and further each afternoon. It covered her to-day. It covered almost all the green semicircle of the west lawn, leaving only a segment of brilliance like a spotlight beside the bordering drive. The child was there.

A gull wheeled in mid-sky, taking the sun on the snowy undersides of its motionless wings, and the child, arrested, reached up to catch it. Catch it down out of mid-sky. That was the posture. It was like the beginning of a leap, caught by a charm of chisel and held there, torso and limb.

Marjory did something she had not done for years; she caught her breath.

"Who is it? Who is it?"

She was taken by surprise and half dazed. It was like being waked out of slumber dreams by the note of a bell in a white tower. Or the twang of a hero's bow. A wind from out adventurous oceans. Youth on tiptoe to grasp the sky. Something clogged in her throat. The dead walked.

"How lovely!"

Golden child! Purpled shadows and gold-brown flesh! Flesh wind-ripened and jubilant and robustly slim! And one sheer white garment like a blown banner! And heaven-looking hands!

Golden, incredible child!

"How can you be so adorable?" Marjory was shaking without knowing why.

"How can you be, and who can you be?"

She got her eyes away. She reached out and attempted to lift the teapot, but her fingers were all astray. Her confusion deepened. A queer pusillanimous panic, like stage-fright, laid hold of her. She got to her feet. She had to turn back to the lawn.

"It's not—Madge?"

She actually rubbed her eyes.

"Madge!" she called of a sudden.

She had to walk back half the length of the porch and then down and around by the interminable drive. When she got there the child was already half-way to the stone stair in the hedge, trailed vaguely by her nurse.

"Madge! Come—won't you come here a moment?"

It was Madge's turn at mystification now. She gazed back owlwise over her shoulder and doubt puckered her brow. Emma laughed uncertainly.

"Why, go to your mother, child."

So Madge looked at Emma, the pucker deepening.

Marjory felt her cheeks in flame. Like a tipsy fellow who suspects he is making an ass of himself, she groped for something arresting and sober to say.

"What have you done to her hair, Emma?"

"Why, Ma'am, I—I cropped it last month like you said I better. Remember? And see, Ma'am, it's coming in quite thick. Be still, child!"

Madge, wriggling out from under the justifying comb of Emma's fingers, gained an innocent five skips on the gateway to escape.

"Madge, dear!" Marjory had taken a step before she could stop herself.

It was all very awkward for Emma too.

"It's just, you see, Ma'am—Madge, child, hark!—No use, tho. You see, Ma'am, she's got only an—hour before supper—and she's so crazy—so, so—the child's so—so—so—"

It ended by tapering off into nothingness, precisely as the child and the flustered Emma had ended by tapering off somehow

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

HOUSE-BOUND

BY HAROLD VINAL

MEN who love houses and the quiet hearth, What do they know of ships that go to sea? They have not looked at tall spars wistfully, Or marked the flight of sea-birds from the earth. Men who love streets and towns, what do they know Of silver beauty blown across the night? Only the look of plum-trees trembling white,

Only the scent of orchards when they blow.

Their ears are deaf to waves along the shore; They never stand at dawn upon a quay; Their feet are never vagrant to explore, Nor is the tide in what they say or see. No sight of water wounds them like a dart, Nor does an anchor weigh upon their heart.

sky. There is something strongly fascinating about staring so, as out of a cave or a deep well, into absolute azure nothingness. She had forgotten that it hurt her eyes.

The boy turned on an elbow to study her. After a while he said:

"When you were a little girl you never could seem to keep still like you are now. Not for a minute you couldn't. Remember?"

"No, I can't remember."

Madge stretched. It seemed really stretching, like a dreamy rubber band, her feet receding yards and yards and coming luxuriously home again.

"Where'd you learn to be quiet like this, then?"

"I like to do things you do."

"Like whistling? You used to couldn't whistle like birds. Remember?"

"Whistling like birds is easy."

Her lips pursed to a tentative trill, but

Neither was he. He put out an elbow, and, creeping nearer, she nestled her head in the crook. She threw her arm, brown now with half a Summer's sun and wind, across his breast, and, knotting her fingers in his blouse, held him tight.

Emma, puffing up at the lunch-warning, found her asleep there on the moss under the cypresses, alone.

"AND ye ain't never by no chance caught sight of the imp?"

Kennie, the gardener, made covering-sounds with his hoe behind the willow-brake at the corner of his domain. Emma shook her head.

"By godfrey now if 'twas me, trust it I would've!"

"I wouldn't. What you don't know can't hurt you, can it?"

"How'r ye so positive it's a boy then and not a girl?"



The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room receive an impression of you that you will never know . . .

All around you people are judging you silently

YOU CANNOT escape it—that frank, unspoken comment that is born in the mind of every person you meet.

The friends who greet you in your own drawing room—the strangers who pass you in the street—each one of them is storing up impressions of you that you will never know.

Don't let little evidences of neglect—carelessness about your appearance—create an unfavorable impression.

Keep your skin clear, smooth, flawless! Nothing has more influence on your appearance than the condition of your skin. It should be above criticism, always.

If you have an unattractive complexion—a skin that is dull and sallow, or marred by ugly little blemishes—begin now to overcome this condition. Any girl can have a smooth, clear complexion. For each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right treatment you can make this new skin what you will.

Read the two treatments given on this page. One of them tells how you can correct an oily skin and give it the smooth, velvety texture it should have. The other tells you what to do for a pale, sallow skin—how to rouse it to color and life. These are only two of the special Woodbury treatments used by fastidious women everywhere for improving the condition of their skin.

These and other complete treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

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Use this treatment regularly each night before retiring, and within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your skin.

A pale, sallow skin should be given this special treatment

Just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lay a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion.

Rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.



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Look for
the Name on
the Bag



Alec and Al

OUT FOR TURKEY

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES

VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN

The Nibbler Boys

THE MAGIC WINDOW



1 "Al, wouldn't it be great if we
Shot ten fat turkeys! Then, by heck!
We'd both get wings and legs, and see
If we, for once, could dodge the neck."



2 "Good Heavens! Al, I feel a claw."
"Geel! Alec, something touched my ear."
And in a moment both boys saw
Ten giant gobblers drawing near.



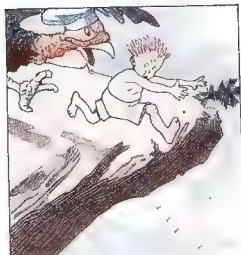
3 Soon Al and Alec found that they
Were faced by monsters tall as trees
Who gobbled loud as if to say,
"We'll soon make mince-meat out of these."



4 At last a turkey came in sight
Whose knife scared Alec off his feet.
It yelled, "Now tie both boys up tight
Until they're fat enough to eat."



5 "Don't move," Al whispered; "such! don't speak.
I've got my rope loose, so when he
Falls fast asleep—just like a streak,
I'll run for help to set you free."



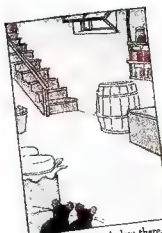
6 My! how Al ran! He fairly flew,
And all the way he thought he saw
Behind his back a pace or two
That frightful bird with outstretched claw.



7 So scared was Al he didn't see
Just where his feet were taking him.
When down he fell, down, down, till he
Felt sure he'd smash up every limb.



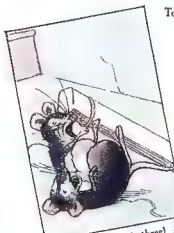
8 But happily, as down he flopped
And let out one great awful scream,
Before he'd been through all stopped
And Al found out 'twas all a dream.



"You see that window there,
old scout?
That's how the cat gets in and
out."



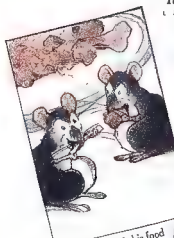
"Let's close it now. Geel
she'd be sore
To be kept out for evermore."



"Now, one! two! three!
Hey, there, you chump.
You gave my head an
awful bump!"



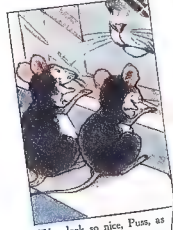
"And what about my nose,
you flea?
You never seem to think of
me."



"Just look at all this food
and stuff;
There's turkey, too!
sweet enough!" Oh!



"Poor puss! Locked out—
oh, what a shame!
But you can see us, just the
same."



"You look so nice, Puss, as
you are
So near, dear friend, and yet
so far."



"And now let's wish that
pussy dear
Stays twenty years outside of
here."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

57



Heinz Fig Pudding is a treat. An unusually good treat. Measures right up to holiday dinners. It is good to eat—and as good for the children as for grown-ups. It is light and wholesome. It is easy to digest. Serve it often. Serve it with the especially recommended sauce, recipe for which is on every can.

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"When it rains
—it pours!"

Start her right

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Millions of cooks—young and old—use Morton's every day, year after year. Here's why:

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WHEN CLEANING fine fabrics with gasoline add a little Morton's Salt to it. This will prevent stains and a soiled appearance at the edges of the cleaned areas.

BOILED POTATOES in their jackets will have that delicious flavor of baked potatoes if a large amount of Morton's Salt is added to the boiling water— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup to each quart.

COLORLED FABRICS will not fade if you first "set" the color; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of Morton's Salt to a gallon of boiling water. Immerse the fabric and let it remain till the water is cold.

MARIA JERITZA, THE MYSTERIOUS

She Was by No Means "Dumb," the Little Silesian Girl Who Is Now a Queen of American Grand Opera

BY E. STANLEY OLMSTED

AT THE breakfast-table sat five children. All of them were blond as vikings or Icelanders. All of them were beautiful like their blond mother, who poured their mixed coffee and warm milk at the end of the table. There were two boys and three girls. All were little Suis, the fairest of the first winter daylight of seven o'clock. It was now nine o'clock, and they were back for the morning meal. It was the hungriest if simplest meal of the day. They sat at their seed-bread and gulped at their milk-coffee. They were like little wolves.

There was a red-damask cover on the table. The room was a typical living-room of a typical dwelling in the Silesian town of Brinns. Silesia was then an Austrian province. It is now a Czechoslovakian province. One does not think instinctively of the Czechoslovakians as fair. But the whitish, flaxen hair and pinkish, waxen skin of these children and of their mother is no uncommon phenomenon in Silesia.

One of the three little girls—the youngest after Susi—seemed less ravenous than the others. She grew gradually keener of her food. A dreamy light had floated into her eyes, with their color of deep ice mirroring the bluest sky in all the world. She was perhaps seven years of age, yet as well grown at her sister Risa, who was nine or ten. They called her "Marichen"—little Maria.

Marichen's fingers, already long and tapering, were slowly unbraiding the two heavy plaits of her hair. With a little upward movement of her hands she shook the awned primrose shimmer all about her shoulders. She laid the white napkin tucked under her chin and wound it loosely about her neck.

"I am the Queen Louisa," she announced in a far-away voice of ineffable sadness—"the lovely Queen Louisa with the scar on her throat!"

"Oh, Marichen!" spoke the ten-year-old Risa. "Just because the teacher told us this morning about the beautiful, good, kind Queen Louisa, and the cruel Napoleon!"

"Maric," announced Ferry, a little brother, "you are dumb!"

He announced it very dryly, and took another tear with his sharp little teeth on his seed-bread.

It was in fact an unsympathetic audience. With a sigh Marichen untied the napkin and pushed back the mass of silvery, flaxen hair. She resumed the demure sipping of her milk-coffee. She sipped with eyes of angelic dusk.

"Dumb" was the children's word for stupid, witless. There was no sign that little Maria even had heard it. Her brother sat directly facing her, with the width of the table between them.

The milk-coffee mug being now quite empty, Marichen

"Children! Children!" remonstrated the dazed mother. "Oh, children—what terrible manners! You should be ashamed!"

But Marichen had administered her rebuke. The thunderclap was past. Already, with utmost leisureliness, she was rebraiding her hair into two great plaits. From around beads that had been one of the presents hung by the good saint on the Christmas tree a few weeks before.

"What is it now, Marichen?" inquired the lovely mother at the end of the table.

"I am the Princess Clothilde," explained Maria, "and I bind jewels in the braids of my hair."

This time Brother Ferry forbore to repeat the comment that she was "dumb."

There was a pause. The good Kathie, who helped the children get ready for school in the morning, and was maid of all work, had entered, and was assisting Risa with her rubbers.

"Now put your beads back where they belong, Marichen," admonished Kathie. "You will be late to school! You have not more than ten minutes left of the morning recess!"

Marichen uncoiled the beads from her braid. As she did so she made a momentous announcement to the family in general.

"Teacher has said that I sing very well," she said. "When we sing 'Oh, Tannenbaum' you can hear my voice above all the others. Some day I shall be a great opera-singer and my name will be no longer Marichen, but Maria Jeritza! I made the name up."

I shall be Maria Jeritza, the great opera-singer—and people who say I am dumb are all going to wish they had not said it."

LITTLE Marichen, now grown up, has conquered audiences—true to her prophecy.

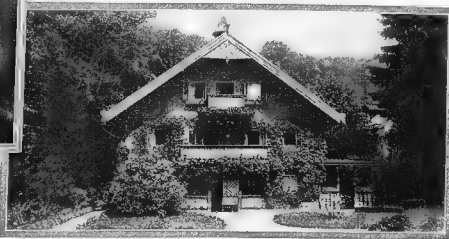
At close range she still seems just a great gold-gleaming child. And never is she so much a child as when she forgets the present, recalling episodes from her own childhood. It is hard in an interview to render even an approximation of her manner.

Whenever I quote her in attempted English translation you will have to supply all that with your imagination, if you can.

"Hannes and Ferry, my two brothers, seemed so much older than the rest of us!

MARIA JERITZA AS SQUINQUE IN WAGNER'S OPERA, "THE VALKYRIE"

THE HUNTING-LODGE IN AUSTRIA WHERE JERITZA COOKS AND DISPORTS HERSELF



TOSCA. THE SONGSTRESS WITH "EYES AS DARK AS A MOONLESS NIGHT," IS ONE OF JERITZA'S MANY SUCCESSFUL RÔLES

group, but I permitted my two sisters, one younger and one older, to be princesses or noble ladies in distress. The benevolent queen in our dramas was always yanking the best company-cover off the sitting-room table and fastening it to her shoulders as a trailing robe of state. But it was magnificent! I wanted a green cover and a red cover. But sometimes I wanted to be a snow-white queen, so I yanked off the sheets from under the two mattresses between which Silesian children sleep. Oh, my poor mother!

"Each evening after I'd written down my lessons in my exercise-books, I would compose the next day's theater-play, and write out just what each of us had to do in its acting. They could make up their own speeches, but it had to be consistent with the character. I wrote out for each one—and I was very determined about having the story well rounded with all the suspenses and the climaxes—particularly the climaxes!"

"There was one play I shall never forget. All three of us little girls had remarkable masses of long yellow hair, which I was always making use of in my poetic tragedies with happy endings. I had prepared a sort of *Milwaukee* fantasy—though I never heard of *Milwaukee*—in which my sister Risa, as the imprisoned princess, was to let down her long golden hair from a tower window, and along would come an ogre and snap it off. Then I as the good queen, dispensing blessings, would magically restore the ravaged golden tresses and slay the ogre with a baneful glance. And then there was to be a wedding in which Hannes, now slain, would double on his ogre part and be the bridegroom prince and wed the princess, with the good queen officiating, and with Susi and Ferry as best lady and best man, in robes of state.

"That was to have been the play—but Hannes and Ferry didn't come home that day. It was a fine Autumn afternoon and they went to the athletic field to play English cricket or something. 'We three will have to double on all the parts then,' I told Risa and Susi, nothing daunted. 'I will play both the ogre and the queen—and afterward Susi can change to the princess and Risa can be the bridegroom.'

"So the lovely princess, played by my older sister Risa, climbed to her tower prison on a chair and let her hair fall over the back of it. I took the mama's biggest shears and began to bump my shoulders and gnash my teeth, as the

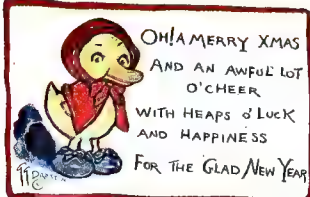
CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



Photo by S. V. Vassan

snapped it back. Suddenly, unceremoniously, with panther-like swiftness she hurled her little body across the table. Before anybody could say what had happened, the long fingers that had so recently unbraided her own tresses were clutched in the fore-pate of her brother Ferry. A great howl went from him.

"I am not dumb," announced Maria briefly if savagely. "As—O! An-O!" yelled Hannes. Everybody was totally bewildered.



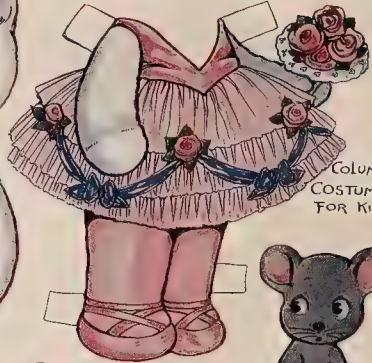
Dolly Dingle's Busy Christmas

Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON





Kitty Puss



COLUMBINE COSTUME FOR KITTY PUSS



DOLLY DINGLE'S BOY DOLL DONALD



XMAS FAIRY COSTUME FOR MOUSIE



MOUSIE



WHISKERS FOR SANTA CLAUS ON OPPOSITE PAGE



DONALD'S SANTA CLAUS COSTUME



terrible ogle. It was a new type for me. I utterly lost myself in its sinister possibilities. I felt as if I was the ogle. I snarled horribly, opening and closing the shears realistic as I that little Susi began to whimper, really come. Nothing could have held me back. The big, sharp, red-haired shears opened and closed once again, and a cold shower of Risa's golden hair dropped on the floor in a shining heap.

"I saw it fall. I came to abruptly. I was no longer the terrible ogle. I was a very frightened little girl—and the justly wrathful mama's manner of dealing with the situation, later, proved my anxiety to be fully justified."

To make a sad story short, no queen officiated at any wedding that day, nor was the ravaged hair magically restored. The princess went about for weeks with reproachful eyes whenever she looked at me, and with a screaming comical great bobbed area at the nape of her neck!

Maria Jeriza, pealing with laughter at these old memories, did not seem to realize how this comic-tragic little incident of her childhood linked up with the subsequent episode of her American triumph until it was pointed out to her.

Yet here is the anecdote: The story of "The Dead City," that was to be written into an opera for her in after-years by the young Viennese Eric Korngold, is entirely woven about strands of golden hair sacredly kept in a chalice by a bereaved husband. *Marietta*, the yellow-haired singing and dancing woman of this drama-tale, is the role in which Maria Jeriza first astounded an American audience.



Photo by Becker, Berlin.

"A VOICE, PLUS PERSONALITY, PLUS AGAIN A POWERFUL AND DRAMATIC INTUITIVENESS"

AS ELSA IN "LOHENGRIN" THE YOUNG SOPRANO CAPTURED CONSERVATIVE OLD HAMBURG (Ruhlo)

AS THE DANCER MARIETTA IN "THE DEAD CITY" JERIZA ASTOUNDED AN AMERICAN AUDIENCE (Lower Right)



Photo by Becker, Vienna.

IT WAS IN TOSCA THAT MADAME JERIZA'S DANCER, TOO IMPULSIVELY WIELDED, GAVE SIGNOR SCOTTI THE FRIGHT OF HIS LIFE

at a Saturday matinee, an audience that had never heard her name at all, or had read anything but perfunctory, conventional press statements of her debut.

Then again—the autophotomotion of the ogle rôle, which made the actual snipping of her sister's locks a thing the little girl could not resist! That too had its parallel on the Metropolitan stage. At the second Jeriza performance of *Tosca* the dagger with which the tortured public to be conquered, actually endangered his life for the flash of an instant which he will never forget. At the following performance he was so nervous that a leathern dagger had to be substituted for Madame Jeriza's use in the scene. Now he will never play that scene with her real one. Now that is laid by the property man on *Scarpia's* super-table.

The condign retribution with which young Jerry had carried her "dumb" also had its symbolism and its sequel. In years to come when Marietchen became a tall girl with her teeth there were those who would call her "dumb" with a punishment less sudden perhaps but no less humiliating.

The singer herself seems best to remember the instance of performance at the Hamburg Opera as an overgrown girl, still hardly more than a child in years, many things had happened of course.

To begin with, the hair-pulling episode, or other affairs less drastic perhaps, had converted the two older brothers. Marietchen had no more fervent believers than they. When they became early wage-earners they put their shoulders to the wheel in the matter of Marietchen's expensive music lessons. In Brünn were good, sincere teachers trained in the best conservatories at Vienna, among them Herr Professor Auspitzer. When Maria got far enough along to study *Elsa* with him, she was growing faster than Jack's bean-stalk—developing, changing almost visibly hour by hour.

Among other things she had lost her militancy. It had been replaced by a sensitiveness so delicate that it constituted an actual danger to a career. She would weep her heart out over a premature robin dead with the cold.

She would nurse a sick kitten for days with the devotion she was one day to lavish on poor wounded Silesian soldiers, victims of a Prussian war. If hulkling young Perry should call her "dumb" now, in the merest teasing spirit, her blue eyes would fill up and she would wonder if it were not the truth. The good Herr Professor realized this and was ever reassuring.

And so the adolescent maiden began to win back again the inner confidence with which she had been so richly endowed as a child. The comeback spirit revived. The brothers learned to go slowly with their teasing. Their sister had a mischievous strain of her own. She would go these impish brothers one better on any practical joke they might attempt.



Photo by Becker, Vienna.

One Christmese he the irrepressible Hannes hung a present for her on the tree—a very long-legged marionette doll. The doll wore an Empire gown of unbleached cotton inked with black stripes, making its contours even longer. Under the extravagant *Tosca* poke-bonnet which served the marionette as a head-gear were printed the words "Maria Jeriza—Hilofopern Prima Donna."

But Maria must have had a premonition about the gift, for big Hannes, who was about to enter the compulsory Austrian military service which the Silesian youth so dreaded and hated, received from the tree in return a chocolate Austrian soldier, which suddenly squirted a jet of water on his fresh-starched collar, and clung to his fingers like soft chewing-gum.

"Moreover," said Sister Marietchen, contemptuously regarding the long-legged doll's *Tosca* poke-bonnet: "I shall never play *Tosca* with a hat like that. I don't believe it is what the composer meant her to wear, anyhow!"

To this day this singer ignores the custom of wearing the usual faring, awkward head-gear in the first act of "*Tosca*," and the composer Puccini has said: "How glad I am that you have broken that tradition

which I never intended. I don't like these poke-bonneted *Tosca's*!"

It was after Maria's teacher, Professor Auspitzer, had helped her secure her first engagement at the little Stadttheater in Olmütz, and she had sung her debutante *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," that the Hamburg incident happened.

They had liked her in the little city of Olmütz. They were not very exacting. They were proud of their little municipal opera-house, which never had a debutante. Besides, Maria had gone to school in their neighbor city of Brünn. What if she did lack experience? What if she were, maybe, gawky sometimes, because, the full five feet nine inches tall, she was in reality still a fledgling? She might be all these incomplete things. But beautiful she was, for all that, and beautiful was her clear young voice. They were in fact proud of her. And new of their pride reached Hamburg—conservative old Hamburg, by the North Sea—which invited her to sing *Elsa* as "guest" for a single evening.

Next day some of the critics wrote approximately in this strain:

"The operatic career is one to which a woman is called by divine, inborn gift—not by the mere accident of a pretty voice and a pretty blond-fair face. This young Jeriza does her best. She seems to be conscientious. But the opera-stage does not happen to be the place for just any girl who desires to step onto its scene, meretricious light. We advise this manifestly very youthful person to go back to the bosom of her family. We advise her to fulfil her destiny as a wife, or a mother, or in any capacity for which she is better fitted than she is for the footlights. Let her accept Hamburg's blessing and leave the opera stage to those who are born for it."

YET a very few months after that this "manifestly very youthful person" signed a contract for the People's Opera in the great city of Vienna. And if the People's Opera had not quite all the éclat of the Royal Opera, its audiences were as critical as any in Europe, and Maria would sing such parts as *Micaëla* in "*Carmen*," as *Terza* in "*Don Juan*." Already it was clear that the Hamburg reviewers had spoken a little unreflectively.

Once again Marietchen had hurled herself across the table, figuratively speaking, and announced, "I am not dumb." They must have felt very foolish, the Hamburgers. For many directors now had their eyes upon her. The engagement to sing ingenuities at the Viennese People's Opera was selected among many offers as the most promising for her growth and development.

There is said, too, to have been a marriage about this time—a glimmering, romantic thing—one of those idyls of imaginative girlhood destined to quick and ruthless disillusionment. Hardly need one pause to speak of that; and one can never mention it to the woman and artist of to-day.

Maria played her secondary rôles at the People's Opera in Vienna. Her beauty began to glow like something not quite of the earth; and she was not yet a prima donna, her audiences loved her as if she were one. Vienna was the chosen residential city of many intellectual masters of every phase of the art she herself must master. She studied with various of them, neglecting no detail of the work that the interpreter of modern music-drama must master.

Then one night at the opera of "*Gretchen*"—which is the name they give to Gounod's "*Faust*"—the regular interpreter of *Gretchen*—*Marguerite*—was stricken with sudden illness just before the rise of the curtain.

"Send quickly for that pretty child Jeriza!" suggested somebody. "*Gretchen* is not supposed to be in her repertoire, but she studies all the time. I'll wager she knows every note of it even if she has only caught it up by ear."

So Marietchen sang *Gretchen*, and the people went mad about her. She kept the rôle thereafter, after her own. She needed no wig with her long blond plaits. She sang *Gretchen*.

But a few steps away, at the Royal Opera-house, where they had ridiculous black *Gretchen's*—the lad for these grotesque, black-haired *Marguerites*—had been started by Pauline Lucca two generations earlier. The conservative aristocrats looked to the People's Opera to hear Jeriza.

More significant yet, the People's Opera management began to be bothered by requests from composers that Jeriza be allowed to create their rôles.

There is a widespread impression in mid-European countries that Jeriza's first professional training was secured in engagements of light opera. It is a natural error. For in the Summer of 1919 her career took an accidental forger in Munich, at a time when the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

The Story of a Wintry Night One Hundred Years Ago



"THE MOONLIGHT SONATA" from the painting by J. M. W. Turner. Reproduced by THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

For those who know, and those who have yet to know,
the soul-soothing beauty of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

OLD brilliant moonlight sil-
vered the
snowy roofs
of quaint old Bonn.
Through a narrow street
the master was walking
with a friend. "Hush!"
he exclaimed, halting
suddenly in front of a
little house. "Listen!
That is my Sonata in
F. How well it is
played!"

They edged up close
to the door. In the
midst of the finale the
music ceased abruptly,
and a voice cried sadly,
"I can't play any more."
It is so beautiful. Oh!
If only I might go to
Kahn to the concert!
If only I might hear
it played by the
master!

"Yes, sister, but why
worry for what cannot
be!" said a second
voice.

"Let us go in," said
Beethoven. And, de-
spite his friend's ob-
jection, he placed his
hand on the latch. "I
shall play for her and
she will understand."

The Master Enters

"Hush!" he exclaimed, halting suddenly in front
of a little house. "Listen! That is my Sonata
in F. How well it is played!"

He opened the door.
There at the table sat
the brother mending shoes. The girl, crying
aloud, bowed her head upon the old piano.

"Pardon me, but I heard your music," said
Beethoven, "and I also heard your wish. Per-
haps, if you will allow me, I can fulfill it."

The cobbler thanked him. "But our piano
is so poor," he apologized, "and we have no
music."

"No music?" exclaimed the master. "how then
does she... Oh, forgive me!" he stam-
mered. The girl had lifted her head and he saw
that she was blind.

She gave Beethoven her place at the piano.
He ran his fingers along the yellowed keys.
Under his touch the worn strings sang as if born
new, and out of the old instrument trooped
lovers of his compelling melodies to surround
and captivate the wondering pair. The flame of
one candle spluttered fitfully and presently went
out. The youth slipped over and threw open
the shutters. As the moonlight flooded the
room, the pianist paused.

"Who and what are you?" gasped the cobbler,
scarcely knowing he was speaking.

"Listen," answered the master, and he played
the first few bars of his Sonata in F.

"Beethoven!" burst from the lips of the pair.
"Oh, play on, play on—just a little more!" they
pleaded as he arose to go.

The Masterpiece Is Created

For a moment he stood, silent, looking out the
window. And then again seating himself, he
began as if to voice the spirit of the calm, perfect
night, weaving slowly into exquisite being those
mystic measures which caress the soul directly by



the cool radiance of the moon
softens and gentles the world's rough
face. There, in that little room, Bee-
thoven intertwined the throbbing of
the sea's great heart and the far,
clear call of the stars; he sounded
the very depths of the sublime, till
it seemed to the three listeners as
if the Spirit of Infinity were come
down the path of moonlight and
stood by their side, whispering of
the things that are forever and
forever.

Vain yearnings and thoughts of
toil and tithes were swept from
their long-time moorings in the
mind, and by the hand of infinite
loveliness, the blind girl was guided
to heights whence she saw more
than wide eyes can window, how-
ever clear.

Beethoven, the master, had in
that hour in that poor, trouble-
shadowed home, lighted a trans-
forming flame which would neither waver nor go
out through all the years.

"Farewell," he said, going to the door.

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(Signed) *Josef Hofmann*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

THE TO

"I do know," she said by and by. But she went no further, and something stopped his questioning. Even his wondering. All he was conscious of was a fine weariness sweeping him, like a runner come home in a sprawl amongst the judges' knees.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Hush! You'll wake them!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER

Not I! Don't you see? She's dreamt
about us. *(Betsy moves in her sleep.)*

[*Caressing the Rubber Dog sympathetically*]
Dry land! Me on dry land! What d
CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

[We just know that this must be the speaker.
Hush! You'll wake them!
THE WOODEN SOLDIER
Not I! Don't you see? She's dreamin

It's awful— Woof!

THE SAILOR DOLL
[*Caressing the Rubber Dog sympathetically*]
Dry land! Me on dry land! What d'ye



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THE TOY-SHOP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

think o' that? There's a storm at sea to-night! Snow! And wind! And waves! [She pauses sadly.] They had me in a little boat, there [She points] on one of the shelves. The little boat sailed away—and left me behind! [The Rubber Dog looks her hands.]

THE RAG DOLL
They say there's always room for me at the top—of the stocking. I was one of a family of twelve thousand. We were so happy together—just the twelve thousand of us. Now they've sold all my sisters, and I'm the only one left!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
In the factory where I was born I watched them making cannon-balls; one cannon-ball for every wooden soldier. All my life I've been waiting for one of those cannon-balls to come and knock me down. They sold all the cannon-balls, but they didn't sell me.

THE PIERROT
Pierrot and Pierrette! Pierrette has gone to sit on a mantelpiece on Christmas day, and Pierrot, poor Pierrot, is left alone! [He starts as the Masked Doll passes him.] You remind me of Pierrette.

THE MASKED DOLL
But I am not Pierrette. [She sighs.] Through the glass front of the show-window I saw a little girl one day. Our eyes met. She wanted me. I wanted her. I thought I was going to live with her! I felt sure I was going to live with her. And now—now, it's Christmas eve— [She breaks down.]

THE SALOR DOLL
[It's a tone of one.] Gee, did they have you in the show-window?

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
Didn't you see her there? Right in front?

THE SALOR DOLL
[Impressed.] Now, what do you think of that?

THE FRENCH DOLL
[Jealous.] They would have put me in the show-window, but at night, she is not good for my—my—what you call him?— [Indicating her father—my complication.]

THE RUBBER DOG
Complication? You mean complexion! Wool!

THE FRENCH DOLL
What I mean he is no matter to you; I snub you!

THE SALOR DOLL
Snub him? It can't be done he bounces!

THE FRENCH DOLL
Bah!

THE MASKED DOLL
Don't let's fight. It's had enough to be here on Christmas eve without making it worse by quarrelling with each other! Christmas eve!

THE OTHERS
[In various tones of regret.] Christmas eve! Christmas eve! Christmas eve!

THE JAC-IN-THE-BOX
[Popping up suddenly, as the Drum begins beating.] Cheer up, everybody! Even if you weren't sold, I'm here to amuse you!

THE DRUM
[Drumming loudly.] And I'm here to help him! [The Jack-in-the-Box bows gracefully and disappears.]

THE FRENCH DOLL
And I am here, I myself, on ze bargain-counter so zat ze customers zee look at you, ze others.

THE RUBBER DOG
Gee! She doesn't think much of herself! Wool!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
[Indicating the Masked Doll.] Take a lesson from her! She was in the show-window, and she doesn't put on any airs about it! She's just one of us!

THE MASKED DOLL
Yes, I'm just one of you. And all of us, we're just little people that nobody wants.

THE PIERROT
You remind me of Pierrette—very much of Pierrette.

THE MASKED DOLL
But I am not Pierrette.

THE PIERROT
Who knows? Who knows? Do you remember—it was years ago—how happy we were? You and I?

THE MASKED DOLL
[Looking into his eyes with a start of recognition.] You!

THE PIERROT
Pierrette!

THE MASKED DOLL
[Turning away.] I used to be happy; yes, once I was happy.

THE PIERROT
We had two children, a little boy—

THE MASKED DOLL
And a little girl.

THE PIERROT
And then—

THE MASKED DOLL
You were cruel to me, all you were cruel to me!

THE PIERROT
But I loved you! Always I loved you!

THE MASKED DOLL
[Passionately.] I couldn't stand it any longer! I couldn't stand it another minute! I took my little girl in my arms! I ran away! I left you!

THE PIERROT
[Opening his arms sadly.] Pierrette! Ah, Pierrette!

THE MASKED DOLL
[Pushing him away.] I am not Pierrette!

THE PIERROT
You are Pierrette!
THE MASKED DOLL
Perhaps I was Pierrette, perhaps I might have been Pierrette. But now—
THE PIERROT
Now?

THE MASKED DOLL
I am only somebody that nobody wants.

THE DOLLS
[Sadly.] All of us, all of us; only somebody that nobody wants.

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX
[Popping up:] the Drum beats a furious tattoo! Cheer up! Cheer up, everybody! [He vanishes.]

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
He isn't very sociable, is he? Keeps to himself. Now, I wouldn't like to live in a box—

THE RAG DOLL
With the lid fastened tight.

THE RUBBER DOG
And dark! Dark! Wool!

THE FRENCH DOLL
He is what you call ze snootiest! I loaf him! He is so exclusive!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
Look out! Look out that he doesn't break your heart!

THE MASKED DOLL
[With a look at the Pierrot.] As my heart was broken!

THE PIERROT
Is it too late? Too late to begin over?

THE MASKED DOLL
It is ever too late! [She does not answer.] How many nights have I dreamed of you? How many days you have been in my thoughts? Do you know, I wonder if you know how long it has been?

THE MASKED DOLL
Before I became somebody nobody wants?

THE PIERROT
How can you be so cruel? I have always wanted you. Perhaps—years ago—I didn't know you. Now, I know you. Pierrette, I have learned so much!

THE MASKED DOLL
And I too, Pierrot! [The lights dim, and flash on again suddenly.]

THE RAG DOLL
[Frightened.] What was that?

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
She started in her sleep; the little girl who is dreaming about you!

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX
[Appearing and disappearing.] Cheer up! Cheer up, everybody! [The Drum beats as before.]

THE SALOR DOLL
Gee, it's easy to say it, isn't it?

THE RUBBER DOG
But it isn't so easy to do it. Wool!

THE FRENCH DOLL
[Almost weeping.] La veille de Noël!

THE SALOR DOLL
If my father and mother knew that I was the only one who wasn't sold, they'd put me in an open box without any covers and send me to Davy Jones's locker! Gee, I wish there were!

THE RAG DOLL
If my two thousand sisters knew that I was here to-night—Christmas eve—[She gasps]—they'd open me and let my stuffs run out!

THE RUBBER DOG
That's where I've got an advantage! I haven't got any stuffs! Wool!

THE SALOR DOLL
No, old bag of wire!

THE FRENCH DOLL
[Sweeping the sign sadly.] "Bargain-counter!" Me—on ze bargain-counter! Never before has zat happen to any of my family!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender! [He grasps his musket defiantly.] I stick to my post!

THE RAG DOLL
[Sadly.] It seems to me that we're all doing; sticking to our posts.

THE RUBBER DOG
Not that we want to! Oh, no! I'd give the biggest spot on any nose to be somewhere else! Wool!

THE SALOR DOLL
[Pausing him.] That goes double, old fellow. [The Rubber Dog looks her hands.]

THE FRENCH DOLL
[Who has crossed to the other end of the counter, and reads the second sign.] "Everything Here Reduced!" Me—reduced! [She shakes her fist at the sign.] Ah, I could feel you!

THE PIERROT
[Approaching the Masked Doll.] We could begin over.

THE MASKED DOLL
Never!

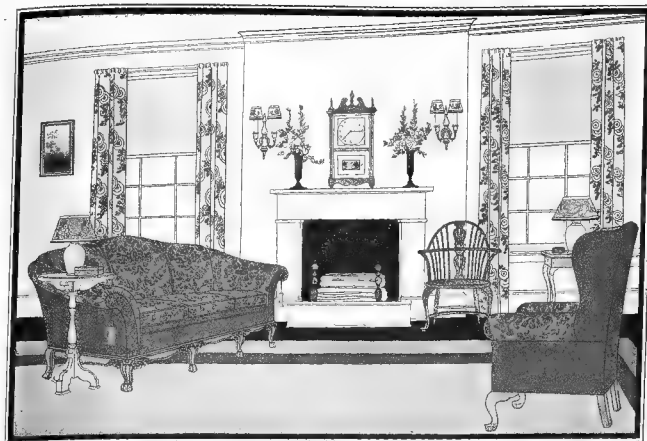
THE PIERROT
You could come back to me.

THE MASKED DOLL
Never!

THE PIERROT
You could forget.

THE MASKED DOLL
Never! Never! What I have been through in these years! What I have suffered by my child and I! Perhaps you can forget; you have nothing to forget. You don't have to work and work and work, and then climb five flights of stairs to the end of a hard day! You don't have to scrimp and stint and save, hoping to buy your child a gift for Christmas; hoping against hope, and then having to pass

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



This famous identification plate is on every piece of Karpen Furniture. Look for it.

The furniture in this room was selected because of its livable comfort and harmony. It is well to remember that the new thought in furnishing is not necessarily to have pieces that match, but furniture that is in harmony. This makes gradual replacement easy. Note that here the overstuffed wing chair and davenport are combined with a Windsor chair. The effect is delightful.

Maybe this is the Room of Your Dreams?

How the New Ideal of Simplicity in Furnishings Offers You Luxury at a Trifling Cost

BY MATLACK PRICE

All the better tendencies in home decoration of today are towards quiet simplicity and livable comfort. The highly ornate, the bizarre, the rococo of a previous generation have passed, as will pass anything that is not true to the tenets of good taste.

Every woman has, instinctively, a craving for the beautiful. And as our national tastes improve, the refinements of thoughts and ideals develop this trend towards simple elegance in furnishings for the home.

The Economy of Gradual Replacements

Refurnishing a living room does not mean, necessarily, the wholesale discarding of all the old furniture for new. But rather the gradual replacement of less worthy articles with really good, new pieces.

It is amazing what a transformation one or two good, new pieces will work in a commonplace, uninteresting room. Small expenditures, wisely made, will change the entire atmosphere of a living room. And this gradual replacement can be effected so easily that a complete, harmonious interior will be attained before you know it.

How to Develop the Ideal Room

In working out the decorations for notable homes, I have often had the thought that I would like to place at the disposal of the millions of American Home Owners the knowledge and experience that have accrued to me through meeting countless home decoration problems.

So I set about preparing a book of interiors designed for those who appreciate the social asset of a well-appointed home, and the livable comfort it offers. And

knowing that to the millions expense is a serious consideration, I sought to tell them how to do it economically.

This manuscript, with its illustrative plans, I submitted to Mr. Adolph Karpen, America's foremost furniture craftsman. And because this far-sighted manufacturer saw my vision of more beautiful American Homes, he purchased from me the right of publication for this work.

Bringing Beauty Within Reach of All

This book reveals the subtle art of simple beauty. It teaches how to bring color, atmosphere, harmony and grace into every home. It shows how a little money can work the transformation.

Karpen furniture realizes in the highest degree the ideals of modern home furnishings. It has classical design, charm of decoration, perfection in craftsmanship. The three beautiful examples of Karpen furniture shown in the illustration above are typical of the splendid products of this house.

The davenport, the wing chair and the Windsor chair are all Karpen pieces fit to grace any home, yet within reach of every reader of this magazine. There is real distinction to this lovely room, with its simplicity, its quiet, restful, good taste.

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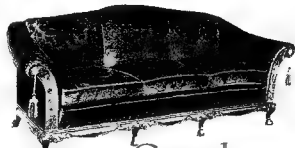


No 622 Chair

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THE TOY-SHOP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44



if she would be terribly disappointed if she didn't get it! How I had my heart set on it! How I looked forward to the day when I would place it in her arms! And then, to know that that day would never come!

THE PIERROT
Poor Pierrette!

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX
[Appearing and disappearing, as the Drum beats.] Cheer up! Cheer up, everybody!

THE MASKED DOLL
[Looking about suddenly.] Where's my child? [She turns to the Pierrot.] Have you seen my child?

THE PIERROT
No.

THE MASKED DOLL
[Hurrying to the French Doll.] Madam, have you seen my child? A little girl with blue eyes and golden hair?

THE FRENCH DOLL
Mais, non, Madame.

THE MASKED DOLL
[Addressing the Rag Doll, terribly excited.] Perhaps you have seen her? You must have seen her!

THE RAG DOLL
I'm so sorry. She didn't come this way.

THE MASKED DOLL
She was home when I went out this morning. She was brought back from school all right; the other children told me so. She played with them in the afternoon. But when I came home in the evening she was gone! Do you hear me? She was gone! [She is desperate. The Sailor Doll passes by. She clutches at her sleeve.] You have seen her? You know where she is?

THE SAILOR DOLL
No, Ma'am.

THE MASKED DOLL
A little girl; blue eyes, golden hair! My little girl! [She weeps.]

THE SAILOR DOLL
[Touched.] I'll look for her, Ma'am. I'll let you know if I see her.

THE MASKED DOLL
Thank you! Oh, thank you! [She catches sight of the Wooden Soldier.] Oh, Officer, Officer!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
[Hurrying to her.] Yes'm?

THE MASKED DOLL
[Desperately.] I've lost my little girl! Help me! Won't you help me?

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
[Producing a note-book.] What's she like, Ma'am?

THE MASKED DOLL
Six years old; going on seven. Blue eyes, golden hair. Tell me that you've seen her! She must have passed this way!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
[Shaking his head.] I'm sorry, Ma'am.

THE MASKED DOLL
[Heartrendingly.] You haven't seen her? Don't tell me you haven't seen her!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
She hasn't passed on my beat.

THE MASKED DOLL
[Hysterically.] Maybe she's been hurt! Maybe she's been run over and killed!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
[Kindly.] If she'd been hurt I'd have heard of it, Ma'am.

THE MASKED DOLL
She's so little! And I've never let her cross the street alone! [She turns pathetically to the bystanders.] Can't you help me? Can't any of you help me?

THE DOLLS
[All speaking at once.] She's lost her child! The poor woman! Oh, the poor woman!

THE MASKED DOLL
[Frantic.] Can't you do something? For Heaven's sake, do something!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
Ma'am, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll send out a general alarm!

THE OTHERS
A general alarm! Yes! A general alarm! A general alarm!

THE WOODEN SOLDIER
[Turning to the Drum commandingly.] Send out the general alarm! [The Drum beats furiously, madly; unseen bells begin to ring out wildly; the Rubber Dog adds to the clamor by barking at the top of his lungs.]

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX
[Popping up.] Cheer up! Cheer up, everybody!

[The lights die down. The last we see of the little group the Wooden Soldier, erect, commanding, in the center, is supporting the tottering figure of the Masked Doll. The other characters are sympathetically gathered about them—all except Pierrot, who buries his face in his hands at the extreme end of the bargain-counter.]

[It is quite dark. The barking of the Rubber Dog dies away. The beating of the Drum, gradually subdued, stops and starts—and stops and starts again. The ringing of the bells becomes calmer. Chimes are heard, chimes curiously resembling those of a grandfather's clock. Very slowly the lights rise again. We are back in the toy-shop. The toys are on the bargain-counter, as we first saw them. Bobby and Betsy are sound asleep in front of it.]

[The grandfather's clock, finishing its chimes, slowly and majestically strikes the hour of midnight. We hear a sound. At first we think it is still the beating of the Drum. Then we see that some one in the dimly lighted street is rattling the knob of the door at the rear. We can distinguish two dark figures. Bobby starts up out of his sleep.

A MAN AT THE DOOR
Wait a minute! Wait till I find the key!

ANOTHER
Can't you hurry? For Heaven's sake, hurry!

THE MAN AT THE DOOR
I've got it!

[The door flies open. Two men, Dad (who looks strangely like the Pierrot) and the Shopkeeper, plunge into the deserted store.]

DAD
[Shouting.] Bobby! Bobby! Are you here?

BOBBY
[Very maller of fact.] 'Course I'm here, Dad.

DAD
[Rushes to him and seizes him in his arms.] Bobby! Bobby!

BOBBY
So you're all right, Dad? Gee, I'm glad! You certainly had me worried. [Suddenly.] Hey, don't kiss me, Dad! I'm too old for that!

[Two other figures have appeared at the door. They are Mother and a Policeman.]

THE POLICEMAN
[Who looks most unaccountably like the Wooden Soldier.] The door's wide open, Ma'am.

MOTHER
I'm afraid! Oh, I'm afraid!

THE POLICEMAN
[Leading the way.] Come right in. Nobody'll hurt you.

MOTHER
[Follows him in. She is a sweet-faced little woman in a long cape. The doll whom Pierrot called Pierrette, you remember, wore a mask; and Mother looks very much as you would expect Pierrette to look without the mask. She looks at Dad and the Shopkeeper, who are perfectly motionless; looks at them, and through them; does not appear to see them. And Dad, seeing her, takes off his hat, and stands gazing at her as if he could not believe his eyes, gazing at her as if his eyes were drinking her in.]

[But Mother is thinking of only one thing; her lips whisper just one name. Silently, peering anxiously to right and left, she comes toward us. She catches sight of the Masked Doll, and stops abruptly. If Betsy is here, she must be very near here. And then she sees her—She says nothing; her heart is too full. Slowly, noiselessly, she crosses to the side of the sleeping child and kneels in prayer. In the background the Policeman and the Shopkeeper take off their hats. And from some not distant church comes the sound of a singing choir. Presently Mother rises with the sleeping child in her arms; comes face to face with Dad. She starts. Then she whispers a name.]

DAD
[Bows his head. If we looked closely we would see tears in his eyes. It was Betsy, you remember, who explained that everybody cries—sometimes. Then he comes very close to Mother, and he, too, whispers.] Margaret, my wife! [She does not answer. Dad's face lights with a great joy.] After five years—on Christmas eve—God has brought us together! [His arm steals around her shoulders.] Come! [Mother hesitates. Then from the lips of the sleeping child floats a sound.]

BETSY
Come, Pierrette!

DAD
[Marveling.] Sweetheart, what I used to call you—five years ago! [Mother bows her head gently. We know it means "Yes." Again Dad's arm steals around her shoulders. Slowly they move toward the door. As they pass the bargain-counter Mother stops. She indicates a doll.]

THE SHOPKEEPER
[Hurrying up.] Which one?

DAD
[Giving him a bank-note.] All of them.

THE SHOPKEEPER
[Bowing and scraping.] Yes, sir; yes, sir. I'll send them first thing in the morning.

MOTHER
[Taking the Masked Doll.] But this one we will take with us!

[Bobby, open-mouthed, wondering in the shadows, does not know what to make of it all. Nor does he know what to make of it as Dad peels off another bank-note and gives it to the silent Policeman. But his father's great protecting arm falls gently upon the little boy's shoulders, and the four—and Pierrette—go out of the door together.]

[Mother, walking as in a dream, has not yet seen Bobby; but for that there will be time tomorrow, and to-morrow, and in the years that shall come thereafter. The Policeman and the Shopkeeper are left alone. They grin at each other. Then the Shopkeeper (by the way, he is a fat little man) ambles over to the bargain-counter, produces a huge box, and, still grinning from ear to ear, begins to pack the toys in it. The Policeman—he is a very dignified policeman—saunters over to watch him. The Shopkeeper looks up, smiles, pushes a box on the counter toward the Policeman, and presses a spring. The Jack-in-the-Box pops up. The Policeman's grin becomes a wide-open smile.]

THE POLICEMAN
Merry Christmas!

THE SHOPKEEPER
[Bowing.] And a very Merry Christmas to you!

CURTAIN

"The Toy-Shop" is fully protected by copyright. Schools, churches, and amateur theatrical organizations wishing to produce this play for social purposes during the Christmas season of 1922 will be exempt from a payment of royalty. Arrangements for its production by any other organizations must be made through the author, Percival Wilde. Address care of Pictorial Review, New York.



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THERE is no surer criterion of the happiness which one of these lovely COMMUNITY GIFT PIECES will bring than that brief moment of hesitation when you are tempted to keep it for yourself.

A wide range of choice—gifts in whose beauty and essential convenience any woman will take delight. For instance, the Community Berry Spoons shown on this page at \$3.25 each, or a Cold Meat Fork at \$2.25, or a Pastry Server at \$4.00. Many other charming pieces.

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY-MADE

Table

By Mrs. Knox

What Are the Happiest Moments of Christmas?

CHRISTMAS cheer! The gifts, the tree, the Dinner and the Candies. How we all strive for a touch of originality that will make the event more memorable for children as well as grown-ups.

The Dinner DESSERT and the CANDY naturally go together, and so I have given much thought to the creation of something new, delightful, and wholesome for these—the happiest moments of the year.

First a plum pudding that is really wonderful and so easy to make.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup dried citrus or nuts as preferred
1 cup cold water 1 1/4 squares chocolate
1 cup sugar 1/4 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup seeded raisins 1 pinch salt
1/2 cup cream or hips, or milk
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate, and when boiling point is reached add sugar and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire, when mixture begins to thicken add vanilla, cream and nut meats. Turn into large dipped in cold water, and chilled. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, or whipped evaporated milk, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla.

Next, something really delicious in CANDY that has the added charm of being homemade, and so wholesome that the children may eat their full without a "don't." Put it in dainty boxes for Christmas gifts.

Mother's Christmas Dainties

2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water 1/2 cup boiling water
Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part 1 tablespoon of gelatin and to the other extract and coloring if desired. To the other part add your favorite extract of cinnamon and coloring. When ready to turn out dip knife in cold water and run around edge of pan. Pull out with fingers and set in squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar, or dip in chocolate. May be used, using different flavors—orange, peppermint, etc., and colors, adding cream, nuts, dates or fruit.

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My books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," are full of original recipes for Christmas and every other day in the year. Mailed free if you send 4c for cover postage, and your grocer's name.

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WHEN MARRIED LIFE'S A BORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

In the neglect or repression of the wife's individuality is the chief explanation of the tedium of home. I do not say that a full-blown woman means always a marriage case in which the wife's individuality has knocked the home life away and made it into something which does not resemble being.

The drawbacks of the conjugal home may be, and generally are, astoundingly numerous and complex in their causation. An encyclopedia in twenty volumes would not exhaust them, and no one but a sublime idiot would venture to put the causes into one nutshell. I go no further than the submission that the vague, never defined unsatisfactoriness which impairs the perfection of innumerable otherwise sound marriages is very frequently due to the insufficient nourishment the wife's individuality, and that this explanation seldom occurs to the people concerned—or to anybody else. But I certainly do not offer the explanation as containing a cure for the disappointments of wedlock.

SO MUCH for the cultivation of the wife's individuality as a leading factor in conjugal success. There are other factors of great importance which it would be inconvenient or futile to discuss here, because the delicate complexity of them would require a separate article for this useful examination, or because, springing from the deepest roots of individual temperaments, they are inalterable in each case and therefore beyond the control of the individual. A fundamental cause of temperamental may secretly or openly devastate the union of two angels of virtue and common sense, and no ingenuity, forbearance, sublimity of character can prevent it.

I have these terrific topics and come to a factor which is superficial in its nature, is nevertheless of high consequence. The human skin is superficial, but it plays no mean rôle in the functioning of the human body, as those whom an accident has rendered partially unable to discover. I mean the factor of manners. A husband and wife in love, especially if they are young, are too apt to regard the observance of courtesy as being artificial, irksome, unnecessary, even inartistic, in such an ideal and passionate union as theirs. They imagine that soul will speak to soul without the trappings of civilization. The language of phrase and gesture which mankind has invented and gradually perfected for the use of the human race, they imagine that they are above all that sort of thing, and somehow all that sort of thing is a slur on intimacy, an aspersion on the genuineness of the love which binds them together.

They seem to say: "Oh! He will understand!" "Oh! She won't mind!" She knows what is in my soul. It is not possible in my own doings, as to my feelings. Why then trouble with these ceremonies and these rites, which are for persons who do not comprehend one another?"

I do not assert that all of nearly all married couples reason thus, but the evidence is abundant that a considerable proportion of them do. And never was reasoning more false and absurd.

GOOD manners were devised to act as a buffer between individualities in collision, and every meeting of individualities is a collision. They soften the cruelty of human intercommunication. They are the buttons on the folds. They are the veil which hides certain secret places of the mind. No mind, however loving, could bear to see plainly into all the secret places of another's mind. And the reader has only to lay bare his own mind in order to admit the truth of this statement. A second reason, and one of many, is and must be organized on the basis of a thousand concealments. Good manners, in conversation, and conventions are the preservatives of society. Without them, the world would be metaphorically or actually foul, and the social fabric would fly apart. And, further, good manners are necessary to real or poised good feeling. If the good feeling exists they serve hourly to illustrate it, and good feeling is effective only so far as it is illustrated. If it doesn't exist, they in some measure take its place. As you can't not incur the good feeling, they always strengthen it.

So far from good manners being superficial or extreme intimacy, they are more necessary in extreme intimacy than in mere acquaintance. The more intimate the acquaintance, whatever he or she may bravely pretend, is in truth extremely sensitive to his reactions to the behavior of the other intimate. Often the sensitiveness approaches the mark of the covered phreatic well, and tones remain obstinately in the memory, waiting a chance to spring up out of recollection and exasperate a difficult later feeling.

Again, good manners, by which I mean common-sense good manners, are the surest preventive of outbreaks of bad temper. Bad temper needs a jumping-off place, and bad temper needs a device, it of a jumping-off place, whereas a breezy, cut rudeness, founded on real affection, will provide the jumping-off place in half an hour—and the eleven of them will be returned in the temptation of the twelfth may prove irresistible.

The intimates ought to watch gently but carefully one another's individualities from their own. It is possible to be too ceremonious, but assuredly it is not easy. Even the "solidity" of the wife's individuality of politeness between the sexes should rarely be abandoned, and should never be abandoned for the sake of expediency. These are couples who leave their manners behind them in the church; these are couples who leave their manners behind them at the railway-station on the return from the honeymoon; these are couples who carelessly drop their bit by bit on the stiff road through the fields, and who are ultimately pay for their negligence.

Love is another—it is a price among marital maxims; but love is not to be maintained by vigilance alone. "Be polite to one another," ceremoniousness, politeness, really polite, yes, and if advisable insincerely polite) is also a price among marital maxims, and politeness is to be maintained by vigilance; everybody can achieve it with patience and practice.

All of which is no doubt pitiful, but the value of politeness is considerable, and some of us are inclined to ignore that.

So far I have had in mind chiefly the behavior of the pair when they are alone together. It is not altogether true in the history of the institution of marriage that husbands and wives have directly to one another in the presence of others. In so doing they are, of course, guilty of gross breach of manners before the others. Still, the unfortunate and reprehensible thing does occur. I would divide the bad behaviors into three classes.

FIRST, those who always indulge in friction whether they are alone or whether they are not alone. (Sometimes both are serious as to blame in the nature of it, if only one party is to blame then it is usually the same party throughout.) The friction is almost continuous, and they only satisfy a profound need. It is usually not intentionally so, but it is the discovery of a deep-seated misunderstanding. It may flourish for forty years without doing harm to the family. The form of the friction is of seven or seventy bickering happily like the darlings of a nursery, and they are capable of being very kind to one another.

I should describe this form of naughtiness more fully, but I am not a psychologist, and I am not a person of the kind to be well acquainted. I should not describe it as a crime against love and humanity, but it is certainly an affliction for the intimate friends of the couple, and a still worse affliction for their acquaintances, who have not been acclimated to it and can not appraise it at its true unimportance. It was grave enough, but it led to grave consequences, somebody might set about to cure it.

By love a simple, mild nuisance, but tolerated, as all sorts of mild nuisances are tolerated.

The second class of bad behaviors in public consists of those who bicker in public while never bickering in private. This one is more serious than the first case. It denotes that something is being constantly suppressed, and it is like a poison that ought to come out, and coming out only on favorable occasions. You may say that the presence of other people scarcely constitutes a favorable occasion for a display of conjugal friction. But the fact is that in many marriages a partner who feels himself or herself aggrieved may go—not intentionally—expressed by the other partner that he or she is incapable of raising a complaint without the supporting presence of other people. The phenomenon indeed is quite common and without serious disadvantage. The aggrieved partner may refrain from private grumbling because of the risk of being taken for a tremendous "scene," whereas the chances of a scene are immensely reduced, if not entirely destroyed, by the restraining company.

THIS form of conjugal friction is intensely 1, and specially annoying to the partner who is not the aggrieved one. It has two disadvantages: he can not effectively reply, and he knows that when the company has departed again he will be left with the mouth of the attacker, who after all has planted the seed and is content with that fruit.

Blame may nevertheless be due more to the victim than to the attacker. The attacked partner is obviously the stronger, for in the nature of the affair he exercises more control over the attacker. It should have been his (or her) business to discover the grievance before it was put in a public place, and to deal with it somehow in privacy. A couple who require their troubles to an audience are likely one day to have a strictly private performance with a catastrophic curtain.

They are living dangerously over the crest of a chronic suppression of bad feeling. The third class of bad behaviors in public is even more grave than the second, because it is more likely to be unrepentant, and the less thoughtful section of the public, it is symptomatic of a more serious suppression of bad feeling. It is the case of married couples who never indulge in



AUNT JEMIMA says:

My spuerience with men folks is - dey's mos' likeable when dey's set down to a pipin' hot plate of my pancakes



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Maybe your husband is particularly fond of the cakes. Then get Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—the yellow cake flour—the yellow Aunt Jemima pancake flour. It's sweet milk, with everything else you need, is mixed right in it. You can get Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour at your grocer's.



WHEN MARRIED LIFE'S A BORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

friction before the world, but one member of whom misses no opportunity of emitting broad and derogatory generalizations about the opposite sex. When a wife has a habit of saying, "Of course, men are—," or the husband of saying, "Of course women are—," followed by fretful criticism of a whole sex, then be sure that the marriage is not proceeding smoothly, and that the critic, the apparently criticizing a sex, is in reality criticizing one particular specimen of that sex, the specimen whom he or she knows best and suffers most from.

This is especially true of wives. A man can get along without in secret being personal; a woman can not. A woman seldom or never employs a generalization save as a cover to a personality.

Such a subtle form of public attack is the surest way of alienating all. It defies a retort. Indeed to try a counter-attack is more perilous than to do nothing whatever. And in wisdom, its diabolic indirectness, its sinister cautiousness, signify not merely that the trouble is grave, but that the critic has little hope of remedying the trouble. The couple, if ever at any time they practiced candor, have ceased to be frank with each other. The hidden disease is none the less ugly and menacing because it is not to be seen. It is a tumor at once and yet a lanceet into it. A happy sequel can not be guaranteed to this surgery, but it is to be taken. To shrink the risk is to invite the final disaster.

TO CONCLUDE. The basis of a successful marriage is mutual affection and respect. These are not all that is necessary to success, and a marriage may fail or fail fast when they are both present; but they are indispensable, the absence without which will sometimes procure a fair measure of success.

The chief enemies of success in marriages are which affection and esteem are both absent. First, the respect of the wife's individuality, and second, mistakes of judgment by one or both parties. The husband, the second principally in the matter, mistakes individuality for needs nourishment, but will probably not either the enterprise or the energy to lead itself, and if help is not given will slowly sink into a dullness more and more fatal. On the other hand, in a superficially very important matter such as department, the husband will usually take the lead, by hypothesis, is the exemplar of the price of existence, and should act accordingly.

Unfortunately, according to my observations, more and more of our husbands to sin against the code of good manners. The average husband has more authority, and beyond question more actual power, than the average wife. If he feels a grievance he often gets rid of it by the exercise of authority and power. The wife's domain is less, and it is also less direct. When a difficulty arises she must either give way or feign to give way. She has the more trying rôle in marriage. She may not have the great virtues, but she has more small virtues than the husband. Her tongue is her chief weapon. I do not use this phrase in an offensive sense. I mean by it that whereas the husband can act without much regard to the wife is bound to argue, to persuade, to explain, to lecture, even to nag. She mixes herself with criticism.

AND, further, most women endow themselves with the right to criticize more than they are criticized. They claim the privilege for some of their state of inferior moral freedom. I will not condemn them. Nor will I say that a husband as a class have fine manners in intimacy. Husbands even the best, can be terrible. But their bad manners are less reprehensible than those of wives, and less frequent. No wife will adduce in respect to herself, but nearly all wives will admit it in regard to other wives.

When a husband's hands are not so little, it is the duty of husbands to please; the wife for wives. But whereas the duty of the husband is to support and protect, the first duty of the wife is to please. Supporting is the husband's own department. Pleasing is the wife's own department. Pleasing is not enough, neither for the husband nor for the wife. In addition to pleasing, it is necessary to be pleased.

PARENTS, spoil your child—that is, in moderation. Arnold Bennett in next month's article tells why, and how to "spoil." A remarkable talk in a series which is attracting tremendous attention.

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PAPINI A NEW APOSTLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

be but as outlines to his own completed task. Infinite reading followed and infinitely painstaking note-taking and sifting away of information.

"Pennies were what I needed," he elucidated sadly. "pennies for paper, ink, and pens, and pennies (solid) were scarce."

His mother, by marvels of economy in her household allowance, managed to provide some of the solid. But always he kept roaming the streets of Florence, gazing hungrily into book and stationery shops—usually in vain.

The encyclopedia nevertheless progressed with tireless zeal. The article on "Achilles" oddly proved to be the stumbling-block. At "Achilles," the encyclopedia abruptly halted, never to be resumed.

There had already been a tragedy upon the life of Christopher Columbus, composed at the age of eleven, and then, after the failure of the encyclopedia, now that the Florentine National Library was open to him, by the simple device of giving a false age, it occurred to him that a universal history from the earliest period of the existence of the cosmos to the present day was much needed by a benighted mankind.

Then presented itself the puzzle of the Biblical creation in six days, and it became obvious that a rationalistic and true scientific commentary upon the Bible was the one indispensable undertaking for a ripe and serious scholar of fifteen, or so, about. But the Bible without Hebrew—once to learn the rudiments of the Hebrew tongue and to toll at his commentary. By the time the commentary reached the third verse of Genesis it was so voluminous that the mere contemplation of the completed work upon the entire Bible gave him vertigo. The commentary gave way to an exhaustive work on comparative literature—equally abortive.

"FOR the next four or five years," he said, "I read and wrote about fifteen hours in every day—until my health gave way."

With the fiery idealism, with the perishing thirst for knowledge, there grew in his soul a profound and cavernous pessimism over that seemed the absolutely futile task of mankind. The only remedy for a suffering humanity was universal suicide. To be the Apostle of Suicide seemed him then a glorious mission, and, paradoxically, he went on living, he told himself, only that he might bring the rest of the world to die. Then, suddenly, the grotesque absurdity of his position, he became furious with all the philosophies he had studied, principally German, that had brought him to this pitch, and he attacked them violently in a series of studies, which were subsequently combined in a book entitled "The Twilight of the Philosophies."

"The publishers had found you out early. I put in, 'since you were but little over twenty when that book was published.'"

"The publishers!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Very far from it. It was years before they printed anything at their own risk. The publication of that, of a number of my subsequent books, was paid for by me, by a friend who subscribed fifty lire, one hundred lire—what they could. There were few such friends, but they believed in me."

"It was in that way that the review *Leonardo* was founded in Florence. We came together, those intellectual and myself—a group of diverse tastes enough, painters, students, young idealists that were discontented with the thought and literature of Italy and Germany. We decided that this state of affairs must be changed and improved at once. We gathered in a room by candle-light, and there, surrounded, terribly in earnest. There were speeches; I read a long speech myself; it was like a call to battle. Every one there pledged himself to give fifty lire a month. They elected me editor, and the review, philosophical, literary, and artistic, became a fact."

It was in that review that the philosophy of pragmatism (of which the great exponent was Professor William James of Harvard) was first made known in Italy. Pragmatism for Papini meant the bringing of our spiritual powers into use, into the business of making the world over, instead of merely standing by and looking on. And when this young Italian philosopher was barely twenty-five James was writing articles about him, putting him on the head in the *Psychological Review*, and approving his theory that a divinity omniscience is the legitimate goal of mankind.

"I met William James about that time," said Papini, laughing reminiscently. "I went to see him at the Hôtel de Russie in Rome upon his invitation. To me he was an object of veneration, a hero. He was in his shirt-sleeves, washing his face as I came in, but he was not in the least disturbed by that. He went right on washing himself, and talking philosophically rapidly as he splashed in the basin."

Leonardo was so successful that the entire group of young men contributing to it, and supporting it, became more or less known, and Papini most of all.

Numerous volumes from Papini's pen kept appearing, critical essays, slashing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



Experience



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PAPINI, A NEW APOSTLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

studies, "Twenty-four Brains," "Testimonies," "Executions," and the like. There are three volumes of poetry among his works, and even some books of short stories, tho not of the kind that editors of popular magazines usually print.

When one recalls that Papini left the public schools of Florence when he was under fifteen, and never attended a college or a university, his knowledge and erudition seem truly amazing.

One of his books that he has recently withdrawn from circulation is entitled "Memoirs of God," an essay in which conditions are reversed, and the Deity is praying to mankind, asking that all turn atheist, so that He might cease to be. Altogether it is as blasphemous a little volume as one may well expect to light

Yet there was always in his temperament the curious affinity for religious thought, religious subjects. When he was not scoffing at religion he was feverishly dreaming of founding a new one. Theosophy preoccupied him at one time, occultism, Yogaism, sainthood. And he even subjected himself to the ascetic discipline of some of the cults, because a saint, the founder of a new religion—in America, at least—must be able to work miracles.

The religion which he in a manner despised seemed his one constant tempta-

tion. The "Storia di Cristo," outwardly a complete reversal of his former attitude and beliefs, seems in reality a kind of natural development of his confused and constant groping toward idealism.

To his old admirers Papini is dead—a man who is done for. But in his austere study in Florence he seemed to me very much alive. He is working constantly and is full of plans and projects. At this moment he is planning and working upon four different books at once.

"The 'Storia di Cristo,'" he said, "was written in two years. But counting out interruptions and time lost, it actually took only about five or six months." And now he believes his energy will be much greater, for, having died to the old life, he feels embarked upon a new. This book, as he announces in the preface to the "Storia," is dedicated to the enterprise of "remaking souls."

And herein lies the key to the change in Papini, to the attitude and spirit of the new Papini. From all his past groping, his wild and fevered searching for knowledge, his intense dissatisfaction, his spiritual misery, there has emerged this new truth:

WHY NOT A CROWLEY CHRISTMAS IN YOUR TOWN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Came again to me the rows and rows and rows of small, white beds; the bell for perfect silence; the buttons to push if one were ill. I began to fumble for my handkerchief and wish desperately for a screen to shut off those eyes, accusing me through their mist. Somehow I felt as if I were responsible to God and Mr. Crowley for all the loved orphans in the world.

"They can't really laugh, and they can't really play," he went on relentlessly. "They can't really play without somebody to take an interest in them. You know they can't? Your children can't, nor mine. And can they play without toys? Do you know I went into a room and saw a hundred and fifty little girls playing with five old dolls? *Few!* I counted *em*—*few*! Passing them around, each little girl cuddling a doll for a few minutes, then giving it to the next one."

"Oh, no!" I cried desperately. "Why, I'd be glad to give an orphan a doll. Anybody ought to be able to give a doll."

"Exactly," he agreed. "And if my friends don't know it's not my fault." ("I'll say it's not!" I thought, slangily.) Most folks are generous, once you wake them up. They just don't stop to think what life is like for a kid in an institution. Tell me, what are some of the happy

"Going to meet my father every night. Making little pies and cookies on baking-day. Visiting my married sister. Trips to the city with—"

"Of course," he snapped in. "Well, now, there's not one of those things that a child in an orphanage *ever* does. Go down the street and ask every grown-up you meet for his pleasantest memory of childhood. No matter what he tells you, it will be something that the orphanage child did *not* remember."

[illegible]

YOU speak of visiting your sister. Do you know there are thousands of children in orphanages who never have a visitor? Visiting-day comes and goes, week after week, year after year, and that child's name is never called on visiting-day. She is one of the others, more fortunate, called out to the parlor to see an aunt or a cousin or a friend. They come back with a new hair ribbon, maybe, or a bit of candy, or a piece of cake. Maybe she can look out and see the lucky one getting a hug and a kiss and a pat on the head. Maybe she never had

His words were like sledge-hammers
 on my heart. "Think what it
 could mean if you, and your friends, and
 all over this country would go to the
 orphanage and ask for the name of
 child who has no one to visit it, and go
 and call for that child by its name

and talk to it, make it feel that it had a really true friend in the world outside. See if you can't find a child with your own name. It makes it seem more personal. What would such a friend mean to a 'no-record' girl, whose card in the file shows that nothing whatever is known of her family or her friends, when she has to leave the orphanage at sixteen, and face

Silence for a moment, while I made fervent resolutions. Then, "Tell me about the Santa Claus thing," I begged.

"Simply enlarged on my friend's idea of letters. Started out to see that every orphanage kid in my own county had a Christmas. It's spread a good bit now. Last year we had 3,200 Christmas boxes to give out. Do you know some of those kids never had any candy before? Some of them never had a Christmas present before. *Who'd give it to them?*"

THE plan, as Mr. Crowley outlined it to me, is very simple. A few weeks before Christmas he writes some letters on sheets of paper that have a jolly Santa Claus incised at the top. These letters are sent to a list of institutions to be read to the children. Each child is asked to write a letter to Santa Claus and tell what he wishes him to bring. A short time after another letter goes out, telling the children that Santa Claus has read their letters and that Santa Claus will surely come.

Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and negro institutions are on the list impartially.

the Christmas Eve, the last impartially distributed. The children, who are distributed among Mr. Crowley's friends, one friend tells another and he tells some one else, and so it goes, until they say Santa Claus is one orphan grown and grown, or weeks before Christmas two floors of Mr. Crowley's place look like a Christmas tree. Mrs. Crowley adds that she is sure every child who gets the gift asked for. Usually the donor of the requested gift sends other things, too. If not, Mrs. Crowley adds to the bundle of gifts. The children are all around the Christmas Eve—there are four of them—help, and many friends come to the party. The children are made by the dozen men who are yanked out of their beds at three o'clock of a Christmas morning to don Santa Claus costumes and read the Christmas story. "They grumble a little the first time," chuckled Mr. Crowley. "After that

Christmas eve comes, and after the children are safely in bed huge trucks roll to the orphanages with their load of dreams come true.

Down, and rules relaxed for once, little
 ists forms slip from little white beds,
 and every window-pane has a face pressed
 against it, watching, round-eyed, in a fever
 of breathless hope, till at last as day breaks
 by a red-suited, white-whiskered figure
 comes striding, bulging pack on his back,
 and upspring to answer the roar of greeting
 "Good-morning, all you who lives have known the
 little of Christmas cheer, for you think you
 even faintly surmise what it means to
 the little waifs of fortune to stand in
 his ta's hand, to receive in quivering little
 hands a box marked with one's very own
 name, containing one's dearest dream come

"It's such a wonderful thing to do!" I told Mr. Crowley. "You must be so happy over it all!"

"Happy? Sure I am! So can every one who wants to. There's plenty of plans to go round. Come on in, the car's fine!"

**You hear of
the 8 hour Day
What of the
*8 hour Night?***

SLEEP is "Nature's sweet restorer." If you don't get enough of the *right kind* of sleep you can't be mentally alert. Nor can you be at your best, physically.

An eight-hour sleeping night is quite as important as an eight-hour working day. If you don't get your proper sleep, you become irritable; your work becomes a task.

If you are in the habit of drinking coffee, that may be the explanation of your disturbed and restless sleep with consequent nervous irritability. For coffee contains caffeine—a nerve-irritant.

Why not give yourself the benefit of the doubt? It's so easy to find out for yourself—stop coffee and drink healthful, fragrant Postum instead.

Postum is a pure and wholesome cereal beverage, absolutely free from caffeine or drugs of any kind. Thousands of people prefer it to coffee, for its rich flavor alone.

Postum FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"



POSTUM
comes in two forms:
INSTANT POSTUM
(*in time*)

prepared instantly
in the cup by the
addition of boiling
water.

POSTUM CEREAL
(in packages)

for those who prefer
to make the drink
while the meal is be-
ing prepared, made
by boiling fully
twenty minutes.

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Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
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A Christmas Gift Well Chosen, Well Received

From one woman to another, from husband to wife, or from any man to any woman—one safe, sane sensible gift, sure of a grateful reception, is this luxurious Angelus Gift Set.

Insomuch as the famous Angelus Lemon Creams have brought a clearer, healthier complexion to multitudes of women; insomuch as a rose-petal skin is by far the most cherished dream or possession of every woman—just insomuch is this Angelus Gift Set an ideal Yuletide remembrance.

It is more than a mere token of esteem and thoughtfulness, a passing gesture of the season—it is a source of something fine and priceless, not to be forgotten with the passing of the holidays.

This compact Angelus Gift Set contains a jar each of Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream, Angelus Lemon Tissue Cream, and Angelus Lemon Vanishing Cream; a box of Angelus Rouge and the Angelus Lip Stick. Five dressing-table luxuries that soon become indispensable necessities to women whose mirrors and friends tell a welcome story of a greatly improved complexion.

The Angelus Gift Set may be obtained at drug and department stores everywhere. Or, if you prefer, it will be sent to you by mail, charges prepaid, on receipt of five dollars. Address, Department D, Park & Tilford, 529 West 42nd Street, New York City.

The Famous
ANGÉLUS
Lemon Creams



BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Valuable Hints from a Keen Judge of Fiction

IT IS getting to be a habit to give books for Christmas. Everybody is doing it. It is an easy way to solve the Christmas-present problem. Incidentally, be careful of your good books. I read the other day that somebody had paid \$5,000 for a copy of "Pickwick Papers" in its original paper-covered parts. The cheap book of today may be the treasure of to-morrow; but use your judgment.

Speaking of books you want to lay aside—better keep an eye on those Don Marquis books that are coming out every little while. A People "in the know" seem to think that this man Marquis is another Eugene Field and that his books will have particular value through collectors. If you follow the book auctions at all you know what first editions of Eugene Field are worth.

SNAP-SHOT NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS

- CYTHERRA**, by Joseph Hergeshelmer (Knopf). Most folks think this is the best thing he has done since "The Three Black Pennies." A rather vivid story of American society—beautifully written, of course.
- SHR. BLOWN! AND SPARK AT THAT!** by William John Hopkins (Houghton, Mifflin). A holly good sea story of life on a whaler—not only for young readers, but for grown-ups.
- ONE OF OURS**, by Wills Cather (Knopf). A powerful story of American life today. The War part of it will probably be better appreciated ten years from now.
- VAN ZANTZ'S HAPPY DAYS**, by Laurels Brun (Knopf). A welcome relief from too many of these high-colored South Sea stories, and mighty funny in spots.
- THE BARNING CUP**, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Harcourt, Brace). The story of a discontented woman in a small town, done by the hands of an expert. There are very few who can equal Dorothy Canfield Fisher in this type of story.
- MARIA, CHAMBERLAIN**, by Louis Hémon (Macmillan). A pretty story of French-Canadian life. Everybody seems to be talking about it.
- CONFLICT**, by Clarence Budington Kelland (Harper). Keekled at his best. A story of action, a good tale, and a fine story withal.
- THE ORCHARD**, by Selma Lagerlöf (Doubleday, Page). A typical Norwegian story by this favorite author. A bit depressing, but done with power.
- DRASS**, by Charles G. Norris (Dutton). About as good a novel of modern marriage as has yet appeared. A really worth-while book.
- SCARABOQUE**, by Rafael Sabatini (Houghton, Mifflin). The author gives us a good, old-fashioned romance of the time of the French Revolution, for which we are thankful. It is good stuff.
- DANCERS IN THE DARK**, by Dorothy Speare (Dutton). A rather exotic picture of happier life of to-day. All the young folks like it.
- BIRTHRIGHT**, by T. S. Stripling (Century). A most unusual novel. Has a negro for its hero. A book every reader is talking about.
- ONE MAN IN HIS TIME**, by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Page). A love story laid in modern Virginia and told very nicely, but without much punch.
- THE COVETED WOMAN**, by Emerson Whittier (Appleton). Another story of pioneer days in the West and a mighty good one. Add it to your collection.
- THIS FREEDOM**, by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Little, Brown). In which the author of "If Winter Comes" uses a whole lot of words and doesn't miss a word of anything.
- BABBITT**, by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). The story of an American business man. Lots of folks think it is even better than "Main Street."
- LUCRETIA LOMBARD**, by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page). This is another favorite Pictorial Review serial in book form.
- THE LACED EDGE**, by Harold MacGrath (Doubleday, Page). A typical romance by a favorite author. The scene is laid in the South Sea, where most anything can happen and generally does.
- THE VANISHED FLAME**, by Margaret Deland (Harper). A woman marries a much younger man, and Mrs. Deland makes a strong story, of course, out of the situation.
- THE HEAD OF THIS HOUSE OF COOKING**, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Stokes). Very sweet and pretty romance of the author of that splendid book "The Tempest."
- MR. PROHACK**, by Arnold Bennett (Doran). A story of a middle-aged man. A typical Bennett situation, anyone in the usual Bennett way.
- MEX OF APFANS**, by Roland Parke (Knopf). A swiftly moving story of adventure, full of complicated situations and thrills.
- GHENTLE JULIA**, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Page). The author of "Alice Adams" is in lighter vein. Part of this story, under the title of "The Oriole," was published in Pictorial Review some time back. Good stuff, of course.
- PETER WHITELY**, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). A whimsical and interesting story of a rather lovable but irresponsible composite.
- KINOMO**, by John Paris (Bonci, Liveright). This is the book that the Japanese Government has been trying to suppress. It certainly gives a vivid picture of life in Japan.
- THE DEEP BLUE SEA**, by A. Hyatt Verrill (Appleton). Another rollicking good sea story and a best seller. Boys all ages will like it.
- THE MOON ROCK**, by Arthur J. Rees (Dodd, Mead). An exciting, detective story and a good one. It keeps your interest until the very end.
- SNOW**, by Kathleen Norris (Dutton). Everybody seems to be reading this story. It is a rather vivid tale of the experiences of an English war chaplain who goes to France to investigate conditions for himself and sets himself against experience and lots of it.
- THE PEARL CHAIN**, by Arthur Stringer (Bobbs-Merrill). Another Pictorial Review story, and a good one. The wonder of it is how this man Stringer can see into the heart of a woman as he does.
- CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE**, by Edgar Lee Masters (Macmillan). A splendid novel of American pioneer life just before the Civil War. Stephen Dedalus and Lincoln figure in the pages. A worth-while book.
- NUMBER 87**, by Harrington West (Macmillan). A mystery story that will keep you guessing until the very end. A thriller from every point of view.
- JOANNA GODDEN**, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton). One of the books of the year by a famous English novelist. It is as illuminating picture of a woman's soul.
- THE WHITT DESERT**, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little, Brown). Mr. Cooper's short stories are familiar to our readers. This book will be found interesting—authentic Wild West stuff.
- FRANK OF FREEDOM HILL**, by Samuel A. Derieux (Doubleday, Page). A collection of dog stories and mighty good ones at that.
- CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE**, by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page). A big book. Splendid characterization of typical American families in a California setting, that is bound to add to Mrs. Norris's rapidly growing reputation.
- THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON**, by Edith Wharton (Appleton). Readers of Miss Wharton's serial, which ran in Pictorial Review a few months ago, will appreciate its appearance here so well. It is selling faster than the publishers can print it.
- MEXICO ON THE MOVIE**, by Harry Leon Wilson (Doubleday, Page). A splendidly done burlesque of the movies. Most interesting and well written.
- VANDEMARK'S FOLLY**, by Herbert Quick (Bobbs-Merrill). As good a book of the West in the time of the Stock market as we have read in a long while. Typically American. Add it to your collection of Americans.

BOOKS THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

- BRASS**, by Charles G. Norris.
- THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON**, by Edith Wharton.
- THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE**, by J. Arthur Thompson.
- BABBITT**, by Sinclair Lewis.
- THE RISING TIDE OF COLOR AND REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION**, by Lothrop Stoddard—two books every American should read.
- CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE**, by Kathleen Norris.
- COUÉ'S PRACTICE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION**, explained by C. Harry Brooks.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879



Everybody likes it!

Breakfast! Wheatena! Bring your briskest appetite and prepare to eat heartily. Here's a dish to delight every member of the family, every day. You never tire of it.

Unlike pale, pasty cereals, Wheatena combines a really delicious taste with all the vital elements of whole wheat. The nut-brown hue of Wheatena is your assurance that you are getting whole winter wheat—all of the nourishment of man's oldest food. Wheatena is easily digested—and economical in every direction.

The wheat-heart is retained in Wheatena by a special process. (Many cereals omit this important element.) The bran is also retained. Here is Nature's own regulator in just the right proportion, and properly prepared for the human stomach.

For forty-three years, Wheatena has been the standard breakfast food of thousands of well-fed, clear-brained Americans. It can be prepared in a few moments by this popular method: "Into six cups of actively boiling, slightly salted water, slowly pour one cup of Wheatena. Continue boiling three or more minutes. The activity of the boiling process keeps it stirred." (Other methods described on package.)

Start using Wheatena tomorrow. (All good grocers have Wheatena, or will get it for you.) See for yourself how really delicious a cereal can be—how simply and easily it can be prepared. Children love it. You'll like it, too.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatonville, Rahway, New Jersey

WHEATENA is also delicious for gems and muffins, for breadings meats, fish, etc., and for desserts. Cold Wheatena, sliced and fried, is preferred to fried mush by many. We will send, on request, a book of Wheatena recipes by well-known cooking authorities, together with a generous sample package of this nut-brown whole-wheat treat.

WHEATENA—ALL WHEAT, NUT-BROWN AND SWEET
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In each cabin —a goodly supply of maple



STACKS of "flannel cakes" in seas of syrup syrup with wholesome, woody sweetness! Corn meal mush fried brown and served with it. The flavor of every pudding treat. *Maple!*

So it was in the old days. And so it is today in thousands of homes from Vermont to California! Wherever you live you can get syrup with the real old-time maple taste.

Right now it's at your grocer's in containers exactly suited to it—in log-cabin-shaped cans.

It's Log Cabin Syrup, pure, wholesome, rich with that most exquisite of flavors—the real maple.

How Log Cabin Syrup gets its rich, unvarying flavor

P. J. Towle, who first made this syrup back in the 80's, knew what you know if you've ever lived in the "maple country." He knew that maple syrup is variable in quality, that the time of season the sap is boiled makes a difference in the flavor, that how the sap is handled also makes a difference.

He sought to keep in all his product the mellow flavor that "old-timers" got in syrup from first-run maple sap.

Absolute purity, clear golden color and easy-flowing "body"—these, too, he set as his goal. And this is what he did.

He combined the choicest of New England maple with the best from Canadian groves, got the real *sugars* of maple in which the flavor is most intense. And he blended with this just enough pure sugar of cane—nothing else—to mellow and enhance that delicious maple taste.

With a special refining process he found it possible to get always a uniform maple taste in syrup clear and golden in color, absolutely pure, and of just the right consistency for table use. Log Cabin Syrup sprang instantly into favor, and now its quality has made it the "Standard from Ocean to Ocean."

Give ordinary foods a wholly new delight

'Phone your grocer now for a can of Log Cabin Syrup. Try it on pancakes or waffles tomorrow morning. See what *flavor* it

and candies—give them the maple taste that everybody loves.

You can do it easily, inexpensively, for in each log cabin can there's "a goodly supply of maple."

Genuine Log Cabin Syrup comes *only* in log-cabin-shaped cans. There are three sizes.

Log Cabin Pop-Corn Balls

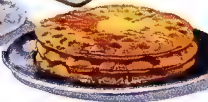
Boil 1 cup Log Cabin Syrup and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar until it will spin a long thread when poured from a spoon. Stir into 2 quarts of popped corn and shape into balls.

Log Cabin Sweet Potatoes

Cut cooked sweet potatoes in half lengthwise, and lay in a buttered baking dish; spread with butter and pour over them Log Cabin Syrup. Bake in a moderate oven, basting often with the syrup in the pan. Chopped nuts may be sprinkled over the potatoes while they are baking.

Write today for card set of 24 new and delightful Log Cabin recipes. Sent free. Address Dept. B,

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA—the center of North America
ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT—in the virgin maple forests



gives them! Put a little on the children's breakfast cereals—and forgive them if they smack their lips.

The puddings you make, the cake frostings

Towle's LOG CABIN Syrup

In the log-cabin-shaped can—3 sizes

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

PLAN YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER EARLY

The Third of Our Marketing Articles, in Which We Select the Food for the Holiday Menus

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

CHRISTMAS is here again—that joyous season when old customs are the best and we have no desire for new thrills to make us happy. This is the time when we like to do just about as we always have in the years gone by. We play the old games, trim our Christmas trees, and eat our Christmas dinners of roast turkey and “fowl” year after year, and are content. We love grandmother’s pudding and mother’s pie and, frankly, a new kind of dessert wouldn’t interest us at all. But Christmas is such a lively, bustling season that we sometimes find ourselves in a wild hurry at the last moment. The confusion of guests and the children coming home from school make well-worked-out holiday plans essential.

Christmas dinner is the great event of the season, when the family, old and young, come together once more. A dinner with all the charm and good things to eat of grandmother’s day and with comparatively little effort is possible. Do not make this dinner a hard one for yourself. We think it is a safe rule never to attempt more than four courses when preparing the meal. It is easier to serve a dinner of four courses, turkey or its substitute, a salad, and a dessert; or sometimes we have a fruit cocktail or canape before the meat course and omit the salad. A few well-cooked vegetables could please the most critical of guests. Much can be done days and even weeks in advance, for plum puddings, fruit-cakes, and mince-meat all improve with age.

AS SOON as you decide how many you are to entertain, plan your menu and make out your marketing list. First decide what your *pâté de résistance* is to be, for your entire dinner will be planned around this choice. It is really the main course that is the important one at Christmas dinner. Shall it be turkey, chicken, duck, goose, guinea-fowl, roast of beef, pork, or fresh lamb that goes into the market-basket with all the other good things?

Perhaps Christmas dinner means turkey to your family. If you are a small family, a half turkey, weighing as little as seven pounds, is a wise choice. It is quite unnecessary to buy a twelve- or sixteen-pound turkey to have a good one. A ten-pound bird will suit ten people with cuts from the best parts. Choose a turkey with a plump, tender breast. When you think it is pressed against the breast it should sink in. Do not insist upon breaking the turkey’s skin. The skin sometimes objects to this test, for if the turkey is young and tender, the skin is apt to be a little tight. The cartilage at the end of the hock-bone should be soft and pliable and the skin on the leg smooth and dry. When the marketman dresses your turkey have him trim the leg-tendons, so the flesh on the legs will be tender when the turkey is cooked.

A market chicken makes a very good substitute for turkey. A good roasting chicken weighs from three to seven pounds and is larger the chicken the more meat and tender. Be sure that the tip end of the breast-bone is not and slightly pliable and that the breast is plump. The legs should be short and plump. Pick the skin smooth and moist. Good feathers are a sign of a young bird, while long hairs are found only on fowl. It is much easier to remove the pin-feathers from a chicken that has not been scalded before plucking. Perhaps you prefer a capon, especially fattened chickens come as heavily as twelve pounds, and have an unusually large amount of white meat. They are a very tender and delicious in flavor. Season your capon just as you would a roasting chicken.

For a casual party your meal by serving guinea-fowl or chicken, which are both in season at Christmas time. A pair of guinea-fowl weighing six pounds costs about one and one-half dollars. A pair of guinea-chickens which weigh four pounds costs about three dollars. A guinea-fowl should be plump and the breast a purple color—chicken has a yellowish breast. Before buying a guinea-fowl, ruffle the feathers on the legs and see if the skin is dry and clear. A guinea-chicken should have a tender breast.

Another prime favorite is duck, and when well stuffed, roasted, and served with cranberry or apple sauce baked apples, is most delicious. A duck has a large frame and a small proportion of meat to the amount of bone. Select a plump bird with a smooth, clear skin, weighing not less than five pounds.

Another bird which has been much written about as a part of the Christmas feast is the goose. Those who like it at all enjoy it very much. Have you ever tried stuffing one with a prune-and-apple dressing? Goose costs only about half as much as turkey, but pound for pound does not serve so many people. An eleven-pound goose is about equal to an eight-pound turkey.

We think that one of the very best substitutes for turkey and a meat that often costs less than half as much a pound is fresh lamb. Many butchers will divide one for you. We have a fresh ham boned, and stuff it with a sage dressing before roasting. The family is always glad when some is left to slice cold, for baked fresh ham is very much like roast turkey. Pork roast, sprinkled with sage before putting in the oven, is a good Christmas meat. There is nothing better than a sucking pig with an apple in its mouth, but this is a very expensive delicacy. Perhaps you would prefer to have a roast of beef, which always makes a good Christmas meal.

There is nothing better than a sucking pig with an apple in its mouth, but this is a very expensive delicacy. Perhaps you would prefer to have a roast of beef, which always makes a good Christmas meal.

Another plan—after planning our meat we choose the vegetables to serve with it. One of our favorite Christmas vegetables is squash, which we either steam or bake. A squash should be heavy, dark in color, and dry. Creamed or buttered onions are good with all the meats and the poultry. The onion with a silver skin is the most attractive and delicate in flavor, and we try to buy them even today. Any of the green vegetables, such as cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, and string beans, are delicious.

Take the place of a salad. Choose a cauliflower or a head of lettuce with full white head, lifting it to see that it is heavy for its size. Brussels sprouts should

have green outside leaves and be fresh and uniform in size and free from wormholes. One of the least expensive and best of the Winter vegetables is the turnip, which we usually cut in cubes and serve buttered. A good turnip is not wilted or pithy and is heavy for its size.

We have used spinach in our roast-turkey dinner. Select spinach with tender, crisp leaves and stems that snap. Celery is always a part of our Christmas dinner and is at its prime this time. Choose crisp white stalks with fresh, black leaves. We like it best cut club style and served with olives on chopped ice.

Which does your family like better, the green or the ripe olives? The largest olive is the Queen, which is light green in color and has very firm flesh. Smaller olives are usually smaller and are often preferred to the plain ones. Those who like ripe olives have a decided preference for them because of their rich flavor.

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Which does your family like better, the green or the ripe olives? The largest olive is the Queen, which is light green in color and has very firm flesh. Smaller olives are usually smaller and are often preferred to the plain ones. Those who like ripe olives have a decided preference for them because of their rich flavor.

Sometimes we start our dinner with half a grapefruit, or a fruit cocktail as an appetizer. Select for this, grapefruit that are uniform and heavy with smooth, thin skins. For fruit cocktail or salad buy fresh fruit, such as oranges, bananas, pineapples, and California grapes, or mixed fruit suitable for either can be purchased in cans or tins. If you are serving a small dinner it is often more economical to buy the mixed canned fruit and save the time required to prepare the fresh fruit.

In our own family we have a time-honored custom which demands that a certain baked filler with fruit be placed in the center of our table. This serves as a decoration and as a finish to the meal for any one who wishes to top off his dinner with a piece of fruit. There is nothing better at the end of a dinner than a good apple with a slice of cream cheese and black coffee. We use our basket to look very beautiful and feel that the extra cost is well warranted, so we select the fruit for this basket very carefully and pay more for it than for that which we cut up to be served as a salad or cocktail.

We choose the

finest of red apples, beautiful oranges, bananas which are a little underripe but evenly yellow, green and Malaga grapes, kumquats if they are in the market, and often buy a miniature for the center of the basket, and arrange the rest of the fruit around it.

Sometimes we trim the basket with rhododendron-leaves, and we have used sprays of pine and baby cones to give color and to make a very lovely effect on the table. Ground-plum, mistletoe, and partridgeberry-vines, with their acorn-like berries are all very attractive as table decorations. A small live tree or a Santa Claus in the center of the table always makes an appeal, or a decoration of big artificial poinsettias is effective. If we are planning to use holly on the table, we save the best sprays from the supply purchased for the tree, and keep them in water until ready to decorate.

If you are serving mixed nuts it is more economical and much more satisfactory to buy the different kinds and make your own nut-cake-meat, or nut-cake-meat, buy the ones that are already mixed. You will save yourself much time and labor if you shell almonds for salting.

If you are pressed for time, much of your Christmas dinner can come out of the “tin.” Soups, pastes and casseroles, delicious plum puddings, mince-meat, buy the ones that are already mixed. You will save yourself much time and labor if you shell almonds for salting.

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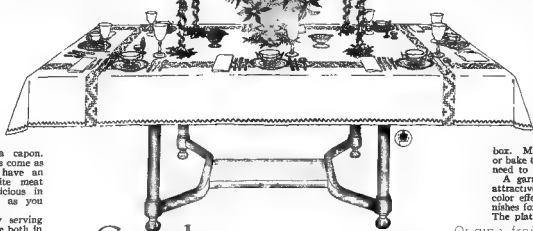
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Do people think you older or younger than you are?



"People who still keep the sparkle
and animation of youth!"

EVERY day you meet men and women—some in their forties, some even in their fifties—who still keep the sparkle and animation of youth.

People think of them as much younger than they are.

Yet many of us—nervous, "run-down," irritable while still in our twenties and thirties—feel our buoyant strength slipping away. People think of us as much older than we are.

Why the difference?

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PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

CANDIES THAT WILL KEEP

Make Them at Home in Advance for Filling Christmas Boxes

BY MARY L. BARBER AND DAY MONROE

Foods and Cookery Department, Teachers College

'Tis the month before Christmas
And all through the house

THERE is an alluring odor of cooking candy, calling all the family to the kitchen. Christmas is still rather distant in days, yet the spirit of giving is already under way, and holiday preparations are under way. The candies we are making will be just as good on Christmas day as they are now because they will keep. Spiced apples, pralines, Christmas creams, caramels, and pralines are all somewhat different from the usual home-made assortment and can be used as gifts or to fill our own bonbonnières. The spiced apples are truly "Christmas" with the white-sugar crystals sparkling like snowflakes on their red surface.

Spiced Apple Rings

Select tart apples—the better their flavor the better the candy. Quarter and core them. To eight medium-sized apples add one and one-half cups of water, and cook until they are very soft. Rub the apples through a fine strainer. To this cooked pulp add two cups of sugar and one-half cup of little bright-red cinnamon candies—the "hot drops" of your childhood—remembered from the confectioner's. The candies will dissolve and give the apple a bright-red color and a spicy flavor. Cook, stirring to prevent burning, until the whole mass is so thick that it will pull away from the sides of the pan. A teaspoonful taken out on a saucer should be firm enough to handle when cold. There is little danger of overcooking, but care must be taken not to overcook.

When done, set aside to cool; then spread on heavy wax-paper or on a slightly greased inverted plate. Let cut into one-fourth of an inch thick. Cut into rings with a doughnut-cutter. Take up each ring carefully with a spatula, drop into granulated sugar, and sprinkle with sugar until well covered. Wrap each "hole" may also be rolled in granulated sugar and packed away, to be used later on for giving touches of color to the candies of Christmas candy. The scraps can be rolled into small balls and used as centers for fondant bonbons, or they may be dipped in chocolate.

A variation of this recipe is the candied apple slices. Pare and core the apples and cut them into eighths. Make a syrup by cooking together the two cups of sugar, one-half cup of cinnamon drops, and three-fourths of a cup of water. Into this red syrup put a few slices of the apples and cook slowly until they are tender and of a bright color. Remove from the syrup, drain, and dry on cheese-cloth-covered flats in a very slow oven with the door open until they are dry enough to handle—perhaps an hour. Roll in granulated sugar, and pack in a tin box with wax-paper between the layers.

Pralines are of the South. We find them in San Antonio and New Orleans, but they are too good to be restricted to any one part of the country. They are thin round cakes of candy just as full of pecans as possible. Pecans are at their best when browned in the oven until crisp. The real tall tale flavor is secured by adding burnt sugar to the recipe. This is prepared by putting one tablespoonful of sugar into a small frying-pan and cooking it until it melts and becomes very dark in color. The following recipe comes directly from Louisiana:

Pralines

1 Cupful Brown Sugar 1 Teaspoonful Burnt
1½ Cupful Cream- 1½ Cupful (or More)
sugar Sugar Pecans

PUT all the ingredients except the pecans into a saucepan, and cook, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, until the temperature reaches 144 degrees F. is reached. A spoonful of the candy dropped into cold water forms a

soft ball which holds its shape quite well. Add the crisped pecans and cook, without stirring, until the temperature again reaches 244 degrees F.

Remove from the fire and with a large spoon stir in one spot, rubbing the candy against the side of the pan. In about a minute you will notice a slight scraping sound. Immediately turn out one spoonful of candy from the place where you have been stirring, and drop it into a small greased pan about four inches in diameter. Continue the dipping, putting the spoon back into the same spot each time.

When the candy is cold, invert the pan and the pralines will fall out.

The pralines can be dipped out on a greased inverted plate or baking-sheet instead of into the pans.

Pralines should be slightly granular in texture—not nearly so smooth as fudge or pomach.

Macle pralines are made by substituting maple-sugar for the brown sugar called for in the recipe.

Christmas Creams

2 Cupfuls Sugar 4 Drops Oil of Peppermint
1 Cupful Water 1 Teaspoonful Light Coloring
3 Teaspoonfuls Light Coloring

COOK together the sugar, syrup, and water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, but not afterward. Cook until a teaspoonful of the mixture dropped into cold water will form a hard ball (268 degrees F.). If any sugar-crystals gather on the sides of the pan they should be washed off to prevent the separating of the candy.

Remove from the fire and pour into greased pans. When cool enough to handle add the oil of peppermint, rub up carefully so the flavoring will not be lost, and pull until the candy is white and firm. Stretch out in a long rope and cut into very small pieces. In order that these may "cream" they must be put into a mixture of corn-starch and powdered sugar.

Sift together several times three parts of powdered sugar to one of corn-starch. Place a layer of this mixture in a pan, drop in the pieces of candy, taking care that they do not touch each other, and cover with a second layer of the sugar mixture. Set aside in a cool place. When the shell above the range, or on the radiator, for several hours, until the candy becomes creamy.

For a variety of Christmas creams, use different flavors. For this candy red and white with oil of cinnamon. Lime creams may be made by adding green coloring and oil of lime to the candy. Use only rather thin essences for the flavoring because they are stronger and there is danger of making the candy sticky.

Caramels

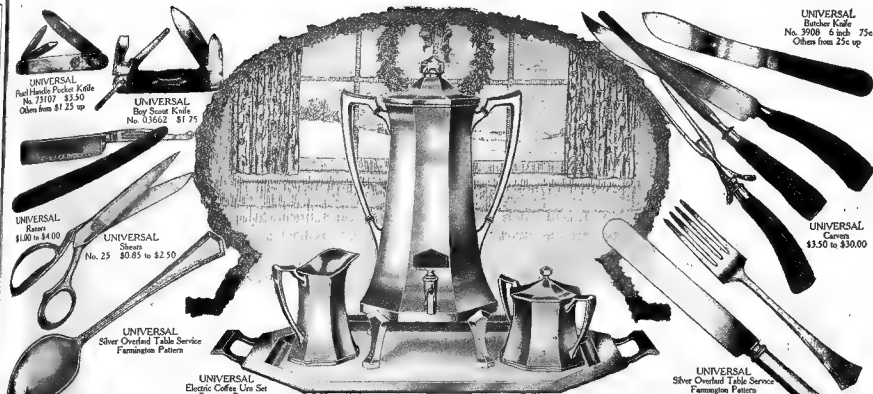
1 Cupful Light-brown Sugar
1 Cupful Granulated Sugar
1 Cupful Light Cream
1 Cupful Condensed Milk
1 Cupful Cream
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

COOK together the sugars, cream, and vanilla. Add the milk, milk, and one-third of the cupful of cream until a teaspoonful of the mixture will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water (236 degrees F.). Add the remainder of the cream and cream and cook until the cold-water test yields a ball of the hardness desired for the finished caramel (140 degrees F.). When finished these caramels in warm weather cook them to 148 degrees F.

Remove from the fire, add vanilla, and turn into greased pans. When cold, turn the whole of the candy from the pan, and cut with a sharp knife making a block of candy. Cut the block of candy, so that it can be cleanly cut into strips with one straight cut and wrapped.

Nuts may be added to this recipe to give variety. Black walnuts or hickory-nuts will make caramels better than you can buy.

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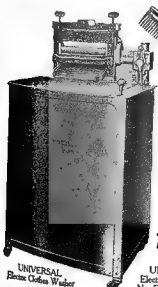
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55
Steps

140 Steps to Scramble Eggs!

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Yet how unnoticed they mount up!

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Women can hardly believe that it takes 140 steps in the average kitchen just to scramble eggs. They are amazed. But that is the fact, as exhaustive tests have proven.

Yet the eggs can be prepared with only 85 steps. Countless women waste 55 steps on this one dish every day. And on every dish they waste steps just as fast. Health is often broken by the strain, as every woman knows.

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Mr. Harrington Emerson, the famous Efficiency Engineer, collaborated with leading Domestic Scientists. They found 2113 steps are taken every day in the average American kitchen to get three simple meals. They proved that fully 1592 of these steps are absolutely unnecessary.

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Thousands were spent on

these studies. They showed definitely how to end the heavy toll that ages women before their time.

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Mr. Emerson proved by repeated actual tests that the same cooks who took 996 steps to get dinner could get the same meal in the same kitchen with only 262 steps with the aid of a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet. The practical value of this greatest labor saver was simply amazing.

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This book, like the Napanee itself, brings you scientific aid. The Napanee is scientifically designed to make every motion and minute count. Its newer, greater aids are responsible for its extraordinary savings. Your dealer will show them to you. Send, too, for the book and learn these latest developments in kitchen economies.

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PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

PLAN YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER EARLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

rated with loosely arranged bunches of parsley at the ends; a more elaborate decoration is not practical, for it interferes with the carving. The roast duck or chicken is most attractive resting on a bed of fresh watercress or celery-tips. If the cross is lightly dipped in French dressing it is especially nice to serve.

THIN slices of fresh tomato arranged on a bed of lettuce-leaves add color to the baked fresh ham. Nothing makes a prettier garnish for the roast pork than pared and cored steamed apples filled with currant jelly. Curds of lemon-peel and sorrel of parsley surrounding the roast of beef lend out the rich brown color of the roast.

If your family is small enough so that you can dispense with the dining-room table, it saves time to set it the night before with everything in place, except the centerpiece of fruit or flowers.

By planning and working ahead there is comparatively little to do on Christmas day except to have a good time. There are left the preparation of the cocktails or making the champagne, cooking the meat and vegetables and cutting the bread or crisping the rolls, unmolding of the jelly and making the salad if it is not a molded one, and fixing the centerpiece for the table. Then the dinner must be served, and the rest of the day is yours, Mrs. Hostess.



CHRISTMAS MENUS

BOUILLON CRISP CRACKERS
OLIVES SALTED NUTS CHERRY
ROAST TURKEY WITH CHRISTMAS DRESSING
MASHED POTATOES BUTTERED ONIONS
BAKED SQUASH
CAULIFLOWER JELLY
ROLLS BUTTER-BALLS
LETTUCE SALAD—FRENCH DRESSING
CHERRY-STRAWS
PLUM PUDDING—RAISIN CAKE
COFFEE

OLIVES FRUIT COCKTAIL CHERRY
BAKED BREAST OF HAM BOND AND
STUFFED OR ROAST PORK
GRAPE JELLY
DUCHESS POTATOES GLAZED SWEET POTATOES
BUTTERED BAUBLES SPROUTS
PARSNIP HOUSE ROLLS BUTTER-BALLS
MAPLE MOUSSE SPONGE-STICKS
MIXED NUTS RAISIN
COFFEE

CLEAR TOMATO SOUP OLIVES
BREAD-STICKS BUTTERED ONIONS
ROAST BEEF OR TURKISH LEG OF LAMB WITH
MUSHROOM SAUCE
POTATOES ON THE HALF-SHELL
BUTTERED CRUMB TURKISH OR SPINACH
ROLLS
JELLIED FRUIT SALAD WITH WHIPPED-CREAM
DRESSING
MINCE PIE COFFEE

HALF GRAPEFRUIT WITH CHERRY GARNISH
ROAST CHICKEN OR TURKEY WITH
BREAD STUFFING GRAVY
MASHED POTATOES BUTTERED ONIONS
BAKED SQUASH
ROLLS BUTTER-BALLS
PLUM PUDDING STEERING SAUCE
RED AND WHITE MINTS
COFFEE

ANCHOVY CANAPÉS
ROAST GOOSE OR DUCK WITH APPLE SAUCE
MASHED POTATOES
CAULIFLOWER CREAMED OR BUTTERED
BREAD BUTTER
ASPARAGUS SALAD WITH VINAIGRETTE DRESSING
WAFERS
MINCE PIE COFFEE



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Diagrams, Menus
Dinner, Monday
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Dinner, Saturday
Dinner, Sunday
Dinner, Monday
Dinner, Tuesday
Dinner, Wednesday
Dinner, Thursday
Dinner, Friday
Dinner, Saturday
Dinner, Sunday

A FRENCH DRESSING is, basically, an oil, an acid, and salt and pepper. With an additional flavor if you want it.

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LITTLE CAKES FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES

BY HENRIETTA JESSUP

THE holiday season brings with it the usual round of parties, and then come the teas and receptions in a final wave as the Winter advances. Hostesses who prefer on such occasions to serve small cakes and cookies with individuality rather than loaf or layer cake will find a variety of recipes here which will be suitable for almost any entertainment.

Marble-Cakes

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 Cupful Brown Sugar | 1/4 Cupful Candied Orange-peel or Citron |
| 2 Cupfuls Flour | 1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder |
| 1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder | 1 Teaspoonful Orange-juice |
| 2 Teaspoonfuls Cinnamon | 3/4 Teaspoonful Salt |
| 2 Teaspoonfuls Gristed Nutmeg | 2 Egg Yolks |
| 1 Teaspoonful Mace | 2 Egg Whites |

SIFT together the flour, baking-powder, and spices. Sift again after adding the sugar. Then make a well in the center of the sifted dry ingredients; add the eggs, unbeaten, and stir in the mixture a little at a time. Beat well for about five minutes. Add the orange-juice and grated rind and chopped fruit. Make into balls the size of a large walnut, dropping the fingers into pulverized sugar. Bake on oiled or buttered paper, an inch apart, in a hot oven.

Walnut Macaroons

- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Egg White | 1/2 Cupful Sugar | 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla |
| 1/2 Cupful Brown Sugar | 1/2 Cupful Chopped Walnuts | 1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice |

BEAT the egg white stiff. Add the sugar a little at a time, then the chopped walnuts, salt, and lemon-juice. Fold in lightly. Drop from a dessert-spoon, at least an inch apart, on oiled paper. Bake in a moderate oven.

Nut Wafers

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 4 Teaspoonfuls Butter | 1/4 Cupful Flour |
| 1/4 Cupful Pulverized Sugar | 1/4 Teaspoonful Vanilla |
| 1/4 Cupful Milk | 1/4 Cupful Rolled Nuts |

CREAM the butter and stir in the sugar. Add the sifted flour and milk to first mixture, stirring alternately. Then stir in flavoring. Spread as thinly as possible on inverted square tin, well greased. Scatter rolled nuts on top. Mark off in oblong shapes.

Ever-Ready Cakes

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1/4 Cupful Butter | 1/4 Teaspoonful Cloves |
| 1 Cupful Brown Sugar | 1/4 Teaspoonful Nutmeg |
| 2 Eggs | 1 Teaspoonful Seedless Raisins |
| 1/4 Cupful Flour | 1/4 Teaspoonful Cinnamon |
| 1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon | 1/4 Cupful Chopped Nuts |

CREAM the butter, then add the sugar gradually. Stir in the eggs, well beaten. Sift the rest of the dry ingredients together, and add these gradually to the first mixture. Stir in the seedless raisins and nuts last. Place by spoonfuls on shallow greased pan. Bake till brown. These cakes improve with age.

Cream Cookies

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1/4 Cupful Sour Cream | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 1 Teaspoonful Hot Water | 1/4 Teaspoonful Vanilla |
| 1 Teaspoonful Soda | 1 Teaspoonful Salt |
| 1 Teaspoonful Soda | 1 Teaspoonful Lard |

DISSOLVE the soda in hot water and add to the cream. Sift the dry ingredients and stir into the cream. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan. Bake till brown. Remove from pan while warm.

Scandinavian Cookies

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Cupful Butter | 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla |
| 1 Cupful Pulverized Sugar | 1/4 Cupfuls Flour |
| 1 Egg | 1/4 Cupful Chopped Citron |

CREAM the butter. Add the sugar, then the unbeaten egg, and beat the mixture well for several minutes. Then

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



Is your boy warm inside as well as outside?

HOW carefully you bundle the little fellow up to protect him against the weather—but do you feed his body as carefully as you clothe it?

Among fuel foods "oats" or "oatmeal" is first choice, but there is as wide a difference between rolled oats as between wool and cotton clothing.

In choosing, the safest way is to specify H-O (Hornby's Oats)—the only oats prepared for the food needs of children by thorough steam-cooking and pan-toasting.

H-O is steam-cooked in closed kettles for hours at a heat of 250 degrees. The steam-cooking breaks down each starch cell, dextrinizes the starch and makes H-O digestible, nourishing and different.

H-O is also pan-toasted for four hours over live coal fires at a temperature of 650 degrees. This gives H-O its brown color and delicious flavor.

H-O digests better, makes children healthy and strong and is perfect food for all. Every home can afford it, for health is cheap at any price.

Trial package free. Write Dept. A.

THE
H-O CEREAL COMPANY, INC.
BURLINGTON, N. Y., AND
ATA, CANADA

Also Makers of
FORCE Whole Wheat Flakes
PERFECT Self-Rising Flour



H-O OATS
Steam Cooked for HEALTH
Pan Toasted for FLAVOR

H-O is packed in new improved lined-wrapped and corner-ruled package

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

LABOR-SAVING DEVICES PAY?

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

FEATURES OF THIS SOUTHERN COLONIAL HOUSE

Cork mats in bathroom, which do not require the frequent cleaning that cloth mats require.

KITCHEN cabinets, having a place for all utensils and supplies in frequent use. Electric dishwasher, located with the plumbing. Sink and draining rack at a height of thirty-two inches from floor to top of sink. Windows near range to prevent draft from blowing range fire. Hot water heater. Range with oven-broiler regulator. Steam-pressure cooker for cooking and during cooking. Freezer compartment in sink. Metal table, attractive and easily cleaned. High stool for standing at sink. Rack space for hanging aprons. Built-in cupboard in pantry. Dumbwaiter, built-in lunch-cabinet combined—runs from kitchen to third floor. Ample closet space for coats, storage of food. Ample closet space for coats, and dust-cloths. Freezer in broom closet.

Is plenty of room for two persons should two persons wish to work at these tasks at the same time. Room also for a maid's dining-table.

Electric washing-machine with special gas-attachment for boiling clothes in the machine, eliminating the need for boiling clothes separately for this purpose. For symmetry the water is set against the boiler, so that the water reaches from water to second tub.

Instantaneous automatic hot water heater for supplying hot water to all the hot-water faucets in the house by a mere turn of the handle.

Electrically operated but gas-heated ironing-machine.

Ironing board for sitting at the ironer and at the ironing-board.

Ironing-board on a stand, with sleeve-board attached.

Overhead clothes-dryer for drying clothes.

Overhead This dryer is used weekly for drying colored clothes which should be kept in the sun and used in the same way for the rest of the year.

Walls of kitchen-lambsly tiled part way; the balance of smooth plaster painted with enamel paint, easy to wash.

Flooring—hardwood, covered with heavy linoleum, waxed for purposes of preserving it and making it easy to keep clean.

Dining-room:

Electric toaster, percolator, chafing-dish, refrigerator, and teapot.

Other Parts of the House:

Magazine feed-boller for heating the home, requiring only a few minutes of twenty-four hours each in the most severe weather.

Two yerradins from first floor and one in large bedroom on second floor.

A wooden box for holding muding ashes to receptacle in cellar, from where they are removed only at the end of each season.

There are also electric heating two or more devices from the same electric outfit.

There are also electric heating places for connecting electric lamps.

Electric vacuum cleaner, having all attachments for cleaning mattresses, pillows, upholstery, clothing, stains, walls, and ceilings.
Electrically heated curling-irons, heating and bottle-warmer.

Bathrooms:
Floor-scales for weighing adults as well as baby.
Tiled floor.
Wall partly tiled, enamel paint rest of wall on ceiling.
Toilette showed that a woman may not want to wear a cap to prevent her hair from getting wet.
Large closet for medicines, water-bottles, and other necessities.
Small wall-cabinet for daily supplies.
Shower and electric light placed conveniently for shaving.
Set-in tub, requiring no cleaning underneath.
Cork mats in bathroom, which do not rot and are easy to clean.
The frequent cleaning that cloth mats require.

Color-Scheme:
Deep cream, with soft green trimmings.

PICTORIAL REVIEWS
HOME BUREAU

DO LABOR-SAVING
DEVICES PAY?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

motor for her machine she can easily make even the bed-linen. One may sew as fast or as slowly as one likes with the electric motor, and to sew fast requires no more effort than to deliberate over a seam. Of course, we all realize that the home-made clothes, if well made, will wear much longer than those purchased ready-made at the same price, and the style and material may be selected to suit the figure and personality of the wearer instead of having a new clothes exactly like those every one else wears. If only house-dresses, children's clothes, underwear, aprons, and bed-linen are made, there will be a wide margin left from the clothing allowance.

The prospective mother should not be without an electric sewing-machine. Then as a time when a woman wants to sew and needs to sew; yet all doctors will advise a woman not to pedal a sewing-machine at this period. Baby-clothes cost little if made at home, while a layette is an expensive bit of wardrobe when purchased ready to wear.

What woman has not been to her ice-box and found to her great dismay that the ice was not lasted as long as she thought. It would not be that some article of food is spoiled because. This will not happen with an electric ice-box. A saving in time in cleaning the ice-box, a much diminished risk, is experienced each week by those who have installed an electric refrigerator, which provides clean, cold, dry air.

THE actual cost of the electric refrigerator does not seem so great for a long time, since the cost of current in the majority of towns just about offsets the cost of ice for keeping the best half-way cold, which is the state in which most ice-boxes are kept. A doctor once told the writer that more babies had upset stomachs from the condition of the ice-box than mothers realized, and that as a rule the trouble was laid to the wrong food instead of to the wrong condition of the milk can, it should have been.

The little plug for connecting two or more devices from the same electric outlet pays its cost four or five times over before it is used, inasmuch as it reduces so considerably the amount it would cost to connect an extra device by means of the extension of another outlet. Often a better time will be necessary when connecting two devices from the same outlet, for the reason that fuses of certain capacity are adapted for carrying just a certain amount of current, and to increase the amount of current which will be needed for the extra device may blow out a fuse just when it is most needed. A fuse costs little and an exchange of an old one for a new one in the switch-box is easily performed. It can be done at more definite results in computing the saving experienced in owning a sewing-machine and an ironing-machine than by almost any other device, and the following figures are taken from actual experience and are conclusive proof of just what laundry machinery will do in the way of saving the family budget:

Cost of laundry for one year in a family of six before electric machines were installed:

Wages of laundress, 1 1/2 day per week, at \$3 per day (\$2 x \$4.50).....	\$34.00
Gas, 10 cents per week, for 52 weeks.....	5.20
Waxes.....	10.40
Two meals for laundress each week at 15 cents per day (low estimate).....	36.40
Extra days work for blanchets, small soap, drieries, etc., 4 days, at 14¢ (includes gas-fare and laundry allowance).....	13.80
Gas for heating-iron, 25 cents per week.....	13.00
	\$115.00

Cost of laundry for the same period of time in the same family after machinery was installed:

Wages of laundress, 1 day per week, at \$3.45 (includes gas-fare and laundry), during which time all blanchets, rags, drieries, etc., are washed, the ironing completed, and, in addition, kitchen and bathroom floor washed each week: \$170.40	
The house use of current each week, at 2 cents per hour (4 x 50).....	2.08
Soap, 12 weeks, at 8 cents (no soap-made with washing-machine).....	4.16
Gas for heating ironing-machine.....	12.50
Electricity for operating ironing-machine.....	1.56
Electric iron.....	5.00
Electricity for heating iron for the small amount of hand-ironing necessary.....	4.68
	\$209.44

Saving experienced in the course of a year. In less than a year and a half either the washer or the ironer would pay for itself, and if one dispensed with the service of a laundress entirely an extra \$170.40 per year would be saved. It is quite a common thing for a woman to do her laundry work herself after she has her machines installed, since the work is really much easier with their use than with the old-fashioned method, and the annoyance of having this one extra man in the household each week is eliminated.

Useful Gift Suggestions

There are six on this page

One way to make your finest rugs last longer

Embedded dirt, the sand and grit tracked in from street or yard, keeps cutting away at the nap of a rug—its sharp edges pressed against the fibres by all the weight of your body with every step.

The Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper makes rugs last longer because it gets this ground-in dirt. Most methods of cleaning do not.

The long bristles of the motor-driven brush loosen dirt from the thickest rug. Then dirt, dust and lint are picked up by powerful suction and drawn into the dust-bag.

Yet this action is not too forceful. The remarkable feature of the Western Electric brush is that, while motor-driven, it is geared down to just the right speed for gentle yet thorough cleaning.

Clean the Western Electric way, easy on your rugs and easy on yourself. And remember this as your guarantee of satisfaction: back of the Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper and of all six Western Electric appliances—is an organization with 53 years' reputation in the electrical industry.

Send for booklet "The Eight Hour Day in the Home." How to save your time and strength. Address Western Electric House-keeping Dept., 10 Day St., New York.



The Clothes Washer

The Dishwasher



The Ironer

The Sewing Machine



The Range



Remember the general Servant Girl of 20 years ago? Her work is now done just as well by the six Western Electric appliances.

Western Electric

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

NEW YORK PUBLIC



The Christmas Gift That Makes Kitchen Work Easy

TELL your husband this year to give you the one gift that will help you all day long, every day in the year. Ask him for a HOOSIER, the kitchen convenience that robs housework of its most trying monotony and makes difficult kitchen tasks easy.

How HOOSIER Helps

Even in a so-called "modern kitchen," unless you own a HOOSIER you take miles of unnecessary steps each day. You stand for long stretches of time, when you might as well be doing your work seated—at your ease. You encounter needless backaches and muscle-strains, because your work-table is unadjusted to your height. And you waste hours of precious time, that should be given over to rest and recreation.

Why HOOSIER Excels

Nothing you can buy or build will do so much to simplify your work and to save your energy, as the HOOSIER. The built-in shelves and counters which add so much to the good looks of the room are useful only as storage equipment. They can not take the place of the HOOSIER, and are never as helpful as they should be unless there is also a HOOSIER in the room.

For the HOOSIER is a scientific

labor-saving machine that almost hands you the things you need.

Many of its most important improvements are *exclusive* and protected by patents. Only on the HOOSIER can you get the wonderful shaker-flour-sifter, the revolving spice-caster, the unobstructed work-space, the completely equipped automatic cutlery drawer and the adjusted height which gives you a work-table exactly suited to your build.

Get Your Christmas HOOSIER on Liberal Terms— You'll Never Miss the Money

Tell your husband to get you a HOOSIER for Christmas. Every day you do without it, you pay an unnecessary toll in needless work and worry.

Let us tell you how to get the HOOSIER on such liberal terms that you will never miss the money. Also write for our booklet, "A Hoosier Kitchen You Will Love."

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

1222 Pleasant Street, Newcastle, Indiana

Branch: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, California

Offices: 368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Ideal Furniture Equipment, 9 Preston Street, Liverpool, England



A Free Book for Home Builders

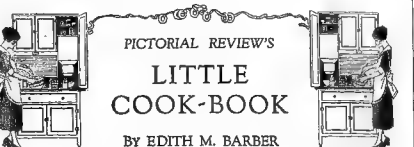
The illustration and kitchen plan on this page are reproduced from Hoosier's Kitchen Plan Book—a book made up of prize-winning kitchen plans, submitted in competition by 343 leading architectural draughtsmen. If you are planning to build or remodel a kitchen, mail the coupon for this book. It is full of money-saving ideas. And it's FREE.

To the
HOOSIER
Manufacturing
Company, 1222
Pleasant Street,
Newcastle, Indiana.

I will appreciate receiving FREE your book of model kitchen plans.

Name _____

Address _____



PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

TO DO justice to the most delicate of meats, chicken, like the other members of the poultry family, needs to be properly cooked. A fowl must not be broiled nor a broiler stewed. "Broilers" for broiling, "stewers" for stewing, and "roasters" for roasting. And for that "something different" try some of the Special Meat Dishes.

MEATS—POULTRY

"POULTRY" includes chicken, duck, turkey, goose, and game-birds. It is the exceptional person who does not place one or all on his list of favorite foods. They are usually the "party" and Sunday features of our menus and often, on account of the comparatively high price, are used exclusively for special occasions. The large amount of bone which we buy at "meat" prices makes us pay high for all from broilers to fowl.

The same general methods may be used for cooking all varieties of poultry. A young bird of whatever sort is suitable for frying, broiling, or oven broiling. An older bird may be roasted, while a fowl may be steamed, braised, or stewed.

To prepare any kind of poultry for cooking:

1. Singe over flame to remove hairs.
2. Take out pin-feathers with a sharp knife.
3. Remove head and feet if not already removed by the butcher.
4. Make a slit below the breast-bone and take out carefully the organs. Discard all except the liver, heart, and gizzard. Remove the inside muck of the gizzard with a sharp knife, and discard. Take care not to break the gall-bladder, which is attached to the liver, and which should be cut out.
5. Wash the inside and outside, making sure that the lungs (the red masses under the backbone) and the kidney near by are removed.
6. Cut out the oil-bag at the end of the neck (popo's nose).

Roast Chicken, Turkey, and Duck

DRESS, clean, and stuff the bird. Rub or skewer the skin together over the stuffing in the breast and neck. Rub with salt, flour, and dot with butter. Place in a hot oven until brown. Reduce the heat, and baste occasionally with the juice and fat in the pan. If the chicken is lacking in fat, dissolve butter in hot water and use for basting. When the breast meat is tender, the chicken is cooked enough. A five-pound chicken should cook about one and

one-half hour and a ten-pound turkey should cook about three hours.

Cutting Up Fowl

DRESS and singe the fowl. Remove with a sharp knife the legs at the upper joint, close to the body, and separate the "second joint" from the drumstick at the joint. Remove the wings close to the body and separate each at the middle joint. Separate the breast from the back and carefully remove the organs. Cut the breast in half lengthwise and the back in half crosswise.

Fried Chicken

CUT young chicken or broilers into pieces; rub with flour, salt, and pepper, and sauté in an iron frying-pan in bacon fat or butter until evenly browned. Serve with a brown gravy made according to the directions in "Fricassee of Chicken." If an older chicken is used simmer as for "Fricassee."

Fricassee of Chicken

DRESS, clean, and cut in four into pieces. Add enough water to cover, season and simmer until tender. Remove from the water, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and fry in butter. Remove to a hot platter. Melt one-third cupful of butter, add two-thirds cupful of flour, brown with butter, and add three cupfuls of stock in which the chicken was cooked and one-half cupful of milk. Let come to a boil and serve around the chicken. If a white fricassee is preferred do not brown the chicken or the flour and use one-half instead of two-thirds cupful of flour.

Broilers.

DRESS the broilers, rub inside and out with flour, salt, and pepper. Dot with butter or bacon fat. Place in a dripping-pan and sprinkle with sliced onion. Cook in a hot oven until tender (about three-quarters of an hour), baste occasionally with the fat. They may be cooked in the oven twenty minutes and broiled on a broiler for five to ten minutes. Fried broilers may be prepared by following directions for "Fried Chicken."

MEATS—SPECIAL DISHES

THE use of the organs, such as the heart, liver, kidney, sweetbread, which tongue gives us that something different which we all seek occasionally for the meat course. Each week is used often to place one of these on the menu. Sweetbreads in season are a popular delicacy, and tongue is a welcome change in most households, while the taste for liver, kidney, and heart, if they are unfamiliar meats in our already formed food habits, may be cultivated. Indeed it is often a matter of proper cooking and seasoning which introduces them and procures for these former strangers a welcome to our menus.

Heart

WASH a calf's or beef's heart, removing the membranes surrounding it. Fill with bread stuffing, rub with salt and pepper and flour, and sear in hot fat. Half cover with boiling water, and simmer two hours on top of the stove, or bake slowly until tender. Serve with savory sauce.

Savory Sauce

2 Tablespoons Fat 2 Cupfuls Liquor in 1 Tablespoon Fat 1 Cupful Flour 1 Teaspoon Salt 1 Cupful Chopped Pepper 1 Tablespoon Stewed Onions

MELT the fat, add the flour and seasoning. Stir until smooth, and add the liquor, and stir over fire until thickens. Add the pickles and olives, and boil two minutes.

Liver

COVER the liver in boiling water for five minutes, drain, remove the skin, dredge with salt, pepper, and flour, and cook in hot frying-pan, with just enough fat to prevent sticking, for five minutes. The fat may be used for frying, and crisp slices of bacon may be used for garnishing.

Kidney

SOAK the beef kidney in cold water one hour, and cut into pieces. Cook in two table-spoons of hot oil in a frying-pan, and not more than five minutes.

flour, season with salt and pepper, add one cupful of water, and cook until the sauce thickens, adding more water if necessary. Overcooking toughens the kidney.

Sweetbreads

REMOVE sweetbreads from the paper as soon as they are received from the market, and plunge them into cold water. Let stand one hour, and cook slowly in boiling water fifteen minutes. Split and broil or separate into pieces and serve with two cupfuls of white sauce. Cook two table-spoons of onion with the butter when preparing the white sauce.

Sweetbread Mousse

1 Pair Sweetbreads 1 Cupful Chopped Onions 1 Cupful Sweetbread 1 Chopped Onion 1 Stuck 2 Egg Yolks 1 Tablespoon Gelatin (Wiggin) 1 Tablespoon Calf's Head Cream 1 Cupful Chopped Onions

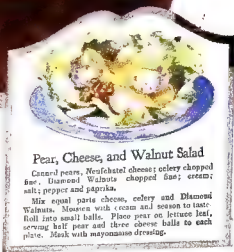
COOK the sweetbreads, and separate into small pieces. Add to the gelatin one-fourth cupful of stock, in which the sweetbreads have been cooked. Add the one cupful of stock to the slightly beaten yolks of eggs, and add the onion, and cook in a double boiler until the mixture comes the spoon. Add the gelatin, set in cold water to harden, and when it begins to set, add the sweetbreads, nuts, and cream. Pour into a mold and set in a cold place to harden. Serve garnished with lettuce and mayonnaise.

Tongue

A SMOKED tongue should be soaked in cold water several hours before cooking, while a fresh tongue may be placed at once in boiling water. Cook in a double boiler until the tongue is tender, and then remove the skin. Tongue may be served with sauce, or it may be served cold, sliced, and garnished with cucumber pickles.

French-Fried Liver

CUT liver into cubes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dredge with flour. Fry in deep fat about a minute and serve garnished with sliced Bermuda onion and cold, sliced, and garnished with cucumber pickles.



Pear, Cheese, and Walnut Salad

Cracked pears, half-sized cheese; celery chopped fine; Diamond Walnuts chopped fine; cream; salt; pepper and paprika.
Mix equal parts cheese, celery and Diamond Walnuts. Moisten with cream and season to taste with fine small balls. Place pear on lettuce leaf, serving half pear and three cheese balls to each plate. Dress with mayonnaise dressing.

For New Delicacies Add a Few Flavery Diamond Walnuts

Your Thanksgiving and holiday dinners will have a new attractiveness if you add delicious Diamond Walnuts to your favorite recipes.

The crisp, plump meats lend distinctive flavor to salads, cakes, desserts, etc.

For the Nut-Bowl

Of course the nut-bowl—Walnuts and raisins—is an institution at holiday time. Diamond Walnuts are just right for it. They are the big, fine-looking, thin-shelled ones, filled with plump, delicious meats.

To give you the kind of Walnuts that satisfy you we carefully select the best from the great California crop and name them "Diamond." They are hand-sorted to cull out those which are not sound and right in appearance.

They are weight-tested to eliminate

those with light and shrivelled meats. They are graded for size and finally are crack-tested—generous samples of each shipment actually cracked to allow us to "look inside" and select the good Walnuts for you.

Diamond Walnuts cost about the same as other kinds, but because they provide more meats per pound are more economical.

Wonderful Nutrition

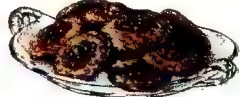
Walnuts are one of the most serviceable foods because they not only lend delicious flavor to other foods, but also provide wonderful nourishment. They are over 96 per cent pure nutrition, a most efficient food.

You can only be sure of getting these satisfactory Walnuts, by asking your grocer to fill your order from the sack marked with the Diamond trade mark, like the one on this page.

Walnut Poultry Dressing

- 1 cup nuts
- 1 loaf stale bread
- 1 large onion, chopped fine
- 1 cup celery, chopped fine
- 1 cup Diamond Walnut meats, chopped fine
- 3 tablespoons prepared poultry seasoning
- Salt and pepper

Coat giblets until tender and chop fine. Break bread into small pieces. Add giblets and other ingredients in order given. Moisten with liquid in which giblets were cooked, being careful not to get too moist as dressing is better if a little dry. Stuff fowl with dressing and roast in the usual manner.



Hermit Cookies

- 1 cup butter (or substitute)
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup chopped seedless raisins
- 2 cups chopped Diamond Walnut meats
- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups cream
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 level teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup hot water

Cream butter, add sugar, eggs well beaten, soda dissolved in hot water; flour sifted with spices and salt, nuts and raisins. Drop from spoon on greased pan and bake in moderate oven.



CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION

A Purely Co-operative, Non-profit Organization of Over 4,000 Growers
Our Yearly Production More Than Forty Million Pounds
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

DIAMOND Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The can contains halves for topping and slicing, as well as pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected halves for table use and fancy dishes.

MANY recipes just as tempting as those on this page are contained in the revised edition of "Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. You may have one on request. Address Dept. 708.



DIAMOND California WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Quartette of Beauty outspoken in MINERALAVA's praise



"MINERALAVA is my most cherished habit."
MARJORIE RAMBEAU



"I use MINERALAVA regularly and would not be without it."
JULIA SANDERSON



"MINERALAVA has kept my skin in a state of radiant health."
BILLIE BURKE



"MINERALAVA is a part of my everyday toilet."
IRENE BORDONI

By HECTOR FULLER

Four different types of Beauty!
Any sane man, without being rude, would turn around in the street to take a second look at any one of them—at Billie Burke, Julia Sanderson, Irene Bordoni or Marjorie Rambeau.

And they all testify gladly concerning the wonders accorded Mineralava by the beauties of the stage and screen.

There never has been another Beauty Clay in the world with such marvelous properties as Mineralava possesses. So beware of the imitations!

Hundreds of thousands of women from the homes of America have written voluntary letters backing with their honest endorsements the praise accorded Mineralava by the beauties of the stage and screen.

MINERALAVA BEAUTY CLAY

Mineralava Beauty Clay is Nature's way to Beauty for all women. Its most marvelous and potent qualities were created in nature's silent and potent way through the centuries. Twenty-three years ago its remarkable affinity for the blemishes which affect the skin was discovered. And then, tested by the notable chemists of Europe and America, there were added to it certain medical ingredients of great healing and restorative power, until to-day the complete product is the greatest boon that seekers after perfect complexions have ever known.

THE EVIL OF SKIN-MALNUTRITION

Every face and neck that is subject to wrinkles, sagging muscles, pimples, blackheads, coarse and oily skin or enlarged pores, is suffering from "skin-malnutrition."

Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., famous skin specialist of London, states that the human skin is made up of two layers, the outer called the Epidermis; the inner called the Dermis. As it grows the outer skin flakes and falls away, but all the time the Dermis or baby under-skin is preparing to take its place.

Mineralava acts directly through the pores on this growing under-skin. It builds up the tiny muscles, restores the vitality to the tissues; stimulates a healthy circulation of the blood; corrects "skin-malnutrition" of no matter how long stand-

ing; and so nourishes the under-skin that it is ready when the time comes to take its place in the perfect complexion, new-born and beautiful.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF

Mineralava is applied to the face and neck with a soft brush that comes with the bottle. In ten minutes a dainty, fragrant mask has been formed. Beneath this you feel the medical ingredients penetrating the pores, re-vitalizing the tissues; building up the tiny muscles; stimulating the blood circulation. The mild and gentle pulsation you feel, the pleasant constriction, will convince you how wonderfully and effectively Mineralava is doing its work.

Wash off the mask—look into the mirror—it will be a newer, fresher, more colorful and a healthier face you will see!

Enthusiastic women declare that:

A MINERALAVA SKIN NEVER AGES

Long after Mineralava was brought to its present high state of perfection its use was limited to the exclusive beauty parlors, where women gladly paid \$5, \$10 and even \$15 for a single treatment. To-day it has been brought within reach of every American home.

In spite of its original high cost Mineralava is at the service of all women to-day at \$2.00 a bottle. Each bottle contains enough for eighteen full treatments; a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment.

THE INTRODUCTORY TRIAL TUBE

So that the greatest number of people may be able to reap benefit from the Mineralava treatment, we have placed on the market an introductory

trial Tube at 50 cents. If you use this Trial Tube as directed we are certain that you who are in search of that glowing glory of radiant womanhood, beauty, will not fail to get the full eighteen treatments in the \$2 bottle, and thereafter will give Mineralava a permanent and honored place on your dressing table.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE

We do no mail order business. Mineralava Beauty Clay and Mineralava Face Finish are on sale at all reputable Drug and Department stores. If you can not get the Introductory Trial Tube from your dealer fill out the coupon below; mail it to-day and we will see that it reaches you at once and that thereafter your dealer will be equipped to fill your future requirements. Your own dealer is authorized to refund the money to any reader of this magazine who uses a complete \$2.00 Bottle of Mineralava without getting the same satisfying results as described herein. You take no risk whatever. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West Nineteenth St., New York.

A MINERALAVA SKIN NEVER AGES

Mineralava

Beauty Clay—Face Finish
PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
Distributor

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

R. E. 15-22

Scott's Preparations, Inc.
251 West 19th Street, New York City
Enclosed find 50c for which send me a Mineralava Trial Tube.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town..... State.....

My dealer's name is.....



BEAUTY GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

BY MARGARET W. WATSON

HAVE you ever noticed how surprisingly different some women are to the proper care of their bodies and to discrimination in the use of toilet-artifices? Have you shaken your head in wonder, as I have, to see that into regularly little cupboards half filled with old medicine-bottles, worn-out atomizers, and the stoppers of departed hot-water bottles, these women will cram ancient and unsavory jars of face-cream, powder-puffs that should long since have gone to the attic-loft, and a dozen other dingy little things, apparently aimed at destroying rather than adding to the beauty of their owners?

Doubtless you are familiar with sights such as these and have wondered why such things should be, since nine out of ten of these women, down in their hearts, are worshippers of beauty. They will go into estates over a lovely flower-garden, a child's stilly curls, the soft, white fur of a pet Angora, and yet give less attention to themselves than they should be required in even the most conservative estimate. The result is that many of them look "hopeless," as the current expression goes.

Now, to tell the truth, as far as appearance is concerned, few women are really so "hopeless." Whenever may be said of disposition, or character, or brains, appearance is a transformable thing that, with a little time, a little money, and a lot of common sense and good will, can be made to look as Christmas time is a good time to decide what you really need and want in the way of toilet-artifices; it is a good time, also, to discover the secret wishes of your friends.

A gift that nearly every woman would ask of a Santa Claus, were she ever to come face to face with this mythical and much-sought-after being, is that of beauty. But even fairy godmothers appear to bid a farewell to the joys of the gift that old Santa Claus comes along to our aid once a year. If we can not ask him for the gift of beauty, we can at least ask for those things which have a good deal toward preserving what good looks we may have. And sometimes he carries in that well-equipped bag of his, made of gifts which will give to the luckiest woman a charm she little suspected of acquiring able to acquire able to acquire.

Therefore, when Christmas time comes around, my advice to women is this: If we have any influence with Santa Claus, let us prevail upon him to put into your stocking as many toilet-gifts as you can coax from him. He is a jolly old thing, with doubtless an eye for pretty women, so I feel sure he will favor you upon your desires.

In the days when the things we wanted from Santa Claus were toys and dolls, holly-his and woolly hoars, we used to make lists, or some one made them for us. That is what I propose to do now. No, as a list, but rather a number of suggestions which may prove helpful when you come to draw up your own list of the things you would like to have, or to give.

At the Perfume Counter

THERE are so many things a woman wants and needs in the way of aids to beauty that it is rather hard to begin. But I have been more confronted by beauty's deities than at this moment. I have seen a lady with an array of perfume-bottles, soaps, cofrets, perfumes, powders, scented, and what not—how many a woman! Fortunately personal taste or whim usually tips the balance in one direction or another, or we should all be lost forever in indication over the brilliant counters of the *parfumeries*.

One's choice inclines perhaps most naturally to perfumes when one is thinking of a gift for the dressing-table. Since the days of ancient, sweet essences of all kinds have been considered ideal gifts. But it is to-day, when the science of perfume-making has been carried to perfection and when the lovely concoctions show all the skill of the artist, that we are able to find in perfumes the greatest field for individual fancy and delight.

The world-wide demand for perfumes is one illustrated by a few statistics. To quote a recent writer: "In one large perfume, in one year, the following houses used 4,400 tons of roses, 1,750 tons of orange-blossoms, 134 tons of violets, 10 tons of jasmine, 70 tons of ylang-ylang, 10 tons of lemongrass, and every climate gives up its flowers for the making of perfumes." The attractive industry of Bulgaria and Turkey is most intensive; from Algeria come rose-geranium oils unsurpassed; England gives

lavender and peppermint; from Italy, citrus-essence in huge quantities; the Far East contributes fragrances best identified as Oriental. To-day, in the Golden State of California, extensive experiments are being made in growing scent-giving flowers."

If we need further proof that the world loves perfumes we have only to note the fascinating displays that confront us in all kinds of shops, both big and small. There is no excuse for buying perfume unsuited to the person for whom it is intended. One of the great variety of exquisite French and domestic perfumes on the market there is usually one that best expresses your personality, most definitely represents that intangible and mysterious something that distinguishes you as to type and character. I do not wish to carry this theory to the point of exaggeration, but I do wish to emphasize the fact that perfumes should be as carefully considered as color or style in dress. The perfume that exactly suits a fascinating and sophisticated woman of one type may not at all harmonize with the personality of a young girl or a breezy, outdoor kind of woman.

It is interesting to note how the demand for small bottles of perfume has resulted in a great variety of different forms. The small bottle is particularly useful in traveling, whether one is going on a journey a month or a day. Also it makes possible a certain amount of pleasant experimenting with perfumes, and, as you know, is the favorite—a process that is not possible when one buys larger and more costly bottles.

New extracts are being put out by the well-known French houses, some of them very fascinating. The beautiful satin or leather boxes, in which the bottles come, are of great interest. The small bottles, too, have their lovely little cases. An unusual little bottle I saw recently was of Chinese design in white and green, a striking little thing that seemed rather like a museum piece and yet was well within the reach of the average purse.

I was delighted with some of the new domestic perfumes that have appeared. It is possible now to get perfumes made on this side of the ocean that compare well in delicacy and distinction and in beauty of presentation with the more expensive perfumes from France.

New Combination Boxes

MOST lovely of gifts for the boudoir are those which we find in perfumes, powders, soap, and often toilet-water and lip-stick in addition. Again, a large variety of assortments and prices offer themselves for consideration. A clever box, among the many I saw, had a large compact with puff in the cover, and, below, a sliding drawer which contained a small box of powder in any one of a number of shades, an eyebrow-pencil, lip-stick, and a small box of silk beauty-cream.

Here, too, we find, besides the exquisite and more expensive cofrets, delightful products of French manufacture, very handsome ones of domestic make that show a taste in color combination and design equalling the excellence of the perfumes and powders enclosed.

Why not give practical gifts at Christmas time? Many a woman would be very ready to accept of a box of toilet preparations for the cure of the skin, for example, than with the foolish substitutes she is likely to get. It is such a gift, a hint that her skin needs improving. The loveliest complexion in the world may need continual care to keep it so. Moreover, the finest skin-tones and -creams are so attractively presented that they make most desirable gifts.

What, for instance, are some of the cream which is to cleanse, soothe, and the general cleansing, and massage-creams which remove the scales of the normal activity of the skin, and the vanishing creams which form a base for powder, there are also the blanching creams which whiten the skin and to remove freckles or other blemishes. The freckles acquired in Summer often, if not removed, show all winter, and while with sport-clothes and an outdoor background they may even add a certain piquancy to a pretty face, they are not in harmony with furs, nor with more formal dress of Winter.

There are other creams to counteract looseness and flabbiness about the cheeks and throat and eyes where the telltale wrinkles begin after a girl is beyond her first youth. There are also the classic creams which likewise tend to eliminate these premature lines, at the same time acting

Why Your Skin Needs a Cleansing Cream

FEW of us realize the importance of keeping our skin clean. A daily bath, while it may be sufficient for the cleanliness of the body, is not enough to thoroughly cleanse the face where the pores are left exposed to dust and dirt. A good cold cream systematically used on your face is the only thing that will keep it really clean. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is unrivaled in its merits as a skin cleanser. Because it is the oldest cold cream on the market, you can be sure of its reliability.

In winter when the blood in your face is whipped by the wind and cold, you are deceived into thinking your circulation is improved. This is only temporary. That same wind that brings the color momentarily to the surface is driving dirt into the pores; is causing chaps, making your skin harsh and sensitive. When you come in out of the wind, rub Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally on your face, applying it with a piece of clean cotton. Leave it on until the stinging has disappeared and you will find your skin unharmed by exposure.

The dirt that has worked its way into the skin during the day should be removed each night with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This regular beautifying period should be part of every woman's daily regime. If you remove the dirt from your skin you will remove the cause of practically all skin trouble.

Dip a piece of cotton, wrung out in tepid or cold water, into your jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Cover your face with a liberal application and let it stay on until your face feels perfectly relaxed. Wipe the cream off with a clean soft towel. This stimulates the tissues and closes the pores again. This simple treatment is all that any normal skin should need.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is sold everywhere at Pre-War Prices. In Tubes, 20c, 25c and 50c. In Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1731, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"



Health and Comfort —for Baby Greater Convenience —for Mother

The
mom
is an
easy
child



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Ask doctors or nurses the chief causes of baby's winter ills. They will tell you "Sudden chills or drafts striking the chest or stomach." They will tell you, too, that Rubens Infant Shirt, with its double thickness over these vital spots, wards off coughs and colds. Baby's future depends upon your loving care now. Don't neglect to clothe him warmly and comfortably.

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Always insist upon seeing the "Rubens" trademark. If any store can't supply you, write us.

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Hosiery

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

HOLEPROOF is the hosiery of lustrous beauty and fine texture that wears so well. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is selected by many people who can afford to pay far more for their hose, but who prefer the Holeproof combination of style and serviceability at such reasonable prices.

Obtainable in Silk, Wool, Silk and Wool, Silk Faced, and Lustrated Lisle.
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PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-In Hospital, New York City

BABY AT ELEVEN MONTHS OF AGE

MY DEAR MRS. N.—: As usual, your report reached me promptly, and I shall be glad to answer your questions according to number:

1. "Paul has gained three-quarters of a pound this month. Do you consider that enough? He weighs just 20½ pounds now."

Ans. Yes, he has gained enough for a baby of this age, and his weight is excellent. He walks about the sides of his pen and takes more exercise than when younger, and naturally gains a little less.

2. "Paul seemed to have an earache one cold night after he had had a slight head cold and been out on a rather windy day. He woke up out of a sound sleep, crying, and put his hand to the side of his head. I applied a hot-water bag, and he soon went to sleep again. What should I do if this happens again?"

Ans. You did quite right in applying dry heat to the ear. A hot flannel, a hot electric-light bulb, or a glove-finger filled with salt and heated in the oven may be put against or just inside the canal of the ear. Dry heat is the best thing, but if this fails to stop the pain you may try syringing out the ear with hot boric-acid solution, using a teaspoonful of the boric acid to one pint of hot water. A small soft-rubber bulb-syringe should be used, and the tip of the ear gently drawn downward and backward while you are syringing. The fluid should be carefully wiped off after you have syringed the ear, as otherwise it may cause chafing of the skin.

If the earache is repeated you should at once take the baby to a good ear specialist and have him examine the ear-drum. It may need other treatment. The ears should never be neglected. Never put drops, as of olive-oil or anything else, into the ear without explicit orders from a reliable doctor, for much harm may be done in this way.

3. "Paul loves his cereal, beef-juce, broths, and zwieback. What else may I add to his menu this month?"

Ans. This month you may begin the

vitae of a codded egg. Get eggs that are absolutely fresh, and do not buy many at a time. To coddle an egg place it, with the shell still on, in enough boiling water to cover the egg; when remove the water at once from the fire, and allow the egg to remain in it for seven or eight minutes. At the end of this time break open the egg and separate the white from the yolk. The white should look like a jelly, and is the only part to be eaten by the baby this month. A pinch of salt should be added to it and some crummed-up zwieback. The white should be given two or three times a week in place of the beef-juce or broths, just before the 2 P. M. bottle.

There are some few babies who have what is called "egg idiosyncrasy"; even a tiny taste of egg will appear to poison the child, who will vomit or break out with a skin-eruption. In such cases the baby should never be forced to eat eggs. By special treatment it is sometimes possible to overcome this peculiarity. In other cases it lasts throughout life. No one can tell whether the baby is in this category unless he has certain tests made by a doctor first; hence it is wise to begin with only a teaspoonful of the white of egg and work up gradually as he is found to take it well.

With the foods he already has, this is enough for Paul this month.

4. "How much shall I strengthen the milk formula this month?"

Ans. Use the whole quart of milk this month, or thirty-two ounces; baby's weight,

eight ounces; milk- or malt-sugar, two level tablespoons.

Four eight ounces into each one of five bottles and feed every four hours. One level tablespoon of the barley-flour may be used in eight ounces of water, boiling half an hour in a double boiler, as usual.

5. "Before I write to you again Christmas will be almost here. Will you please tell me some toys suitable to get for a baby of Paul's age?"

Ans. A year-old baby usually enjoys having some one build a block-house for him. Think of the legs that have pictures on them are good if they are so made that these can not be sucked off; of course, no paint should come off either. Rubber toys, balls, a rag doll, a linen picture-book that has brightly colored pictures of animals, a small nasal-box which the mother can play for the baby, are all enjoyed by babies of this age. In selecting toys be careful not to get anything with hair or wool on it, anything so small that it may be put in the nose or into the mouth and swallowed, anything with very sharp points or corners. A more expensive present might be a pair of rocking-horns, when he sits between them, or some horse-rides which will help hold the baby up when he begins to try to walk.

6. "How much wool should there be in Paul's Winter underwear now, and do you think his legs very cold in this Winter if the socks are made of wool?"

Ans. About three-fourths wool and one-fourth cotton or silk is right for the climate this Winter. The bands, shirts, and stockings should be of this weight, the flannel skirt a little lighter. The flannel allow the baby to wear socks even of all wool.

Little cold, bare legs are anything but pretty and are positively dangerous to many babies. They are so near the ground and floor and feel drafts so quickly, with resulting blood troubles, that no sensible mother should run such a risk.

The ears, also, should be kept covered when outdoors, and the coat be warmly lined with lamb's wool or flannel. Mittens should be on the little hands, and knit leggins that cover the feet and legs while the baby is in his baby-carriage.

A warm carriage-blanket or robe should cover the child. Do not forget that babies must sit still without excruciating when out in Winter weather, and hence need to be well protected.

7. I have had Paul perfectly trained to use his nursery chair regularly every morning for some months now, but when can I begin to let me know that he is ready for toilet training? Shall I try to teach him now, and just how shall I go about this?

Ans. You may begin now to teach him not to wet his diapers, by placing him in his chair every hour when he is awake. Do not wake him for your purpose or keep him indoors for 24 hours, as he is still too young to expect much in this matter, but it is well to begin. Just before you give him his 2 P. M. bottle place him on his chair for a moment, and this may help him to get the idea of holding his bladder. He seldom makes a baby up to any extent; he goes right off to sleep again after the bottle, and he is a dry baby.

8. "I expect morning at least. Say 'Chair!' when you do this, and he will learn to do so on his own. He is not wetting in his normal at three years of age."

Loses 74 Pounds

Feels and Looks Like a New Woman

Amazing Discovery Enables Mrs. Denneny to Lose 10 Pounds the Very First Week. She Has Lost 74 Pounds Already and Is Still Reducing. No Drugs, Starving, Exercise, Rolling, Painful Self-Denials or Discomforts.

I WEIGHED 240 pounds. I had tried all kinds of anti-fat cures without success. Then one Sunday I saw your advertisement. It sounded so good that I sent for the course.

"The very first week I lost 10 pounds and kept reducing steadily. I lost 74 pounds and am still reducing. My friends say that I already look 10 years younger.

"Formerly I could not walk up-stairs without feeling faint. But now I can RUN up-stairs. Formerly I felt as if I were suffocating if I walked fast for 2 blocks. But now I can walk a mile just as fast as I can go and without the least sign of suffocation.

"I never felt better in my life. There is not a sign of my former indigestion now. I sleep like a rock. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before, I was always bothered with pimples.

"I have reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear smaller shoes now. They were 'sixes,' now they are 'fives.'" Mrs. Mary Denneny, 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J.

Mrs. Denneny's experience is but one of many similar ones. Within the last few months over 300,000 men and women have been shown how to reduce to normal weight and secure the slender, supple figures of youth by this pleasant method.

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual.

Secure New Vigor Also

This natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and

energy. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more elastic step. Many write that they have been astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and spirit as well as a youthful form.

And you obtain all this without any discomforts or self-denial. You make no change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you may even increase them.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10 Days Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into a course called "Weight Control—The Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show you how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for everyone to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to anyone sending in the coupon.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need to do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny, and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is \$3.50, but \$1.97 is all you have



Mrs. Mary J. Denneny, of 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J., before and after losing 74 pounds by this wonderful method. She also banished nervousness, weakness, insomnia, and digestive disorders. Her complexion improved wonderfully. She is still reducing and will continue to do so until she reaches her normal, ideal weight.

pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method, you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

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Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW.

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CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,
Dept. W-8812, 47 W. 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's "Weight Control—The Basis of Health." The book is yours. I will pay the postage and there is no further payment at any time. After 10 days I may return the book for a full refund of the postage. If I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results, I am to be the sole judge.

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102 Fulton Street, New York City.

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"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."

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But they are also scientific foods. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is exploded, every granule is fitted to digest.

Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. This form makes all of them available.

Mothers who realize what Puffed Grains mean are serving them in many ways, morning, noon and night.

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat steam exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size

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Whole rice puffed to bubbles—every food cell blasted

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MRS. L. SUEUR WITH SOME OF HER BIG "FAMILY"

DOLLS THE CHILDREN LIKE

The Personal Experience of a Woman Who Has Dressed
Thousands of Them

BY MARY H. L. SUEUR

I HAVE been designing clothes for dolls practically all my life, and I still have to-day many little frocks which I made at about the age of seven years and which were carefully tucked away by my mother, who was proud of her little daughter's sewing ability. In later years much of my time has been occupied in making clothes for my two "live baby dolls," but I have never lost my interest in adorning the beautiful playthings which I loved when a child. Doing this out of pure delight, and also for the purpose of pleasing my children, I have gradually turned the diversion into what is almost a regular occupation and what has come to be a most profitable source of income.

Some years after my marriage I dressed a tiny doll for a church bazaar. She attracted a good deal of attention, and I was immediately besieged by persons who desired duplicates. Beginning at first in a small way among my friends, the business has spread until I now send these dolls to all parts of the country, and it is not unusual for them to go to Cuba, Central America, Europe, and the Orient. I have never been able to meet all the demands at Christmas time, and even now I have orders for hundreds of dolls, most of which can not be delivered for at least a year.

In all my work I have not striven for unusual effects, but whatever success I have attained, doubtless lies in the fact that I regard dolls as I regard my own children, and dress them after the fashion my own little girls. For example, I frequently make gingham dresses with bloomers and hats to match, and add a little handwork or a patch-pocket to give the suit a touch of individuality. It is difficult to describe individual dolls when one has dressed them by hundreds, and it is entirely impossible to lay down fast rules which will insure success in such designing. But some description of those that have proved most popular may be interesting to others who are going to dress dolls for Christmas.

For the Top of the Stocking

A LITTLE miss that never fails to please is a big doll about four inches tall. She wears Teddies, either pink or blue, and over these a frilly little organdy frock that stands up straight in the back like a peacock's tail, being held up by a big bow of many loops of white ribbon. She has a huge sunbonnet with a big bow, and she is made in a shade corresponding with the Teddies. I have named her my "top-of-the-stockings doll," and she has proved a huge success and a big seller.

A boy in peg-top rompers with patchwork shirts on his pockets and a hat to match is always popular. Another is a tiny baby doll with dress, petticoats, and sunbonnet. Then there is an old-fashioned doll with rantalets, petticoats, silk dress made with basque, fichu, and hoop-skirt along with these there is a little girl with lingerie dress, a bonnet to match, petticoats, and Teddies.

My bristly party is always in demand. The gown wears a regulation evening suit of black broadcloth. His silk hat is made of cardboard covered with satin. He has a white-linen shirt with stiff bow and three small pearls firmly attached for studs, collar and cuffs, links made of round pearl buttons, and the regulation white-silk vest. The body of course is in white, and is lined with well and orange-blossoms and chateau bouquet. Very small dolls, dressed in little shades of silk and lace and bearing little baskets of flowers on their arms, act as ring-bearers and flower-girls, and thus the party is complete.

The family group of dolls never fails to bring unequalled satisfaction to the child.

man of the house is attired in a gray or blue business suit, with a soft hat of corresponding color, and he possesses a full equipment of clothing, including shirts, ties, belts, underwear, pajamas, and bath-robe, hat, vest, cane, morning dress, sport-clothes, and underwear of all kinds. She possesses a little patterned pocketbook which has a tiny rolled and whipped handkerchief tucked away in it; her bedroom necessities are made by covering a cardboard sole with silk, gathering a straight band and attaching it to the sole, and made to fit the foot by inserting elastic in casing at the top.

The stock has been kind to this family. The big babies have a complete layout. Their toilet-basket is covered with cloth of an appropriate color, with ruffles of edging, Swiss, and it contains a tiny box of powder, comb, brush, toilet-water, cushion of pins, wash-cloth, towel, bottle, and rubber. The small babies, about three inches tall, are quite as elaborately equipped. They are dressed in long clothes and placed in a bassinet made of a small grate-basket covered with pink or blue over which are gathered white dotted Swiss, lace, and ribbon; the handle of the basket is moved to an end, and from it is draped the canopy. A small mattress and a frilly little pillow complete the outfit, and when you peep into some of these basket cradles you will find twin babies.

Fitting Out Houses and Trunks

OF COURSE no family is complete without a house. The houses are made of wood crates, which may be obtained from the grocer, in exact proportions for two good rooms and when you place one above the other you obtain the effect of a four-room two-story house, which can be painted or papered in beautiful decorative effects. Little windows may be cut and draped with material corresponding in color to your rugs or twine. The furniture is fashioned of cardboard which has been cut out, and then whipped together. Furniture can be made for each room in corresponding contrasting colors, and it is appropriate to furnish the four rooms as a living-room, bedroom, dining-room, and a parlor. A floor-lamp may be made by using for the top a large spool covered with silk, a pencil for the shaft, and a lamp-socket for the base.

Such a family naturally occupies some space. For my big dolls I use wardrobe and filling the drawers with their underwear, nightgowns, and bath-suits; the last-named articles are made from the tops of silk hose, and they have caps of the corresponding color, with a circle of wool forming the trimmings. I cover a big box with cretonne and fill it with nightgowns, kimono, coats, and hats. Toilet-articles may conveniently be slipped under articles which are tucked in the top of the box.

There are simple suggestions to be gleaned from a great multiplicity of ideas which may be developed by any woman who loves dolls for children. So long as the children are as they are, people will crave such toys for gifts, souvenirs, and to good account, by any person who has a certain amount of time and a small degree of imagination. The design of beautiful clothes for dolls is a matter of much enjoyment and may well be made to produce a goodly revenue.



How to Make Money at Home in Spare Time!

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Why Not Make It Yourself—Right at Home, This New Way?

Is the more-money problem worrying you? Does it seem as if the rent comes due oftener, that the children's clothes wear out quicker, the family bills pile up higher than before?

Does it seem as if the dollars simply will not stretch to meet the bills and still get the things you need and want?

Think what it would mean, then, to be able to earn at home the extra amounts you need for the little luxuries you desire. Think of having always at hand a means of turning your spare hours into money!

If you are ambitious, if you want more money, if you have some spare time each week, plus the will-to-work and a degree of adaptability you can turn your spare hours into dollars by knitting Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks at home on the Auto Knitter.

Miss Eunice A. Fox, a New Hampshire woman who is the only support of her aged father, was becoming really alarmed about her financial affairs. Then an Auto Knitter advertisement showed her the way to make extra money without giving up her little Gift Shop business. Nearly five years ago she secured a machine, learned to use it and soon began to clear up the burdensome debts that had accumulated. She has used her Auto Knitter earnings to put electricity and new plumbing in her house and to paint and paper it; to pay a large doctor's bill; to buy rugs; and to purchase necessary clothing for her father and herself. All with money earned in the privacy of her home, in spare time.

Mrs. Banghman, a Kansas housewife, wanted to make extra dollars for some of the labor-saving home conveniences she had long wanted. When she heard of Auto Knitting she felt sure she had found the right way—and so it proved. After working with the machine about a year, Mrs. Banghman has realized many of her desires, among them a kitchen cabinet costing \$60, an electric vacuum cleaner and a sewing machine. Her spare time work with the Auto Knitter paid for all of these, and in addition has brought her several hundred dollars in cash.

Five years ago Mr. W. M. Irving, of Missouri, was having a hard time making both ends meet. Then he found out about the spare time money he could make with an Auto Knitter. He secured a machine and has used it regularly ever since to add to his income. Auto Knitting has enabled him to give his family many comforts and conveniences—such as a set of library furniture, a typewriter, clothing and shoes. He has also used

his earnings to make payments on the home where he now lives, and to build a satisfying bank account.

These are but a few of the many people who are turning spare hours into cash with the Auto Knitter. Many workers whom we prefer to class as exceptional report much larger earnings than those we mention. The earnings vary with the amount of time devoted to the work and the speed of the individual operator, but whether the amount be large or small it is most welcome and helps to make the lives of these workers easier and happier.

Guaranteed Price for Standard Products

You are given a Five Year Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling, then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

More Than \$100,000.00 a Year Being Paid to Workers

To workers who are taking advantage of the Work Contract, we are now paying earnings at the rate of more than \$100,000.00 per year. In addition to this, we are shipping workers more than \$625,000 worth of fine Olde Tyme Wool Yarn.

From these workers we are receiving Old Tyme Wool Socks at the rate of more than a million pairs a year. This does not include the large numbers made by workers and sold to their own trade. This immense number of pairs are received at the factory, where they are sorted and shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnisshers and general stores.

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new work-

ers as well as old, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks.

Positive Proof of Success

The large volume of socks received shows that Auto Knitting is not an exclusive accomplishment, confined to the abilities of the few, but a profitable home occupation that can be successfully entered by the average individual.

Do You Want a Share of This Money?

Would you like to receive checks in your mail, paying you for spare time effort at home? Would you like to have a portion of this money that is being paid to Auto Knitter workers? Would you like to be one of the successful Auto Knitter owners who have banished their money worries and who have always at hand a means of turning their spare moments into money?

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 212 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 212 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Book on Home Beautifying Free

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R. 12, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"
Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cherry and linoleum. I understand that linoleum is just what material to use, and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities. I usually employ the following:

Painter
His Address
My Name
My Address
My Address

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

EVERY room needs the brightening touch of Johnson's Polishing Wax. It will rejuvenate your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum, and give your home an air of immaculate cleanliness. It imparts a beautiful, lustrous polish which will not show finger prints.

Your linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. Johnson's Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out the pattern and color and protects linoleum from wear.



Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It gives a hard, dry, glossy polish to which dust and lint cannot cling. Takes all the drudgery from dusting. Protects and preserves the varnish.

Are You Building?

If you are building or remodeling you should have our Book on Wood Finishing and Home Beautifying. It tells how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hardwood—includes color charts, gives covering capacities, etc. We will gladly send it free and postpaid for the name of the painter you usually employ.

INSIST UPON JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX—THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R. 12, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"
(BRANTFORD AND MONTREAL—CANADA)



"Let's have something hot to eat!"

WHEN you come in hungry from an evening's skating, how grateful you are for your Armstrong Table Stove that appeared on Christmas!

It's so easy to get up a delightful little supper. Creamed oysters or chicken on toast, garnished with crisp little slices of bacon, all prepared on the Armstrong Table Stove—that goes to the spot these cold days.

This electric table stove may be used to advantage at any meal because it cooks three things at the same time, and enough for four people. You see, the Armstrong Table Stove is more than a toaster—it broils, fries, boils and steams as well! And it bakes the best waffles you ever ate.

The gleaming white enamel finish is an additional source of pleasure to the housewife who sets a dainty table. It does not discolor from heat, is durable and can be washed spotlessly clean. Remember the distinctive square shape of the Armstrong—that extra corner space gives you more room for cooking, and the corners are rounded so cleaning is easy.

Send for our interesting folder, "A Week of Menus," which contains suggestions for breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and late supper for seven days.

THE ARMSTRONG MANUFACTURING CO.

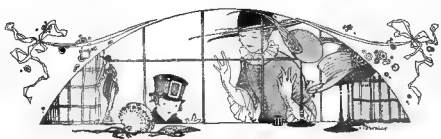
Formerly The Standard Stamping Company

229 Seventh Avenue

Huntington, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE

Cooks 3 things at once
Makes Waffles too!



SO MANY KINDS OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS WERE SHOWN THAT THE CROWDS CAME TO LOOK AND REMAINED TO BUY

THE "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" BAZAAR

A Successful Money-Making Christmas Fair for the Church

BY FLORENCE R. BROBECK

ONE of the most successful church bazaars given by a certain Middle Western city was the "Old Curiosity Shop" sale which occurred two weeks before Christmas in one of the local churches. It was so unusual in name and style that crowds came "to look," and remained to buy on both nights while the sale lasted.

The "shop" contained the following departments, each a booth fitted up to best suit its purpose, in the basement of the church:

The Book Shop

SECOND-HAND books and new ones of every kind and description. The new ones were bought at wholesale direct from the publishers and the second-hand ones were donations. There was a steady sale at this booth from the time the bazaar opened until late on the closing night. The remaining few books were then auctioned off.

Feminine Findings

BOOTH of cosmetics—small bottles of really good perfume, French and domestic powders, vanity-cases, sachet-bags, fine soaps in attractive boxes, boudoir trifles, and miniature bottles of smelling-salts.

Garden Corner

SECTION of cut flowers, bulbs, seeds, potted plants, small ferns, and roots of small ivy (the kind which grows well in a bowl of water), nosegays of old-fashioned flowers in lace-paper holders. (Auction of an extra handsome fern or potted plant to speed up interest)

Good Eats

SELL boxes of stuffed dates and figs, nuts by the pound, assorted fruits, home-made preserves, jellies and marmalades, home-made candy, cookies and fruit-cakes. Delicacies for gift-baskets would be an interesting addition to this booth.

Doll Land

A BOOTH crowded with dolls, little and big, new and old. Have undressed dolls, dressed ones, doll brides with complete trousseau, boy dolls, rag dolls, Russian peasant dolls, Dutch boys and girls, little African dolls, Nook's Ark dolls, and every other kind possible to make or buy. Small ones sell better, and the dressed ones better than the *au naturel*. A girl dressed as a doll to act as saleswoman will speed up the sales and interest in the booth.

Russian Store

BRASS and copper pieces from the native shops in the foreign quarter of your city or from some dealers in antiquities. Candlesticks, small and large trays, bowls, vases, brass flower-baskets, door-knockers, and

assorted small brass and copper pieces. The booth will need no special decorations, but a little "atmosphere" might be created by having the saleswomen dressed as peasants.

Regular Fellows

A BOOTH for boys. Include in it boy's books, games, toys, marbles, balls, kites, old copies of boys' magazines and Boy Scout books. Sell apples and jelly-cakes on sticks—the small ones that sell for a cent each are popular with boys of all ages and should sell in huge numbers. Have the booth a Boy Scout tent if possible, and other outdoor things like "Regular Fellows" then watch them flock to it.

Asiatic Shops

FILL one large booth with package teas of various kinds, incense and burners, tea-table novelties such as tea-balls, bone incense-burners and sugar-tongs, candles of all colors and sizes, bowls of bulbs, and small trinkets for Christmas-tree decoration—these may be ridiculous animals and dolls and bright-colored Chinese novelties.

Gift-Shop Cards

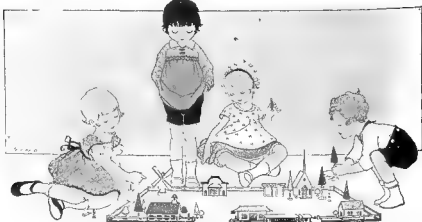
COUNTER of hand-painted cards, favors for all kinds of parties, place-cards, fold remembrance-cards, sealing-wax beads and wax "pulls" for window-shades and lamps. Have small paper candle-shades, lamp-shades, tiny framed mottoes, and unusual postcard cards—the imported ones and unusual decorated cards may be obtained in wholesale lots by writing to shops advertised in the magazines. Have stationery seals, wax and initial stampers, also unusual stationery ordered from either a Japanese dealer or some stationer who makes unusual papers. The profit on the cards and favors you will find to be big—and profit from the whole booth will lead you to favor having one at every bazaar which follows.

Czecho-Slovakian Shop

POTTERY booth—small odd-shaped bowls, flat dishes, fruit-dishes, pitchers, tea-sets, odd cups and saucers, and the other small articles which are distinctive for both design and color. Small flower-vases and candlesticks, as well as ash-trays and match-holders in this ware, sell very well.

Old Farm

SERVE hot mulled cider, doughnuts, cookies, and nuts in this booth. Arrange to look like a farm kitchen or farm living-room and have the serving-women dressed as farmers' wives. The doughnuts should be home-made and especially good ones—well as starchy with a mug of cider. Walnuts cracked and ready to eat, should be sold by the bagful or as a special addition to the cider-and-doughnut order.



THE LITTLE TOTS LOVE THE TINY WOODEN DOLLS FOR THEIR MINATURE VILLAGES

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Magnetic Clay Makes Bad Complexions Good in 30 Minutes

Marvelous Discovery Instantly Draws Out Every Blemish and Impurity—Revealing a Wonderfully Clear and Beautiful Skin.

HOW would you like an entirely new complexion—a complexion radiant with the fresh coloring of youth—smooth and firm as a child's—and free from even the slightest trace of unsightly blemishes? You can have it—and in only 30 minutes! Yes, in one short half hour you can have a brand new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost unbelievable. Yet in just 30 minutes by your watch, tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimples are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

How Are These "Miracles" Performed?

The explanation is really very simple. The face contains millions of tiny pores. It is through these pores that impurities are expelled. But when dust, bits of dead skin, and other accumulations clog up these tiny openings, the impurities cannot escape. They remain in the skin—and soon pimples, blackheads and other embarrassing blemishes make their appearance.

But once you remove the dead scales on the surface—once you remove the blemishes beneath the surface—your complexion is left soft and smooth, tingling with the freshness of youth and beauty. For under the poorest complexion—under the most unsightly skin—there is exquisite beauty!

Up to now it was almost impossible to completely remove these harmful accumulations beneath the skin. Soap and water cleaned only the surface. Massage offered only temporary help, and caused wrinkles.

Now, however, after years of research and experiment, Science has found the one positive natural way of relieving clogged pores at once.

Watch the Results!

Certain elements, when scientifically compounded, have been found to possess a wonderful magnetic action. These elements have been blended into cream-like clay of delicate fragrance. It is applied to the face with the finger tips.

This new discovery is known as Domino Complexion Clay. The minute it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores is stirred to life. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling sensation as the clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the poisons that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Domino Complexion Clay to remain for 30 minutes. You may read or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you feel the wonderful clay gently absorbing the blemishes. Then soften the clay with a warm towel. As it rolls off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish, comes with it. A hidden beauty will be revealed. Beneath the old complexion will be disclosed an entirely new one—soft, clear, fresh, with a new smooth texture and glowing youthful bloom.

Reveals the Skin's True Beauty

Domino Complexion Clay is not a cosmetic.

Not a Test—Read These Letters

Although Domino Complexion Clay is a new discovery, it has already been used successfully by thousands. Here are only a few of those who have written me only a few lines to tell me how they feel about Domino Complexion Clay and how very much pleased they are with the results. I am not a doctor, and I am not a chemist, but I am a woman who has tried Domino Complexion Clay and I can tell you that it is a wonderful discovery. I can tell you that it is a wonderful discovery. I can tell you that it is a wonderful discovery.

My A. B. Smith, Green, N. Y. I am perfectly satisfied with your Domino Complexion Clay. It is a just wonderful. I wish to be a regular customer. I wish to be a regular customer. I wish to be a regular customer.

My A. B. Smith, Green, N. Y. I am perfectly satisfied with your Domino Complexion Clay. It is a just wonderful. I wish to be a regular customer. I wish to be a regular customer. I wish to be a regular customer.

It does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them instantly. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a wonderfully pleasing sensation as the facial pores are relieved of their accumulated poisons and impurities. Not only your friends, but you yourself will be amazed when you see the results of the very first treatment. The true beauty of your skin will be brought to the surface, and your face will appear completely rejuvenated.

Mail Coupon Now—No Money

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Merely mail the coupon below and we will send you a freshly compounded jar of Domino Complexion Clay and include entirely without cost a full-size box of Domino Complexion Powder. Although the total cost of these two products is regularly \$5.50, you may pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

You do not risk a single penny in trying Domino Complexion Clay, for if you are not more than delighted with the results you may

return the jar within ten days and your money will be instantly refunded without question. That is our positive money-back guarantee to you. We have backed it up with a special deposit of \$10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank in Philadelphia. Thus you have new beauty to gain—and not one penny to risk.

Domino Complexion Clay \$3.50
Domino Complexion Powder 2.00
All for Value \$5.50

ONLY \$1.95
Send No Money

You have always longed for a clear, soft, youthful complexion. Here is your opportunity to have one—easily, quickly and positively. Already Domino Complexion Clay has given new complexions for old to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you. Remember, on this special offer, which may never be made again, you not only get Domino Complexion Clay at a greatly reduced price but in addition you receive a \$2.00 box of Domino Complexion Powder entirely free. Mail the Clay and what it has done for your complexion, simply return it that you will return the powder if you return the Clay. Don't miss this unusual offer. Tomorrow may be too late—do it today. Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no marks to indicate contents.

DOMINO HOUSE
PHILA., PA.

SEND NO MONEY

Domino House, Dept. 1512
269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me one of the new \$3.50, freshly-compounded jars of Domino Complexion Clay, for which I will give the postman only \$1.95 plus postage in full payment—providing you include absolutely free a \$2.00 boudoir box of Domino Complexion Powder. Although I am benefiting by this special offer, I retain the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar within 10 days, and you agree to return my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and true postage. (Do not send money with coupon and true postage.)

Free
To Pictorial Review
Readers

Full-size \$2.00 Boudoir Box of Domino Complexion Powder—the new invisible powder for beauty. It is ideal to use after the Domino Complexion Clay treatment. The attractive free box of Domino Complexion Powder will be mailed to all who promptly take advantage of the money-saving special offer on Domino Complexion Clay. Mail the coupon today.



1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVERPLATE



Under the Christmas Tree

—the silverplate
that every woman wants

THE soft sheen of "1847 Rogers Bros." against the regal blue of a chest or gift box is simply irresistible. It makes a gift-combination the usefulness of which is as great as its alluring beauty.

No woman can ever have too much fine silverplate. If she has all the absolutely necessary pieces, she will be delighted to receive some of the always-useful serving pieces, such as cold meat fork, berry spoon, gravy ladle, tomato server.

NO CHARGE
FOR ATTRACTIVE GIFT PACKAGES

"1847 Rogers Bros." is sold in the chest and gift boxes illustrated at the cost of the silverware alone. No charge is made for the chest or box. The above illustration shows a 21-piece Breakfast Set in the Ambassador Pattern, at \$19.60, with serving pieces in separate gift boxes at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.00.

Be sure to ask your dealer to show you "1847 Rogers Bros." in these beautiful gift packages.

For illustrations of other patterns, write for folder
"Y-26" to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Ambassador Pattern

Tea Sets, Platters,
Vegetable Dishes,
etc., can be
in patterns to
match the spoon
and forks

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

LITTLE CAKES FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

stir in sifted flour and vanilla. Make into this roll, and keep in the ice-box for several hours. Cut into fancy cookies, and bake in a quick oven till the edges are well browned. Pieces of citron made into the shape of a wish-bone may be placed on each cookie.

French Honey-Cakes

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Butter 1 Tablespoonful
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Sugar 1 Lemon-juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Strained Honey 1 Cupful Flour
1 Egg $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful Salt

CREAM the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten egg. Stir in the lemon-juice. Sift together the flour, baking-powder, salt, and add to the first mixture, alternating with the honey—stirring in a little at a time. Roll thinly and cut into diamond shape. Bake in moderate oven.

Corn-Flake Kisses

2 Egg Whites 1 Cupful Brown Sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Corn-Flake 1 Tablespoonful
Sifted Salt 1 Lemon-juice

ADD the sugar and corn-flakes to the egg whites, beaten stiff. Stir in the salt and lemon-juice. Drop by spoonfuls, an inch or more apart, on buttered inverted pan. Bake in moderate oven. Remove from pan with a flat-bladed knife which has been dipped in cold water. Press into pyramid shape.

Almond-Cakes

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Butter 2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Milk
3 Egg Whites $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Cold Water
2 Cupful Flour 1 Cupful Cold Water
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla 1 Cupful Cold Water

CREAM the butter. Stir in the sugar. Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt together. Add the egg yolks, well beaten, to the milk. Combine all, adding the ingredients and liquid ingredients alternately to the first mixture—stirring in a

little at a time. Add the vanilla and chopped almonds. Fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Bake in moderate oven. This recipe makes about two dozen cakes.

Small White Cakes

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Butter 3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Cupful Powdered Sugar 1 Cupful Milk
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls Flour 3 Teaspoonfuls Vanilla

CREAM the butter and sugar. Add the milk, and the remaining dry ingredients alternately. Fold in the beaten whites. Bake in gem-pans. Frost with chocolate icing and garnish with a half walnut.

Small Cocoa-Cakes

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Butter 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Sugar 3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Cocoa 1 Teaspoonful Cream-tartrate
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla 1 Teaspoonful Mace

ADD the sugar to the creamed butter. Then stir in the egg yolks, well beaten. Sift the flour, baking-powder, cocoa, mace, and salt together. Stir in the flour mixture and water alternately into first mixture. Add the vanilla, and the well-beaten whites last. Bake in small tins.

Rice-Cakes

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Butter 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Sugar 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful Cold Water
2 Teaspoonfuls Vanilla 1 Cupful Cold Water
1 Cupful Rice-Grated Rind of an Orange 2 Egg Whites

CREAM the butter and sugar, then add the egg yolks, beaten light. Sift the flour and baking-powder. Add this and the water to the above mixture, stirring in alternately, a little at a time. Then add the grated orange and vanilla. Fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Bake in small tins. This recipe makes about one and a half dozen cakes.

BEAUTY GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

as a general skin-tonic. There are many others, but I can do no more than point out here that among my friends, or members of a family, at least, these preparations should not be scorned as gifts.

I know a girl who never gave the least care to her complexion beyond that of a daily scrub with soap and water, and whose interest in making the best of herself was first aroused by a gift of this kind, given to her by a more far-sighted friend. She found in the Christmas mail, one year, a fascinating box full of alluring things upon which she at first looked sleepily and half disdainfully. She used them for a day or two out of a mere desire not to offend the giver; however, before long, she became aware of a certain pleasure in their daily use and of a decided improvement in her looks.

Among the many little boxes that contain powder-compacts or rouge are very delicate ones of gold lacquer which, if they have a shadings look. There are lovely and fairly costly enamel ones that come in as delicate shades as one sees in a bouquet of sweet peas, and there are, among many others, handsome ones of gold lacquer which may be glad to know, are not as expensive as they look. Most women like to have a number of these compacts, the silk or enamel ones being particularly suited to the dressing table, since they are not as adapted to hard and constant use as are those designed to be carried in a purse. For the latter purpose a leather or metal box is usually preferred, although some of the silk powder-cases are designed especially for the flat silk purses women often carry.

Powder and Powder-Puffs

THE compacts in no way encroach upon the territory of other forms of powder, but merely act as a convenient supplement. Loose powder, of course, better for many purposes, such as for use on the neck and arms. Many women who prefer it for the face. Powder-puffs make dainty and practical gifts; the big dowdy ones are particularly tempting when we see an array of them in the glass cases of the shops. Some of the flat puffs come in two colors, white on one side and pink on the other. What shall I say of lip-puffs? Surely to-day no one need make a defense for them for they are in general use everywhere. It is worth noting that some of the beautiful little lip-puffs on the market have retires.

Fine soap has long been a Christmas favorite as a gift in the family circle and among intimate friends. I have one friend who always looks forward to finding, in one of the conventional organs, a gift of a cake

of her favorite soap in the top of her stocking. And all children love to pull out a little guest-compliment cake with the usual toys and sweets.

It may seem curious to speak of denture in an article devoted to Christmas gifts. If I do so it is because it has occurred to me that in the list of things you intend to buy for your friends, you will find many you may get at Christmas there may be particular need for a denture. Some of the best are constructed so easily, but since nothing so many beauty as superlative hair and since there is nothing more satisfactory or effective in removing it than a good denture, money spent in the direction of hair removal is well invested. If you have not already tried out one of the new complexion-clays which are becoming so popular, this will be your chance to do so. Then you can decide about continuing its use as a part of the regular care of your skin.

Gifts for the Invalid

MANY of us have among our friends some girl or woman who is more or less of an invalid, but who, nevertheless, cares as much as any one to keep herself as attractive as possible.

A young girl who has for years been confined to a wheel-chair wrote me, not long ago, that she had the most attractive friend her hair well cared for. "My hair is my one beauty," she wrote. "Perhaps you will think me vain and foolish, but I wouldn't have anything happen to it for the world. Last winter it started to fall out a lot and I was horrified. I read all the literature on the subject I could find, and I had mother massage it and brush it and put tonics on it, and when it came in again thicker than ever, I felt as tho' it was my reward."

A woman I know, likewise an invalid, takes pleasure in the care of her slender, expressive face, and in the use of delicate and beauty-loving nature.

Books and flowers and knitted bed-jackets are not the only gifts that appeal to invalids such as these. Look about you, and you will find many gifts that will make long days pass more rapidly and gray ones more brightly for the woman who is confined to bed or to a wheel-chair and who is dependent upon the thoughtfulness and ingenuity of her friends for the things which give her pleasure. I have one friend who has made plans to get, for example, would have appeared to the woman I have mentioned.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Permanent Curl for the Busy Girl

WOMEN, young or old, with straight hair are regarded as freakish in the eyes of science, because we all had naturally curly hair once upon a time. But civilization interfered, and naturally curly hair has become the exception instead of the rule. Fortunately, however, science is able today to make up the shortcoming of Nature, and in a way that is truly wonderful.

Just close your eyes for a moment and imagine, if you will, little fairy fingers twining your straight strands on a few ingenious curling pins, wrapping them in strips of flannel dipped in a magic substance, and covering them with electrical heaters; then after a few minutes, thrilling at the sight of your hair naturally and permanently curled, impervious for many months to shampoos, perspiration, rain or fog!

It may seem a dream, but it is a reality you can easily obtain. By a marvelous

new process invented by Mr. Nestlé, scores of intelligent girls are kept busy every day in Mr. Nestlé's New York establishment, giving naturally curly hair to women of every walk of life—famous actresses, society leaders, housewives, business women, schoolgirls. Thousands of women are made happier and more beautiful by the transformation from lank, straight hair to tresses and ringlets bewitchingly wavy.

"But how can I hope for all this?" you may say. It is easily explained. At your command, your postman will bring you a parcel containing a box in beautiful French gray finish. You open it. You read the simple directions. Then you call in a girl friend, or your husband, mayhap, and together in a few hours you will have done to your hair exactly what the expensive specialists are doing for other women by the famous Nestlé process. You behold your hair winsomely curly.

"But Will It Remain?"

YOU can hardly believe that such lovely curls will last. But they will. Just test them. Wash them in soap and water. No amount of wetness or moisture affects them in the slightest manner, unless it is to make them even curlier. It is after this test that the full joy of a permanent wave is yours, a joy that grows and grows as you go through rainy days and foggy days, and your curls stay curly.

Here surely is a Christmas gift that will bring true happiness to any feminine heart, the ideal gift to either mother or daughter. Indeed, it is the kind of gift every woman will want to give to herself.

The Postman Will Be Busy

If you wish this little French gray box as your very own, write at once for "The Nestlé Home Outfit." It means an outlay of only fifteen dollars, and means fifteen times that much in the happiness you will derive from it. If you should not be perfectly satisfied with it, return it to Nestlé within 30 days and back to you will come your money order or check in the full amount. We stand squarely behind this guarantee. We say to you that the Nestlé Lanoil Home Outfit cannot get out of order and cannot harm the hair. You may wave hundreds of heads with it—and additional curling supplies are cheap.

If you feel you would like further information, write at once for our illustrated booklet which explains the outfit and the process in detail. Complete instructions, simple enough for a child to understand and follow, are sent, of course, with every outfit, together with a free trial supply of materials. **NOTE:** Up to a hundred Lanoil waves are administered every day in the Nestlé establishment in New York City, while hundreds of hairdressers throughout the country have taken it up with great success.

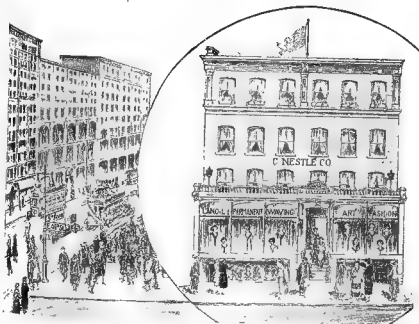
In ordering the Nestlé Lanoil Home Outfit, send check or money order—or if you prefer order it C. O. D. And remember: We return all your money if you are not satisfied. Nestlé Lanoil Co., Ltd., Dept. B-12 E, 40th St., New York.



What Is She Doing?

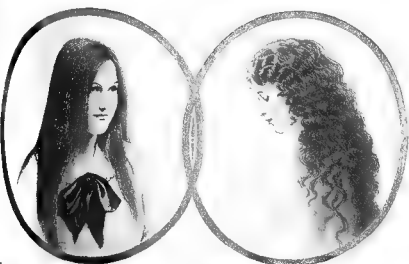
The Nestlé process of hair-waving has penetrated the most remote country homes. Wherever there is electricity, girls may say good-bye to their straight hair. They could not come to Nestlé's, so Mr. Nestlé comes to them. Water and soap, perspiration or sea water will not affect hair treated by the Lanoil method of waving any more than if it were really, naturally curly.

Mlle. Pola Negri, international film star, says that Mr. Nestlé is the only man who has ever done anything worth while for women's hair.



THE MECCA OF ALL BUSY WOMEN

Just around the corner of Fifth Avenue, away from the traffic whirr, in the famous House of Nestlé Waving. It contains Fifty Beauty Salons, each fitted with Lanoil Waving Apparatus.



Mr. Nestlé wants them to look like this. (Straight hair made naturally curly by the Lanoil process.)

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Except the eyes,
no factor in beauty
counts for more
than white teeth

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. To-day those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.



Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look to-day. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Used by careful people of fifty nations. All druggists supply the large tubes.

THE FUNNY MAN'S DAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

In most weddings there is a streak of pathos, but in theatrical weddings the note is predominant. It is as tho the lookers-on realize that these people whose lives are passed in make-believe are bound to burn their fingers when they begin to touch reality. Perhaps their reactions are too violent to be bound within the four walls of a contract.

Katie's wedding certainly contained a large element of sadness.

"She looks so sweet and fragile! I hope he'll be good to her," women whispered.

The lunch at the Hautboy Hotel was hilarious to an almost artificial degree.

A great deal of champagne was drunk, and toasts were prolific. It was here that Willy Nilly came in. The Funny Man excelled himself. He was among the people who knew him and loved him. He made

goo-goo eyes at the bridesmaids, he told stories, he initiated all the denizens of a farmyard, he gave a mock conjuring display, and his speech in proposing the health of the bride's father and mother was the hit of the afternoon. (He was not allowed the principal toast, as that had been allocated to Charlie's father, who was a stockbroker.)

"God bless you, old boy. Be good to her. You've got the dearest woman in the world."

And Charlie replied:

"I know, old boy. You've been a brick to us. You ought to have seen the check as well as all that silver. Good luck, old boy."

"Oh, my in-laws, my in-laws, my don't you leave me?" It seemed but a flash from one experience to another, from pressing the girl's dainty shoulders in a parting embrace to stamping about on the drafty stage and calling into the void:

"Now, Mr. Prescott, I want a little more slowing down of this passage. Do you see what I mean, old boy? It gives me more time for the business."

The gag with the trombone-player was considerably improved. Instead of being doing things—a contract to sign at five-fifteen. He was feeling tired when the rehearsal was over—mustn't get tired before the two shows to-night. Perhaps he could get half an hour's nap after seeing the agent, before it was time to feed the

one some gave him a cup of tea in the boxcar, and a dresser told him a long story about a disease which his wife's father got through sitting on a churchyard wall, waiting for the village post to open at six.

THERE appeared no interval of time between this and sitting in front of the envious, furtive-looking gentleman named Welsh who "handled" him on behalf of the United Varieties Agency. He was conscious of not being at his best with Welsh. He believed that he could have got much better terms from his new contract, but somehow the matter did not appear to him to be of great importance. He changed the subject—told Welsh the story about the sea captain and the Irish stewards. Welsh laughed immediately. "You're all right, a good fellow, Welsh. He was anxious to get away and see some of the boys at the club. Willy would certainly have a long way ready. He hadn't seen Jimmy for four days."

Jimmy was certainly there, and not only Jimmy, but old Barrow and Sam Lenning and a host of others. He had a double Scotch whisky, and proceeded to take a hand in the game of swapping amusing stories. One man was something of a jag at his consciousness and say, "Do you really think much of this kind of thing, old boy?" and then another voice replied:

"What does it matter? They've just arrived at Brighton Railway Station. In another ten minutes they'll be at The Strand."

"I thought you were going to have a chop at the thirty, old boy," some one remarked to him suddenly.

"So I am, old boy."

"It's seven-fifteen now, Willy."

"Good gracious! So it was. Well, he didn't particularly want a chop. He would have a couple of sandwiches and another double Scotch. He was quite himself again in his dressing-room at the theater. He loved the smell of grease-paint and spic-gum, the contact of fantastic whiskers and clothes, the rather shabby mirror under a strong light. His first song was going to be "Old Fags," the reckless ruffian who picks up cigarette-ends. The dresser, whose name was Flood, and who always called him Mr. Nilly, was ready with his other three changes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75



Hustler John Stott
of Pennsylvania

Eight Facts Your Boy Should Know

(1) That he has within him the ability to make good.

(2) That we can show him how to develop that ability and earn his own spending money.

(3) That there are already thousands of boys all over the country, between 9 and 16 years of age, who are members of our Young Hustlers Division. Every one of them is making money and learning to be a real salesman!

(4) That by learning to earn and save money now, he'll have the jump on the "other fellow" when he finishes school—he'll be that much better equipped to take a regular job and forge ahead more quickly. He will be prepared!

(5) That no matter what business or profession he intends to enter, he must have some knowledge of salesmanship—for it is the key to every man's success.

(6) That as a member of The Young Hustlers Division he will learn, through practical experience, the first important elements of successful salesmanship.

(7) That we will give him every possible bit of assistance to enable him to make progress. We'll go the limit to help him along the Road to Success.

(8) That we always keep faith with each boy and with his ideals!

Just ask him to fill in and mail us the coupon below for, if you prefer, you may do this for him and he will be sent complete business instructions and a copy of our Big Price Catalogue at once. This will place him under no obligation whatsoever.

MR. D. V. HILL,
Salesmanager, Young Hustlers Division,
The Great Big Review Company,
Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hill: I'm very much interested in The Young Hustlers Division and I think I'd like to join this organization of ambitious wide-awake boys. Please send me business instructions and a copy of the Big Price Catalogue.

My Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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Dept. 401, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to



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Write for Shoe Book and name of dealer near you.

Dr. Edison Cushton Shoe

THE FUNNY MAN'S DAY
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"Number Five's on," came the message down the corridors. "Good! There was only 'Charlemagne'—the equilibrist, between him and 'his people.'"

Willy Nilly had got to love "his people," as he mentally designated them. He knew of many years of their work. He loved their road door, and groping his way amidst the din midway of the wings, where gorgeous mural women and men in lower-late the seams, and a heavy sack slung across his back.

He loved to wait there and hear his number go up; the roar of welcome which greeted it was music to his soul.

Number Seven!

The orchestra played the opening bars, and then with a queer shuffle he was before a preposterous figure with a bright-red suit, a miniature bowler-hat, and a fearful old suit with ferns growing out of his back.

Old Pazel Old Fanz!
"I've got a collection of fine old fans, if you want to be happy, if you want to be gay, if you want to be gay."

Emphatically they said:
At the end of the day.

Oh, yes, you ought to see Willy Nilly in "Old Fanz" the Ralham Empire will tell you all about him. The "wheezy woe," the quaint antics, and then the acrobatic feats, the crowd when he empties the sack of cigarette-ends all out of the stage, and of course at the bottom are a bottle of gin and a complete set of ladies' undies (apparently new and trimmed in pink). Then the business of finding innumerable cigarette-ends in his unspeakable beard.

On that night Willy Nilly was at his best. A lightning change, and he came on as "The Carpet Salesman," in which he brought on a roll of carpet the opportunity concerning which are obvious. Then followed "The Lady Who Wants for the Lady Next Door." The inevitable encore—prepared for and expected—followed. A terrible Russian—more whiskers, red this time—sing.

Oh, Mary-witch, Oh, Mary-witch, I don't know which, I'd better ditch. I told you so, I told you so, He promptly lit me On the snitch.

IT WAS difficult for Willy to escape after this valiant satirical digress. He fled perspiring to his dressing-room. He gave me a drink, old boy," he gasped to the luminous Flack. He had smothered his face in coco-pod to the luminous Flack at the door.

"Mr. Peter Wilberforce, representing the Ralham Mercery."

"Ah, yes, come in a look at the door."

Mr. Wilberforce was in no hurry to depart. He had a spot—"just a couple of fingers, old boy!" and whiskey. He wanted a column of bright stuff for the next issue of the weekly. "It Ralham Behind the Other Suburban in Humber, interview with the Famous Willy Nilly—Our Local Predicted."

"You just give me a lead," said Mr. Wilberforce. "I'll fill in the padding."

Willy Nilly found coming out the bright suit immediately after his performance most exhausting experience of the day. He was quite relaxed when at the end of forty minutes there was a knock at the door, and a woman, with a lanky son, was shown in. This was the young man who wanted to go on the stage. The freeman departed, and the mother sat forth on a long harangue about what people said about her son's remarkable genius for acting. Before Willy Nilly knew what he was he was flitting to the boy giving imitations of the famous Willy Nilly. It was a quick easy to tell which the young man's which, as Willy grasped the young man's hand, said:

"Very good, old boy! Very good!"

He promised to do what he could, but by the time the mother had finished the same ground three times he found that it was too late to post him to the club. It was nearly time to make up for the second show. He dozed in the chair for a few moments, saying to himself:

"They've had dinner. They're probably taking a stroll on the front before turning in."

He poured himself out another tot of whiskey and picked up his red nose. "Oh, gracious! How tired I feel—not just the man you were, old boy."

He found it a terrible effort to go on that second time. "Old Pazel" seemed fat. He began to be ably aware that the audience knew that the man who the long wasn't really funny at all. At the end of the applause was very mild. "The Carpet Salesman" went even worse.

"Put yourself together, old boy," he said. "You're a superman effort with it. The 'Lady Who Works for the Lady Next Door.' It certainly went better than the other."

He just went on to take an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Not only does The School of Modern Dress teach the newest, most up-to-date and rapid methods of sewing, but it is the only school that furnishes its students with free materials and trimmings necessary to make garments taught in the course.



Find out how to get this Modiste's outfit

FREE

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Women everywhere are learning to make beautiful clothes at home in this remarkable, new quick way.

To all women who are troubled and perplexed about dressing suitably and stylishly on limited incomes, this NEW WAY COURSE of The School of Modern Dress has come with both the promise and the fulfillment of better clothes at much smaller cost.

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It teaches you the quickest, easiest and most satisfactory methods of cutting, fitting and finishing fashionable clothes. It teaches you new rapid ways of accomplishing in one hour what formerly took a whole evening.

Through this simplified method even the woman who never sewed before can quickly learn how to make pretty clothes at home.

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And in addition to quickly teaching you professional methods of designing, cutting and finishing stylish clothes for yourself, The School of Modern Dress also provides the opportunity for you to become financially independent—to have an income of your own to do with as you want. Let us tell you all about the money-making possibilities it offers you.

stylish afternoon frock.

Also, a Free Modiste's Outfit

You will receive also, free, a handsome Oriental sewing basket containing all the sewing equipment you require—a real modiste's outfit, and if you act promptly a fine dress and skirt form will be yours without charge.

It costs you nothing to find out all about this wonderful way to make clothes—and to make money. You will also find out about the new, easy way to make hats at home, for yourself and others.

Write this very minute for the Fashion Bulletin and full information. It places you under no obligation whatever. Clip and mail the coupon without delay.

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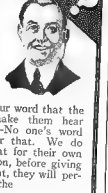
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Gift shop things you can make yourself

TO MAKE ribbon, handkerchief or jewelry boxes, take candy boxes of simple or interesting shapes and first enamel them inside and out in a dainty old color. Then glue colored paper decorations cut from magazines or small Copy prints on the cover or sides. Allow to dry and then varnish all over.

Another way is to cover the same boxes with flowered cretonne. A little pad of flannel or cotton LePage on the cover under the cretonne adds to its finished appearance. Then LePage, the wrong side of the cretonne and draw tight and smooth all over. LePage's is so pure that it will not discolor fine fabrics or the most delicately shaded paper.

Cases for letters

THE pattern for a letter case is found in a large envelope, number 9 or number 10. Unfold, steaming the glued edges apart so that none are torn.

Cut out from this pattern another envelope of heavy parchment paper or thin cardboard. Parchment paper is best because it is tough and folds without cracking. Paste colored paper decoration on this and varnish, or cover with cretonne before folding. Attach ribbons for tying.

Desk set

THE basis of an attractive desk set is a sheet of heavy cardboard, a sheet of blotting paper and a remnant of figured cretonne or brocade. The cardboard is cutting the same size as the sheet of blotting paper. Triangular pockets of the cretonne or brocade are fitted over the corners of the cardboard

and LePage to the under side. Then the corners of the blotting paper fit into these pockets.

At a stationery store, buy inexpensive articles which properly belong with a desk set and decorate with bits of the same cretonne or brocade, fastened with LePage's.

Silhouette light screen

COVER a wire frame with colored silk. LePage on pictures from magazines or prints as in making fancy boxes. Then cover with Georgette and LePage the edges with colored braid.

Needle case

Two small squares or oblongs of cardboard, placed edge to edge are covered with cretonne to close like a book, the cretonne forming a hinge. The cretonne is LePage on the inside and then on each of the inside "pages" a piece of soft flannel, scalloped or with sawtooth edges, is LePage over the cretonne. This flannel holds the needles.

Write for free booklet

LINING silver drawer with velvet; mending torn wall paper and torn book bindings; and many other things that you can make and mend with LePage's are described in a charming book, "LePage's Glue - the Handy Helper for Making and Mending." A copy will be sent free on request.

By the way, LePage's is a favorite with men on their office desks. Russia Cement Company, Laboratory and Factory—24 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.



THE FUNNY MAN'S DAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

enore rather quickly. On this occasion he altered his encores. Instead of "Mary- with" he sang a hilarious song with the refrain:

*My! Hold me down!
My wife's gone away till Monday!*

AT THE end of the first verse he felt that he had got them. Success excited him. He went for it for all he was worth. Willy Nilly was himself again. The house rang at him. He had the greatest difficulty in escaping without giving a further encore. As he stumbled up the stone staircase to his dressing-room he suddenly thought:

*"They've gone to bed now!
The imperious Flood followed him in, laden with properties."*

"I'll just have one more spot, Flood, old boy."

He turned he, was. He cleaned up languidly and got into his normal clothes.

"Well, that's that, old boy," he said to Flood. "Now I think we'll toddle off to our bye-byes."

"Excuse me, Mr. Nilly, wasn't you going round to Mr. Bird Craft's?"

EH? Oh yes, for sure; he'd forgotten about poor old Bird. Couldn't exactly let an old pal in. Well, he would have a cab and hang the expense. Just stay a few minutes over old Bird's and understand it. But he stayed an hour at Bird Craft's. A

Yes, you've got a winner there, old boy," he remarked at the end of each song. He was nearly one o'clock when he groped his way up the dim staircase of his own house.

The bedroom door he opened and uninviting. It had never struck him before

in quite that way. He had always liked his bedroom, with its heavy mahogany furniture and red-plush curtains; but some- how to-night the place seemed forlorn, as the something was very lacking.

"You're tired, old boy."

He undressed and threw his clothes carelessly on chairs and bed. He got into bed and regarded the room, trying with his tired brain to think what was wrong. His clothes could not be the cause of the trouble, that, of course. He felt that they and he were out of place in the large room. A strange feeling of melancholy crept over him.

It's badly ordered, it's all badly ordered, old boy."

He had a great desire to cry, so weak he felt. But not a man mustn't do that, a funny man certainly mustn't. His mind wandered back to his old mother. He remembered the days when she had taught him to pray. He would give anything for the relief of prayer. But he couldn't do that, either. It didn't seem exactly playing the game. He had put all that kind of thing by long ago. He despised those people who lead uneventful lives and then in the end turned religious. He wasn't going to pretend.

HE TURNED on the light and closed his eyes. He would neither weep nor pray, but he must express himself somehow. He was so tired he felt that these two human frailties. Certainly his heart was very a sob, and his accents vibrated with the thing I mean—must he be dark: was he not a man?

"Charlie, old boy, be good to her. For Heaven's sake be good to her."

THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

in Europe. Under his hands the ancient writing in Asia had taken the completeness and the uniformity of a national language; before him these languages had been mere fragments puzzled out and with a large conception he had welded these fragments together and shown the world to have been the learned writing speech of a great vanished age in Asia. This big conception had lifted the whole thing into an elevated plane. He had laid before the claims of Halcyon that this wedge-writing was a mere cabalistic scribble of the Samaritan priests. He had shown it to be the speech of a people.

But little skepticism of his contemporaries had enraged Sir Hector. He was sure were pretensions persons fit to solve the puzzles. He had found the great inscription of Darius on the rocks of Behistan.

"Did he find a treasure?"

Blackmartin cut in, shooting out his head and giving a sort of reptilian expression.

I explained that such was the common rumor at the time. He was known to have got some concession from the Crown to confirm his right in what he might discover, and a report was current that the Louvre had offered him seventy thousand pounds for what he had shown the director of fine arts at Paris on his way home.

"What did he show him?"

The reptilian glance was even, if possible, more eager in its appeal.

One did not know, I went on; there was every conjecture. Blackmartin's big, loose face worked as he listened.

"And he said that thing up there," he indicated the name with his hand. "He would tell where he hid it, if anybody could understand what it meant?"

"Yes."

"And what did the other learned Johnnies say about it?"

THEY said it was nonsense, I continued. They said it was an absurdity on its face. No inscription ever had two royal figures drawn in; the wedge was never inclined to the left; it was always pointed towards the right, or downward or assaut to the right, or two combined at their heads to form an M. They said no wedge or syllable or gem-sign of either the Persian, Sasanian, or Babylonian language was indicated; they said the thing was a hoax.

"But the old cock said they were only fit for puzzles, didn't he?"—"No!" he would make one to fit their wit—eh, what?"

It was what Sir Hector had uttered about it. I told them the learned men were in a bitter contempt. Their knowledge of deciphering inscriptions, he said, was confined to the Black Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna, and their knowledge of Assyriology to the sacred books of the Jews—he would leave them an inscription within the zone of their intelligence.

I heard the comment door of the drawing-room to the terrace open, and I went out. Blackmartin followed me with a sharp look. He had grasped the situation. He knew that things had gone to pieces and why I came; some of it by inquiry, no doubt, and the remainder by a sort of instinct. From

black and despicable—boggy in the chair—and the place seemed to emerge from a track, in the best, of something finer.

I found Marjorie on the terrace; and I advanced to her with a smile that was heavenly and denied. She was lovely beyond words. There could be no more to write here. To catalog her would be to give no adequate impression. Dark hair, sun-kissed, and a smile that was the smile of a Nereid are not descriptive phrases, but they are fragments of fancy that another man—no, the thing I mean—must find his own beloved woman to me.

I loved her, and, to me, she possessed the charm of dreams.

AND now that God denied her to me I adored her more. There is this quality, strange and bitter, in a loss, that it doubles the value of the thing removed; when it is gone once, wholly, one sees with an uncanny clearness how incomparable it was. To-night this terrace was some delicate, vague kingdom of illusion. It would presently be gone. There would be only an echo of it with her. And it seemed to me, as I walked slowly beside her the length of the flagged terrace, that this hour was priceless. Into it the mysterious purpose of every day that I had lived, of every day that I would yet live, seemed to converge, and to escape with the sound of my footsteps moving on the flag. I must convince her!

And I labored to that end with every nerve of my body. I saw the stars in the vague light I noted every detail of her: the long lashes, the exquisite mouth, the smile of her eyes, the smile of her smile, things, however potent, that so wholly overcame me. It was a thing for which I would have given my life. There could be no visible evidence, that moved myself from this girl into every fiber of me. The eternal form of romance attended her. She came forth from haze, from shadow; there came forth her freshness, the mystery of those fairy women that the soul of a man eternally longs for.

Unless I could persuade her, she was lost to me!

I can remember what I said; it may have been to offer what I had, to replace the things this disaster had swept out. My insistence must have involved about this fixed idea; for she would only shake her heavenly head. I must not bribe her—I could not bribe a Nereid.

I looked up finally like a man slaking in the pit, and I saw, beyond her across the terrace, a face pressed against the glass door of the library. For a moment the face seemed to smile at me. I knew it was my emotion—there was something in it; something having a momentary control over the things that had happened in the sudden features; something long submerged, trodden down, flint-covered, is a sort of relief to the eye to see the face. Then the face relaxed into its vacant, unhuman, and Blackmartin opened the door.

"Oh! I say," he called to us, "if I might have a Bible I would read it. I turn it—into a sort of habit, y'know." I had to turn, sharp, to consider the dis-



"Madame takes her daily clay bath, in her easy chair, and—

Do You Clay Your Face?

America's Loveliest Women Do!

By MARTHA RYERSON

WHEN I WENT abroad I little expected to uncover a secret that would bring any woman new beauty in a new way. Nor did I dream that the discovery would, in six months, have all America claying!

"I went away a slave to complexion cosmetics that all but filled a travel-case. I returned without them—and without the need for them. A wonderful clay peculiar to a certain section of sunny Wales removed every blemish my skin had known—in exactly forty minutes. I shall never forget the afternoon I first clayed. A maiden of the hills persuaded me to try it. I did so out of politeness, but the miracle performed left me fairly speechless. Impurities nothing had ever hidden, were gone! Pores I had always powdered with such care were not to be seen! Color I had never hoped for, appeared—and stayed!

"One look, and father was an eager listener to the story. Together we returned to the tiny stream where Nature had deposited this marvelous clay. His knowledge of chemistry eventually made it possible to preserve its full beauty power and carry some back to America, where it brought the same remarkable results on every type of skin we tried. The story was printed, and father's laboratory soon resembled a post-office; letters asking for the English clay poured in from every state. Just one clay bath and the skin was always cleared—was it any wonder

the clay bath was soon a fashionable furore? Four additional shipments were received and distributed, and still the letters of application piled up. Arrival of a fresh supply now bids fair to fill enough jars that all may have one who request it.

How to Clay

"I guess most women have tried a facial clay of some sort. Years ago I used a domestic clay that often had a good effect for an hour or two. But this natural English clay is a permanent that flushes out the whole skin structure and practically makes it over. Its application twice a week keeps complexions positively blooming. You may think you will wish to add an artificial touch to the result, but you will find there is nothing lacking and nothing to add.

"The whole secret is in the clay itself. Get this particular clay and your complexion troubles are over. Spread it on face and neck; slip into your easy chair; in forty minutes you wipe away every impurity that was buried in your skin, and your face looks and feels a dozen years younger!

"I trust it won't be long before every woman in the land knows that complexion ills melt away at a single application of this natural English clay. It is not just a fad, nor a vogue; claying is a hygienic habit that makes a new skin. No woman is without need of claying if past twenty—or will never look best until she does."



—even madame's maid must remark the astonishing result!"

Only \$1.87

for Two Months' Supply of the Genuine ENGLISH Complexion Clay!

Miss Ryerson's story is published at this time because a new importation of the English clay has arrived and makes it possible to resume general distribution. This is the largest quantity yet obtained and should allow one jar to everyone making prompt response to this offer.

For the present a full-sized jar containing two months' supply will be sent if you merely deposit the actual cost of getting the jar in your hands.

Do not send money, only the coupon below; the cost of \$1.87 and postage can be paid the mailman on delivery. If results from just one application surprise and delight you, we will consider your deposit payment in full (only the first jar at this low price) otherwise you may have back every penny paid. This wide-open trial offer at actual cost through courtesy of William Ryerson, Head Chemist.

If handier to send money with application, \$2 brings jar prepaid, with same money-back guarantee.

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 179
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit Plan" offer. Please send me a full-sized jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name _____

Address _____

P. O. _____ Original from _____ State _____

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

QUESTIONS THEY ASK WALLACE

An Explanation of His Famous Method of Reducing to Music

ACCORDING to the figures we keep at Wallace Institute, my method of removing superfluous flesh has thus far been used by a little over 18,000 persons. In addition, we have received nearly 65,000 letters asking questions about the course. So many people these days are seeking relief from overweight, it is possible the answers to those questions most frequently asked would be of general interest.

What is often asked is "How can music make one thin? It can not. I use music merely as a means of reducing we should see few stout people! For homes without a phonograph are scarce. It is, of course, the specific directions and active outlines on my records—not the records themselves, or the music—which reduce weight. Specialized in this work eighty years before I conceived and perfected the course on phonograph records. The method reduces through counteracting the natural, underlying causes of fat.

THE next most frequent question is this: "How many pounds will your records remove from me?" And strangely enough, it is not hard to answer this question quite accurately. Experience in so many thousands of cases enables us to state an average figure which will come very close, and anyone may tell for one's self from the table given here. It is only necessary to take into consideration the age and height. The present weight, or how long you have weighed that much, makes no difference in the ultimate result. Superfluous flesh may have been permitted to accumulate for any one of a number of reasons. Its removal, nevertheless, will be accomplished in the same way in every case—by eliminating the basic conditions that foster fat in excess of what is needed for repairing and restoring what the bodily activities consume. These are the weights that anyone may attain by this method of reducing:

Height	Age 20	Age 30	Age 40	Age 50	Age Over
	Yrs.	Yrs.	Yrs.	Yrs.	Yrs.
	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.
60	111	115	122	127	130
61	113	117	124	129	132
62	115	119	126	131	134
63	117	121	128	133	136
64	119	123	130	135	138
65	121	125	132	137	140
66	123	127	134	139	142
67	125	129	136	141	144
68	127	131	138	143	146
69	129	133	140	145	148
70	131	135	142	147	150
71	133	137	144	149	152
72	135	139	146	151	154
73	137	141	148	153	156
74	139	143	150	155	158

I guess thousands of people have asked me "is your course absolutely harmless?" The best reply is "to be found in the very many letters of the medical profession endorsing my methods. Scores of those taking my course have said they do so by advice of their physicians. Those who for any reasons of health are forbidden to employ violent exercises have enjoyed this melody method, and finished with marked improvement physically.

By WALLACE
PHOTOGRAPH BY KERDY STUDIOS

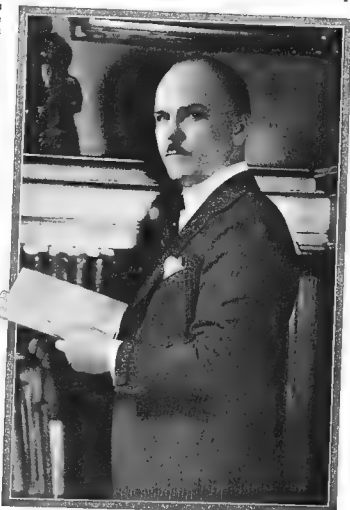
"Will reducing so fast as I have heard is done by your records wear wrinkles or flabbiness?" I presume it is because the starving process and numerous cruel diets always do have such an effect that the opposite is true of my system of reducing. For I use absolutely natural methods; I do not tear down fatty

the change. But the reduction is a certainty in the end, and to understand the principles I use is to know this to be a fact. Others will state that they are too fat in certain parts, and therefore desire only the part of my service which will reduce the abdomen, hips, or perhaps the neck and arms. It is, of course, impossible to give fat a single direction which will remove fat at one point while the body is organized to produce excess fat just as fast as it is consumed. Mine is a complete, correctional course, one part preparing the way for the next, and must be taken in the sequence directed. If you are stout in only certain places, have no fear that you will lose where measurements are normal. Nature does not work that way. It is only in drugging and doping, or in denying the body needed nourishment that one's face becomes drawn, or portions of the body become gaunt and subnormal. Every day comes the query "Can your records do anything for one who is not so much overweight as poorly proportioned?" Redistribution, rather than removal of the fat is the desire. My course seems to bring results very quickly in such instances. A woman seldom realizes how completely within her control is her figure, and the contour of the limbs.

"Must I always keep up the use of my reducing records even after I have reduced to right weight?" No, but most people do so because they want to. There is something about the twelve to twenty minutes daily use of the records that everyone seems to like. Then too, the occasional use of the records every second or third day, possibly only once a week makes it impossible for the fat to return.

You may think at the outset that you will wish to lay aside the records once you reach the goal of a normal figure—but I predict that you will not.

In spite of the great numbers who have permitted me to restore their proportions to what Nature intended, there are doubtless many more people who still carry their unwelcome weight because they frankly disbelieve in any reducing process so easy and enjoyable. To "get thin to music" sounds too simple. I know this from the quantity of letters asking if I guarantee results. To ask that is to confess that you have not carefully read the offer in my announcements. Naturally, I may not guarantee to reduce someone who has no means of knowing will carry out my instructions as exactly as given. But if directions are obeyed, reduction is sure. The very terms of my offer prove that. My first lesson is always given before anything is said about paying for my services. From that first lesson anyone can tell whether my reducing records really do reduce, and there is no obligation to go a step further unless results make you eager to continue with me.



WALLACE, THE ORIGINATOR OF THE METHOD
MANY HAVE USED TO GET THIN TO MUSIC

tissues, but remove conditions responsible for their growth. It is a change of Nature's own working, and therefore the new bodily condition is naturally provided for. Remaining flesh is firmer than ever. So far as wrinkles are concerned, the face, neck and other parts of the body will be seen to have a new smoothness.

NOT so easy to answer is the query as to how long it will take to reduce an individual to normal weight. Constitutions vary. Conditions are never precisely the same in two people. Reports of ten pounds lost the first week of my course are frequent. Often it is only five pounds in that time. But a woman who takes off only a few pounds the first week or two—perhaps only ten or twelve pounds the first three weeks—will often times start to lose weight twice as fast commencing with her fourth lesson.

I recently received a letter from a woman who had removed forty pounds along about the middle of her first lesson, yet she had lost nothing the first week, and only three and one-half pounds the second week. Nature sometimes requires quite a time to prepare the system for

Play Off your FAT

No one need stay stout longer than it takes to notify Wallace Institute of the desire to reduce to normal weight, receive the phonographic reducing lesson that is sent free of any charge whatever, and play away the excess flesh to the tune of several pounds a week.

Wallace REDUCING Records

—dictated by Wallace himself, originator of the music method of reducing—are the one safe, sensible and certain way to remove any burden of fat. Thousands have reduced by this modern method.

The success of the original Wallace course has caused several to copy what they can of his method. Unless the record is signed Wallace, and unless the label says Reducing—it is NOT a Reducing Record.

You Can Get Thin to Music

Easy, interesting lessons of a few minutes daily will cause every ounce of extra flesh to go—and prevent its return. File after file of letters show reductions like these:

- 103 Lbs.** lost in 4 months by Mrs. Harry Meyer, 1208 Vine St., Aubrey, Ill.
- 74 Lbs.** lost in 18 weeks by Mrs. Grace Harchler, 4606 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- 60 Lbs.** lost in 3 months by Mrs. Orpha M. Van Riper, Waukegan, Ill.
- 41 Lbs.** lost by Miss Helen F. MacDougall, No. 10, West 10th St., Grand, N. Y.
- 32 Lbs.** lost in 2 months by Mrs. J. M. Paw, Lawrence, Pa.
- 20 Lbs.** lost with four lessons by Mrs. Frank J. Roth, 106 Fremont St., Marshalltown, Ia.

—surely, Wallace can reduce you, too; just as surely as you give him the opportunity offered here and now.

Your First Lesson is FREE

Why not find out first lesson record about Wallace Reducing Records? A few days with the first lesson record will tell you more and show you more than any amount of description. No promise to pay anything, no obligation; just let Wallace know you want to try his method. A full lesson on regular-sized double-face reducing record and complete instructions free for the mailing of this coupon:



WALLACE,
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago:

Please send record for the first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

Name _____
St. & No. _____ (93)

P. O. _____ State _____
Original Address: 32 Albert St., Winnipeg.



Because her friends were prudish

MAYBE it was her mother's fault. She must have known and might have told her.

Certainly various of her intimate friends had noticed it from time to time. She had many close chums among the girls of her acquaintance. And they knew each other so well that they had scarcely any secrets from each other.

Yet no one—not a soul—had the courage to tell her. People simply do not speak about it somehow or other—even the most intimate of friends.

Of course, halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath) is not a very pleasant subject; yet why should it be allowed to stand in the way of some one's happiness?

Particularly, when a very simple precaution will correct such a condition.

Most cases of halitosis, fortunately, are only temporary, due to some local condition in the mouth. (When it is chronic, of course, a physician's advice should be sought.)

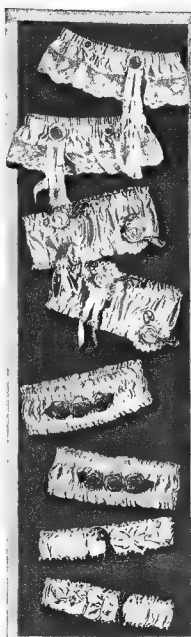
Listerine, the well-known antiseptic, used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle, will usually defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation and its remarkable deodorizing properties leave the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Fastidious people everywhere are making this use of Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

It is a simple, scientific precaution that quickly ends any misgivings you may have about your breath. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Better provide yourself with a bottle of Listerine today. All druggists have it.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For
HALITOSIS
USE
LISTERINE



Fasteners of Ribbon Trimmed with Bad-Lace, and Bows

Christmas Gifts to Be Made of Ribbon

THE charm of ribbons is never to be lost. They add a distinctive individuality to all articles which they decorate. They are symbols of Frenchness and good feeling. The little flowers and buds so commonly made of ribbon act as a cheerful substitute when the real ones are not to be had. All homes and all hearts should have this redeeming touch of grace and cantinness. It is easy to make attractive decorations from ribbon, and the cost is little. On this page are a few attractive things that may be made from ords and ends of ribbon.



Lamp Shade of Ribbon with Ribbon Trimings



Nightgown Hanger of Dainty Ribbons

Baby's Hanger, Streamed with Ribbons, Shown Above



Cushion of Ribbons Wide and Narrow

Secret Hearts

A Round Ribbon Pillow, with Lace, and Flowers, and Leaves

The above pillow made of ribbon is 18 inches in diameter. The center circle is 6 inches in diameter and 2 yards of 10-inch ribbon is shured to fit around it. Two rows of 1 1/2-inch lace are placed around the circumference as a decoration, and little ribbon bows further decorate the cushion.

Original from

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The Dance of the Perfumes

LIKE an emerald fastened on the robe of Asia, green Bokhara glows with an inextinguishable fervor of romance. Where flowers bloom most bounteously the Albesti, spirit maidens,—so they say—flit softly in their endless quest of love.

From these same gardens, from Bokhara where red lilies grow, Vantines draws forth an added novelty breath of Oriental fragrance to pervade the satiny fluffed softness of

Jafleur
POWDER

\$1.50



In Ornamental Crystal Jar with genuine Lamb's Wool Puff Enclosed



At Drug Stores, Gift-shops and Departments that feature the newest in Oriental Scent; or, if undesirable as your dealer, send to be name and the price.

Vantines
The Buddha of Perfumes

60 Hunters Point Avenue, L. I. City New York

Practical and Smart Ideas in Knitted Goods and Appliqué

Many Suggestions for Christmas Gifts



The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 276, 15 cents (1/3), makes the dress for a child's size 12 to 14 years.



No. 12697
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12697, yellow, 15 cents (1/3), furnishes an appliqué design for pillow 17 by 19 inches.
No. 274



No. 12683

Appliqué Designs, 12683, 25 cents (1/3). Two of each design furnished.



No. 276, for 12 to 14 years



No. 275

Slippers and Tie, Directions 15 cents (1/3).



No. 277, 278, 279, 284—Charming Knitted Goods for Dolls



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12672, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), furnishes many motifs

Knitting Directions 276, 15 cents (1/3).
Child's Coat.
Knitting Directions 240, 20 cents (1/3).
Girl's Slip-over one-piece Dress.
Knitting Directions 218 and 219, each 10 cents (1/3).
Doll's Sweater and Middy.
Knitting Directions 224, 20 cents (1/3). Set for Doll.
Knitting Directions 217, 10 cents (1/3). Middy for Doll.

No. 240 Knitted Dress



No. 277—Afghan Made of Germantown Wool



No. 248 Charming Dress of Sherburne Wool



No. 12682 and 12685—Applique on Towel Ends
Appliques Used on Towels, 12682 and 12685, furnished with duplicates, 25 cents each (1/3). No. 12682 is shown on the center towel, No. 12685 upper and lower ends

No. 277—Knitted Afghan for Baby, 15 cents (1/3). Requiring 6 balls of Germantown yarn and 1 pair of knitting needles No. 7.

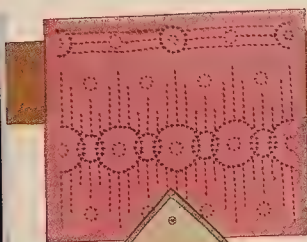
No. 248—Knitted Two-Piece Dress, 20 cents (1/3). Requiring 10 balls of Sherburne wool, 1 pair knitting needles No. 7 and 1 crochet hook No. 2.

Original Fancy Designs for Wearing Apparel and for the Home

Embroidery for Winter Takes on Colors



No. 12761
Transfer Design 12761,
blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6)



No. 12765



The Pictorial
Review Company's
Transfer Design
12766, blue or yel-
low, 40 cents (2/5)



The Pictorial
Review Com-
pany's Transfer
Design 12762,
blue only, 35
cents (1/6), pro-
vides design for
breakfast set,
illustrated
above.

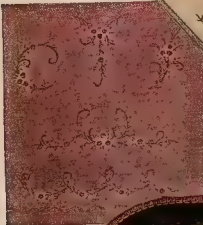


The Pictorial Review Com-
pany's Transfer Design
12762, blue or yellow, 30
cents (1/6), gives outline of
neck and labels for combing
jacket and design, consisting
of sprays and single flowers,
illustrated above. This design
would be equally attractive
decorating blouses and dresses.

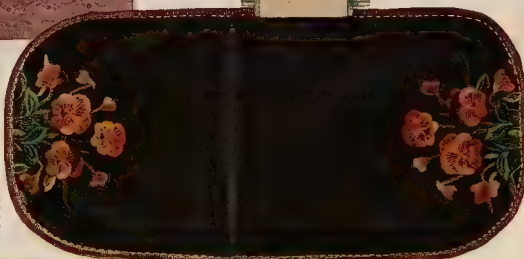
No. 12762



No. 12769



No. 12763
The Pictorial
Review Com-
pany's Transfer De-
sign, 12763,
blue only, 30
cents, (1/6),
provides 2
yards of scal-
lop, 2 of each
of four motifs,
and 2 yards of
border. These
may be used
on towels as
illustrated to
the extreme
right, and to
trim lingerie.



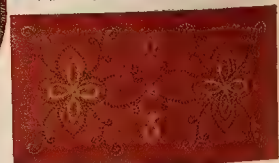
No. 12750

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12750,
blue or yellow, 35 cents (1/6), supplies 2 yards each of 16½-
and 6½-inch borders; used for dresses, as well as for aprons,
runners, etc.



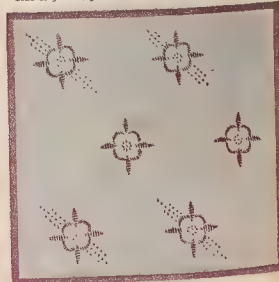
No. 12754

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12754,
blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), furnishes 4 yards each of a
15-inch and a 1½-inch border, and 4 motifs 6 by 5½ inches.
Beds or embroidery silk may be used.



No. 12768

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12768,
blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6).



No. 12766

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12766,
blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), provides 4 yards of an 15-inch
border which may be used for dresses and blouses, worked in
beds or silk.

Smartness Without Ostentation Marks Winter Modes

1323—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 35 inches. No. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Gathers Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The suit in medium size requires 3 1/4 yards 54-inch cotton (blue) homespun—2 1/2 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. The fronts of the jacket are underlaid and are rolled with the collar forming lapels.

Coat 1317



Jacket 1323
Skirt 1051

Coat 1378

Jacket 1136
Bodice Skirt
8964

Dress 1013

Dress 1416
Monogram 567

Dress 9280



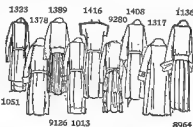
Jacquette
Blouse 1389
Skirt 9126

1978—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 54-inch tiffin (brown) diagonal tweed—4 yards 36-inch satin for lining. The large collar buttons high to the neck and may be rolled back on warm days. Smaller pockets are applied to the large patch pockets which lap over and button. Self-covered or bone buttons may be used for the fastenings.

1013—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch navy-blue suede velours—1/4 yard 54-inch caracul cloth for collar, cuffs, and trimming. The dress closes at the center-back. Like most of the new frocks this season fur supplies the trimming. A slash of self-material holds in the fullness at the waist-line and has a fancy ornament, which is now so much in vogue, attached at the center-front.

1416—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yard 54-inch green Jersey tubing—2 1/4 yards braid to bind. The dress is very simple to make, and is laid in plaits at the sides. To give an individual touch a monogram, design 567, is embroidered at the center-front. The monogram may be worked in flat satin stitch with rope silk.

9280—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 40-inch Columbia (blue) Canton crepe for waist—1 yard 40-inch gray Canton crepe for skirt—1/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Columbia blue and gray Canton crepe forms a good combination. The wide bands on the skirt give a double tunic effect. A fancy girle holds in the waist-line fullness.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED
ON PAGE 97

Attractive Trimmings Vary the Straight Silhouette



Dress 1288

Dress 1213

Dress 1200

Dress 1313

Dress 1397

Dress 1383

Dress 1380



1288—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 54-inch banner (blue) duvetyne—¾ yard narrow squirrel fur banding—¾ yards silk braid—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1313—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch green Koshanara crepe—1¼ yards silk braid. Rows of silk braid are used to trim the collar, cuff, and the lower edge of the skirt.

1200—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch brick-dust crepe Roma—¾ yards silk braid. The slopes of this attractive afternoon frock are slashed up from the lower edge and gathered to narrow wristbands. The panels, which are very fashionable extend below the lower edge of the skirt, are adjusted at the sides of the dress.

1313—Ladies' One-piece Draped Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch black Chine for collar and facing sleeves—1 yard 36-inch charmeuse—¾ yard 40-inch green figured crepe of Chine for collar and facing sleeves—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The flowing sleeves, which are faced with a figured crepe of Chine, are adjusted in the armholes of a front-closing underbody. The dress is draped in front while the fullness is held in at the back by a narrow belt. An ornament of marcasite is used at the waist-line.

1380—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch Mandalay (brown) Canton crepe—¾ yard 40-inch tan Canton crepe for facing sleeves, side gores, and piping. The side gores are faced in tan Canton crepe and extend below the hem-line in deep points.

1397—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch navy-blue serge—21 yards narrow silk braid. A blouse effect is given to this frock by elastic which is inserted through a casing underneath the dress.

1383—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch tan broadcloth—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crepe for vest—¾ yards seal banding. The V opening is filled in with a dainty vest of white Georgette crepe. Fur banding adds a smart touch of decoration to the dress.

The Latest Frock News Flashed from Fashion's Screen



Dress 1416
Monogram SSS

Dress 1176

Dress 9956

Dress 9413

Dress 1198

Dress 1380

Jacquette Blouse
1389
Shirt 9126



DESCRIPTIONS
CONTINUED
ON PAGE 97

1416—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 36 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 40-inch wallflower Canton crepe. Easy to slip into in this practical dress. There are plaits at the sides to give just a trifle fullness, and this fullness is held in with a straight narrow belt. One of the new ideas of fashion is to have one's monogram embroidered, and this effective one, 553, is carried out in raised satin stitch.

1176—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 36 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 54-inch navy tricotine—1/2 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Conservative and yet smart is this charming model. The same sleeves are in one piece and extend beyond the wristbands, forming loops. The narrow belt crosses in front.

9956—Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch tan velours for the upper part of dress—1 1/2 yards 54-inch green velours shaded for the lower part of dress. The dress is made of the center-front, and there is a popular collar of the Peter Pan style so popular this season. Long one-piece sleeves are gathered to straight bands which fit close to the wrist.

9413—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 54-inch gray fashions cloth—1 1/2 yards 3/4 yard narrow fur banding to trim waist—2 1/4 yards 3/4 inch fur banding to trim panels. The closing is on the shoulders. Fashion demands for shall trim its newest creations, and this frock uses it to advantage on the shoulders and on the long side panels.

1198—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 54-inch gray fashions cloth—1 1/2 yards narrow fur banding to trim collar and sleeves—1 yard 7-inch fur banding for panels.

Dance and Dinner Gowns of Unusual Verve and Beauty



1860—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch green crêpe Roma— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch green Georgette crêpe for trimming-pieces on the sleeves— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch lighter green crêpe Roma for facing lower edge of side gores—12 yards ribbon for trimming. The picoté trimming-pieces of Georgette crêpe which are applied to the short kimono sleeves are a smart style feature of this afternoon frock. The side gores which are gathered at the upper edges extend in points below the lower edge of the dress and are faced in a lighter shade of green.

1193—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch peach panne velvet— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch silver cloth for bodice and facing draped section of skirt—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. For formal evening wear this gown fashioned of peach panne velvet and silver lace would be stunning. A bodice of silver cloth is adjusted on a back-closing underbody and the silver cloth is also used for facing the skirt extension which falls in soft folds in a point below the hem-line.

1147—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch black Georgette crêpe— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch lining. A smart style feature of this frock are the wide Georgette sleeves which are attached to the waist from the shoulder to the waist-line. The one-piece skirt is wrapped around the figure, shirred at each side, and falls in draped folds at the left side-front where it closes under a fancy ornament.

9863—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch figured crêpe de Chine— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

Even the Wearer's Monogram Displayed on Winter Frocks

The Two-and-three-quarter-hour Dress

Dress No. 1416 takes but two and three-quarters of an hour to make, if made of tubing. There are only two seams to sew and the home dressmaker has a practical as well as a modish dress.

1416—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Jersey tubing—2¼ yards braid to trim. The dress is laid in plaits at the sides and a leather belt holds in the fulness at the waist-line. A monogram, design 540, is embroidered on the front of the dress. The monogram may be worked in flat or raised satin stitch in silk floss.

Dress 1416
Monogram 540

Dress 1381

Dress 1383

Dress 1262

1383—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Canton crepe—1½ yard each lining for underbody. The sleeves and the side sections are in one piece are adjusted on a front-closing underbody. Cross-stitch, in design 1274, trims the edges of the applied front, also the panels which extend below the hemline in points.

1385—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Poirer twill—2½ yards 54-inch satin for collar—2½ yards silk braid. The dress closes at the left side-front invisibly. Silk braid forms a smart trimming.

1395—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Canton crepe for waist—2 yards 40-inch contrasting Canton crepe for skirt. The skirt is elaborately beaded in design 1274B. The design may be carried out in jet, crystal, opalescent, steel, chalk, or colored glass beads.

1398—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch Canton crepe—1½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee, cuffs, and piping—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The deep open front is filled in with a dainty but contrasting vestee of crêpe de Chine. Blanket-stitching outlines the long collar.

Dress 1359
Cross-stitch 1274S

Dress 1302
Beading 1274B

Dress 1397

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

The Daytime Costume Concentrates on Serviceability

Simple Dresses that are Easily Made and the New Fad, the Monogram



Dress 1174



Dress 1262

1891—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch duvetyne—1 yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, inserted front, and binding pockets. The dress closes at the left side of the inserted front section. The short sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs of crêpe de Chine, and the neck with a Peter Pan collar of the same material. A suede or patent leather belt holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

Dress 1281

1174—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 40-inch crêpe satin—3 yards ribbon for sash. Blanket-stitching outlines the collar, turn-back cuffs, and the trimming-bands on the pockets of this frock. A novel trimming of pendent buttons and simulated buttonholes is introduced on this simple frock.

1892—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch tricotine—3/4 yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee—2 3/4 yards black silk braid—1 yard 30-inch lining for underbody. The waist of this frock has a deep open front which is filled in with a dainty vestee of crêpe de Chine and introduces the surplice closing. Black silk braid is used for binding the neck edge and the cuffs. The wide crushed girdele is closed at the left side ornamented by a novelty buckle.

1086—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch broadcloth—2 3/4 yards ribbon for sash. The only touch of decoration on this frock is supplied by blanket-stitching which outlines the collar and turn-back cuffs. A sash of ribbon holds in the waist-line fulness.

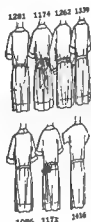


Dress 1086

Apron 1171
Cross-stitch 12735
Monogram 537

Dress 1416
Monogram 568

1389—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 40-inch satin—3/4 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and vestee. Embroidery, in design 12646, forms a deep border on the skirt of this dress. The design may be worked in running stitches with ruyé silk. If beads are preferred, iridescent, jet or crystal bugles may be used effectively thus adding a touch of color to this charming frock.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

New Discovery Gives You Glorious Wavy Hair

Remarkable New Liquid Quickly Gives Every Girl a Wealth of Soft, Glistening, Curly Hair



If your hair is bobbed, Domino Curling Fluid will keep it wavy and a curl, without the hot bit of hot-iron.



The youthful coiffure is kept at its best—very and fluffy—with just a few drops of this marvelous liquid.



Many mothers appear over so much more youthful, when their hair is "well dressed" with no straight wispy strands.



Every child can now have delightfully curly hair, in just the style she wants—without rubbing her hair with hot iron.



The theater and social success call for more and for this Domino Curling Fluid is indispensable.

NO longer need you envy the girl with beautiful, wavy hair. For beauty experts have at last discovered a new harmless liquid, which gives even the most stubborn hair a wonderfully natural waviness and curliness.

This new liquid makes your hair fall in soft, fluffy waves and silky curls. It adds a wonderful new charm, youthfulness and beauty to your appearance. No fuss—no bother. Simply moisten the hair with a few drops of this wonderful new liquid called Domino Curling Fluid. One application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually for a week or more. Why ruin your hair with hot irons, or pay big fees to hair dressers? Try this new harmless method and see if your friends aren't amazed at the wonderful improvement in your appearance.

An Amazing Discovery

Domino Curling Fluid is one of the greatest beauty discoveries made in years. It is entirely new—nothing just like it has ever been known or used before.

No matter how unruly or stubborn your hair may be—no matter how obstinately it has withstood your efforts to keep it curly—you will be simply astonished to see how quickly Domino Curling Fluid makes your hair soft, wavy and charming.

All you have to do is follow the simple, easy directions. Domino Curling Fluid is just what you have been waiting for—because it provides a new way to keep the hair wavy and curly, *without* the bothersome disadvantages of old-fashioned methods.

Special Offer—Send No Money

So that everyone may test this wonderful new discovery, we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is \$2.50, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only \$1.45 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

Furthermore, if you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle within five days and your money will be instantly refunded. We have backed up this guarantee with a special deposit of \$10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Thus, you do not risk a penny.

ONLY \$1.45

Send No Money

You have always longed for soft, wavy, curly hair. Here is your opportunity to have it—easily, quickly, and surely.

Already Domino Curling Fluid is bringing new beauty and charm to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you. Mail the coupon now—today. Remember, on this special offer you get Domino Curling Fluid at a greatly reduced price. This offer may never appear again—so mail the coupon at once. Domino House, Dept. C-1512, 269 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. C-1512
269 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me one \$2.50 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me, I will pay him \$1.45 (plus few cents postage), in full payment. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I will return it in five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

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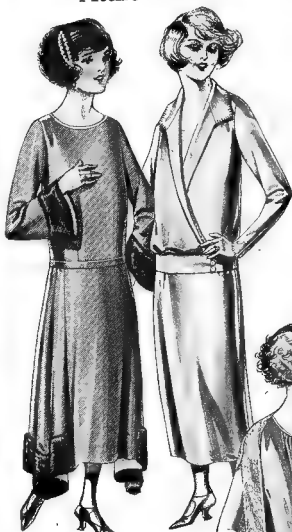
Deltah PEARLS



Attire for All Occasions for the Young Miss

THE NEW BLOUSE

The very last word in smart fashions is the Jacquette blouse, which makes its debut to the mode in the young girl's frock 1399. The distinguishing feature of this modish and becoming style is the deep band that binds the hips and fastens at the side-front. Neck-lines take different forms according to the cut of the model.



Dress 1331

Dress 1399



Dress 1410



Coat 1228

Jacket 1325
Skirt 9904

Two-Tone Effects

The composed idea, that is the combination of two different fabrics or fabrics of two different colors, is well thought of by fashion authorities. When two colors are employed as in the case of frock 1410, the lighter one is reserved for the upper part of the frock and the darker tone for the lower section.

Dress 1329

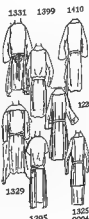
Dress 1295

1389—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch duvetyne—1/4 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse is gathered to a wide three-piece band giving a jacquette effect. The two-piece gathered skirt is joined to a body having a straight upper edge and finished with shoulder straps.

1393—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 3/4 yards 4-inch lace banding. A novel feature of this afternoon or evening frock are the sleeve straps of lace banding which extend around the back forming a yoke. Inserted side panels fall gracefully below the hem-line in points. To give a blouse effect to the waist, elastic is inserted through a casing below the waist-line.

1285—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 16 requires 5 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 1/4 yard narrow fur banding. Picoté panels trimmed with pompons extend below the lower edge of the skirt. A casing is stitched underneath the dress with elastic inserted to regulate the fulness and give a blouse effect. Narrow fur banding trims the short kimono sleeves and also the oval-shaped neck.

1285—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9904—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. The suit in size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards 36-inch velvet—2 1/2 yards 36-inch printed silk lining jacket.



1331—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch Poiré twill—3 1/4 yards 6-inch fur banding. The circular side gores hang below the front and back gores and are trimmed with a wide band of fur. Fur banding also trims the flowing sleeves. The waist is dart-fitted in front and closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, while the skirt closes at the left side-front seam.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 1228 Broadway, New York City.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Style Hints from Underwear to Dainty Doll Clothes



Nightgown 9975



Pajamas 1407



Pajamas 9451



Pajamas 9465



Combination 8048



Lounge-robe 9978

9975—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch batiste— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards lace edging—2 yards ribbon for bows. This simple little nightgown may be trimmed in any number of ways. Instead of finishing the V neck and short kimono sleeves with lace as illustrated, button-hole scalloping or hemstitching may be used.



Kimono 6706

9978—Men's Lounge-robe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch velvet— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch satin for sash. The robe has a shawl collar and inserted pockets. Turn-back cuffs finish the two-seamed sleeves. The wide sash of satin is finished with long tassels of silk and holds in the fulness at the waist-line.



Costume Slip 9980



Negligee 1400



Costume Slip 9822



Dolls' Set 1414



Dolls' Set 1405



Dolls' Set 8076

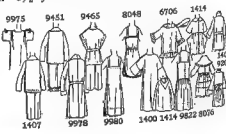


Dolls' Set 9204

1407—Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch striped percale— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch plain percale for collar, pockets, and trimming. The coat of the pajamas slips on over the head and has a waste of plain percale inserted. The vestee is fastened by fancy frogs.

9980—Ladies' Costume Slip. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch washable satin— $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards lace insertion— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard ribbon. The slip is slashed in from the underarm edges in front and back and the lower slashed edges gathered. Lace insertion gives a dainty touch of trimming and is also used for the shoulder straps. Narrow two-tone ribbon holds in the fulness at upper edge.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED
ON PAGE 98



Practical Garments that Are Approved of Fashion



Smoking Jacket
8009



Nightgown 1257

Brassiere 1170
Drawers 1240

Vest 9825
Bloomers 9229

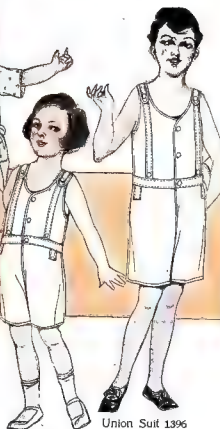
Camisole 8555
Petticoat and
Bloomers 1246

Combination 1392

8809—Men's Smoking Jacket. Designed for 36 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velvet—¾ yard 36-inch quilted satin for collar. The lower edges of the two-piece sleeves are faced with self-material and rolled back to form cuffs. Frogs are used for the closing. A smart contrast is given by the collar which is of quilted satin.



Pelames 1412



Union Suit 1398



Bath-robe 1388



Negligee 1411



Kimono 1402



Pantelet and
Camisole Combination 1391

6884—Ladies' Kimono Dressing Sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch voile—¾ yard 36-inch velvet ribbon—¾ yard satin ribbon for bows. The underarm edges are caught together with ribbon tied in bows forming armholes. The underarm edges are caught together with the beading. Narrow velvet ribbon is drawn through the beading.

6885—Ladies' Vest. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. No. 9229—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist.



The set in medium size requires 3½ yards 36-inch washable satin. The vest is finished with shoulder straps which may be of ribbon or self-material. Elastic is inserted through a casing at the lower edges of the bloomers to hold in the fullness and form ruffles. Hemstitching may be used as a trimming in contrasting silk thread.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED
ON PAGE 98

Clothes of Individual Charm for Small Folks



Coat 1375

Coat 5677



Coat 9194

Suit 9401

You Can Make This \$35 Dress For Only \$9.84

THE smart crepe satin dress shown above would cost you at least \$35 in the shops. Yet you can make it yourself for only \$9.84. Here is the exact cost of the materials:

3 yards of brown crepe satin at \$2.25	\$6.75
1 yard of brown acetate crepe	1.50
Beads, thread and fastenings	.54
1 yard spider silk lining	.45
Total	\$9.84

This is just one example of what you can save on all your clothes by making them yourself. You can have three or four times as many pretty things as the woman who pays high prices in the shops, or you can save half or more of what you have been spending for clothes each season.

The Woman's Institute has developed a wonderful new method by which you can learn easily and quickly, in spare time, amid the comfort and quiet of your own home surroundings, to make blouses, dresses, skirts, suits, coats, lingerie, hats, children's clothes—everything you desire for yourself, your family and others.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name _____ (Please specify whether Mr. or Miss)

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City _____ State _____

1375—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yard 54-inch herring-bone cheviot—1 1/2 yard 36-inch satreen for lining. This makes a comfortable coat for the little man and buttons high to the neck which is finished with a round collar.

8677—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yard 54-inch chinilla—1 1/2 yard 36-inch satreen for lining. The coat hangs free in front while the fullness at the back is laid in plaits and finished with a pointed strap.

9194—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yard 54-inch tweed—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining. This mannish little coat buttons high to the neck, is in double-breasted style, and is held in at the waist-line with a straight belt fastened with a buckle.

9401—Boys' Suit. Designed for 3 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yard 36-inch velvet—1/4 yard 36-inch satin for blouse. The suit consists of a blouse, side-closing trousers and an Eton jacket. The little velvet trousers button to the waist. Frilling of self-material trims the Peter Pan collar, turn-back cuffs, and the applied plait.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



Dress 7972

Bloomer Dress 1394

Dress 1172



Dress 1382

Dress 1379



Dress 1390



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The Mode Sets Style Pace for the Younger Set



Coat 1406

Dress 1395



Coat 1393

Rompers 1404

1406—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Bolivia cloth—1½ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. Straps are inserted in the shoulder seams and button to the side-fronts of the coat. On cold days the coat may button high to the neck. Turn-back cuffs finish the cape-like sleeves.

1395—Child's One-piece Slipper Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires ¾ yard 40-inch indestructible voile—1½ yard pointed trimming. This dainty little frock closes at the left side of the inset vestee. Pointed girding trims the collar, short kimono sleeves, and the pockets. For playtime wear chambray, gingham, or linen would be more serviceable than voile.

1398—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velveteen—½ yard 54-inch caracul cloth for collar and cuffs—1½ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining. The coat has long raglan sleeves which are finished with turn-back cuffs and hangs free in front while the fullness at the back is held in with a belt strap.

1404—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 32-inch check gingham—1½ yard braid for binding neck and sleeves. The discarded sides are a novel feature of these rompers.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



Dress 1264

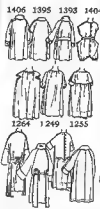
Dress 1249

Dress 1255

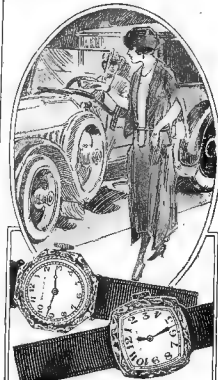


Coat 1413

Dress 1409



Dress 1370



Burlington "Petite"

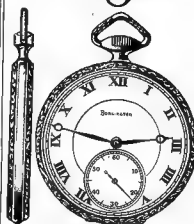
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Simplicity Featured in the Separate Blouse and Skirt



Blouse 1387

Blouse 1239



Overblouse 1187

Jacquette Blouse 1389

1387—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—1 yard lace banding. The neck of this dainty blouse is finished with a long collar trimmed with lace banding and rolled with the fronts of the blouse. The long sleeves are gathered to narrow wrist-bands. This makes a good-looking blouse to wear with the tailored suit or separate skirt and is a very necessary part of the well-groomed woman's wardrobe.

1389—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. As illustrated at upper right, size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 40-inch satin crepe for blouse—1 1/2 yard 40-inch contrasting satin crepe for collar. As illustrated at left of page, size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch crepe de Chine. The blouse is gathered to a wide three-piece band. Smart in its simplicity is the new jacquette blouse, to be worn with accordion or side-plaited skirt.



Jacquette Blouse 1389



Blouse 1300 Monogram 546



Skirt 1051



Skirt 1053



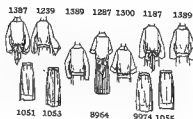
Skirt 9974



Skirt 1055

1287—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 1/2 yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for vestee. Sash sections are attached to the extensions on the front of the blouse and tie at the back. No. 8964—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2 3/4 yards. Size 26 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch velours—1/4 yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The skirt is attached to a bodice. This is an excellent model to be worn with the new jacquette blouse.

1800—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. This blouse is gathered to a wide three-piece band giving a jacquette effect and closes at the side. The three-quarter length sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. An individual touch is given by embroidering one's monogram on the left side-front. The monogram, design 546, may be worked in flat or raised satin stitch in self-color silk floss or in contrasting color if desired.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

1517—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch mandalay (brown) marvella cloth—¾ yard 36-inch taffeta for lining.

1189—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 5894—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited, Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge with plait drawn out, about 2½ yards. The suit in medium size requires jacket—¾ yard 54-inch oxford (red) velours for skirt and collar of jacket—¾ yard 36-inch silk for lining jacket—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice of skirt.

1889—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9196—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge with plait drawn out, about 2½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2½ yards 40-inch pique (tan) satin crepe for blouse—1½ yards 40-inch hindu (brown) satin crepe for skirt.

1408—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch silver crepe de Chine—2½ yards 40-inch navy blue crepe de Chine—¾ yard 36-inch molekin banding—¾ yard narrow molekin banding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

1890—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 42-inch golden brown crepe de Chine.

1889—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch black material—¾ yard 7-inch fur banding for collar and cuffs. 1900—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

1606—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch golden glow (yellow) moroccan crepe—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

9776—Ladies' Sleeveless Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch black satin crepe—¾ yard 36-inch satin ribbon for binding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1907—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch pale green crepe de Chine—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1408—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch bitternest mohair crepe—¾ yard 36-inch moiré for collar and cuffs.

9840—Ladies' Long-waisted Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1900—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3½ yards 40-inch periwinkle crepe de Chine—1¾ yard 24-inch lace banding for bodice—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

1881—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 36-inch cord for underbody.

1897—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch French serge—¾ yard 36-inch crepe de Chine for vestee.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

1171—Ladies' Slip-on Apron. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch black silk line—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for skirt section, collar, cuffs, and waist. One-stitch, in design 12735, may be carried out in mercerized cotton. An individual note is also added by embroidering one's monogram in design 537, worked in raised or flat satin stitch.

1416—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch jersey tubing—2½ yards build to bind. The monogram design 558 may be carried out in flat or raised satin stitch with rope silk. This frock is very simple and easy to make, and if fashioned of jersey tubing, which is so popular this season, there are no seams in the lower part of the dress.



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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

1972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 30-inch crêpe de Chine. Hemstitching gives a dainty touch to this cunning frock.

1984—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards taffeta for collar, sleeve sections, and trimming—band on dress.

1172—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 30-inch dotted swiss.

1388—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 5 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 54-inch tulle—24 yard 30-inch lining for collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming. The collar, cuffs, and pocket-trimmed pockets of this dress are outlined in blanket-stitching. Loose bands are slipped through the slashes in the front and back of the dress and are caught up under the hem.

1970—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 54-inch serge. Following the mode of the grown-serge, this frock introduces the uneven hem-line by means of side panels which extend in a point below the lower edge of the dress.

1225—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tweed—½ yards 30-inch satin for lining and pockets—½ yards 30-inch lining for the jacket and waist-band. The suit consists of a jacket and front-closing knicker-bockers trousers. The jacket is box-plaited in front and back and has a square yoke.

1390—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1½ yards 54-inch velvet—½ yards 30-inch satin for collar and cuffs. For school wear this would make a serviceable frock.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

1984—Child's One-piece Slingsleeve Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 30-inch voile—3 yards lace edging—¼ yard ribbon.

1490—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—5 yards ribbon.

1225—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—2½ yards lace insertion—½ yards lace edging—¼ yard ribbon.

1370—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 54-inch tulle—½ yards 30-inch taffeta for sleeve sections and trimming.

1418—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch Polo cloth—½ yards 54-inch fur cloth for collar, cuffs, and trimming—¾ yards 30-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

1408—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for waist—¾ yards 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for skirt, cuffs, and binding—¾ yard ribbon.

9023—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tweed—3 yards 30-inch satin for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

1230—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe for vest—¾ yards trimming—1 yard 30-inch lining.

1187 Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards 40-inch ribbon for tie-trim. The blouse slips on over blouse and is latched at the center-front. The tie-trim which are of satin ribbon are arranged over the gathers at the sides and back.

1031—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Size 26 requires 1½ yards 54-inch check tweed.

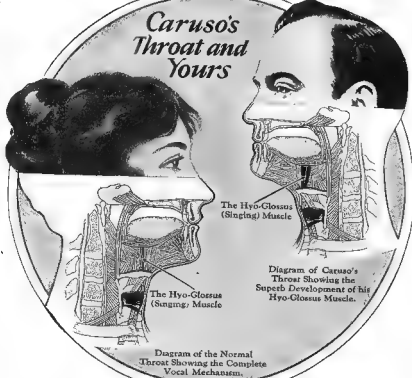
1039—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tulle. This makes a serviceable skirt to wear with the tailored blouse and would also make up well in tweed or homespun. The skirt is cut at the back at the back which is stitched from the upper to lower edges.

9074—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tweed.

1055—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch homespun.

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MARIA JERITZA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

planning a bridge. But that can't begin until my imagination has answered all the questions I put to it, such as 'Who is this woman I am to play? What are her instinctive feelings, her dreams, her sources of strength, her breeding and environment?' And if I have seen the rôle acted already, I must absolutely efface the memory. I much prefer never to have seen it acted.

"There are, of course, moments of inspiration not to be accounted for. They are the great moments of one's world. Without them the strain of it would be unendurable. Piece by piece in each study emerges as if from the fog of a vague nether world. By immense concentration one attains the vision of a scene, perceiving the invisible. At last the woman I must try to paint with colors of my own identity stands almost before me. It must be the same, I think, when a novelist who is a true artist draws a character in a book.

"But after I have looked upon and recognized the woman I am to play I have to hew her out of myself—stroke by stroke—as laboriously as a sculptor hews his conception out of a block of marble. The worst of it is that the moments of the actor don't always come at bidding. One wastes a lot of marble; then the working right arm lacks energy, only to find sometimes that it must all be thrown aside—that one must take a new block of marble and begin all over again.

"But there is eventual reward. After enduring tolling there comes a day when one can say, 'Now I have this woman's soul—now I am this woman!' And then one is free to make every detail of the technical working-out as natural as the instincts with which one was born. No nervousness and one must expect nervousness can frighten one not. No uncertainty of a fellow player can put one out. One played a rôle wide strong invisible wings sustaining one. One soars as one plays it."

AMERICAN audiences have as yet been given but feeble glimpses of the range of Maria Jeritza's powers. She came without the slightest heralding; without even the usual "interviews" given to the press on the arrival of any new singer. Nominally she was engaged to create the rôle in a new opera for a brief month or two, during which it should be given to the various subscription audiences.

But who is she—who is this luminous, half-whispered, well-nigh with awe, on all sides in the Metropolitan foyer, between the acts of her first two or three performances of Korngold's "Tote Ständi." Never was a public mood so fazed or bewildered. They felt as if they had somehow been cheated of facts they had a right to be told about.

At last, surmounting the opposition that has been hinted at, came Tosca—and, one by one, literally, the deluge! So the Jeritza engagement was extended to the first of April. But the season's schedule had been planned with apparent realization of the miracle that was to happen. In consequence of this aspect of public reaction, it had been unprecedented. Not even the whirlwind, widespread earth after the first performance of Caruso, a score of years earlier, had been quite like it. Nobody had dreamed such a thing could happen again.

Or had the astute Mr. Gatti dreamed that it might? Had his tongue been in his cheek?

At all events arguments were hastily made whereby it was possible to present the newcomer in three rôles other than her *Marietta* and her *Tosca*. The public saw her as *Sansone*, as *Ella*, and as *Steglitz*. The latter two parts are as measured and fixed by tradition as statues endowed with man. Wagner's theory of opera would indicate that he meant them to be something like statues.

But the human and appealing as these two rôles become under Jeritza's magic touch, they give this essentially modern interpreter no opportunities at all distinguishable to her specific gifts.

Only from the single rôle of *Marietta* indeed, thus far, can some approximate estimation of her kaleidoscopic range be formed within the limits of a single performance. *Marietta* is a part of stupendous difficulties, vocal as well as dramatic—a part of industrial elusiveness, simple shadowy, glimmering in and out—with faginations that are commensurate. Any other living singer is unthinkable in the character.

Yet it is by the measure of *Tosca* that Jeritza has thus far been judged in America, and acclaimed with cheers so penetrating that I have seen a mob of five hundred non-operating young persons following her she walked out with her husband upon the streets of New York.

It is said that four new and modern rôles will be created by her during the coming season. When that public will first know her Jeritza. They do not know her, but the whole sea of opinion has been so amply contented them that the entire outlook of opera in the United States has been altered.



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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

marvelous! You will keep her at it, won't you? When I've gone home!"

"But I don't see why you should go back to that Mount Holy place, Hilary. Mrs. Spaulding protested now, seriously.

"That's what we tell her! Butterfly adored affectionately.

"If she had any spark at all," went on Craig's mother, "she'd come across to Paris with me. I don't like to travel alone, and it would be her good. How long since you were in Paris, Hilary?" she asked, calmly.

"Oh, years—twenty years! I was a child," Hilary answered breathlessly, while Doris sat up straight, with Craig's arm still about her, and Craig turned to his mother a surprised and amused look. It was not like her to make such a remark in jest.

"Come along, Hilary," she said. "This is Saturday, and I sail Tuesday—"

"Oh, Mrs. Spaulding! Hilary gasped, "you're too kind—of course I'd love to!"

"Take my advice and go," Craig said. "You don't know my mother! I'll save the time of your life!"

"Oh, but honestly—but I never dreamed—but Mrs. Spaulding—" she stammered.

"Hilary, why, I—But Paris!" Her accent on the last word made them all laugh; but Doris's laugh was over a sudden little jealous pang. Of course, she and Craig had had actual months in France; of course it was coming to her old Hilary—but—

Doris really suffered in the next three days. To see them off in the delicious boat of sailing, to step into the wide, airy cabin with its two mahogany beds, to push about the narrow, clean, white, iron passages with other furred and murmuring leave-takers was bad enough. But it was really bad for Doris to go off the train, and to stand on the cold dock, while the rail above her, and Hilary's bright face under a fur hat and framed in furs and violets, faded from view.

Craig's mother looked down from beside Hilary; and on the other side of her sister appeared the pleasant, rosy, extraordinarily clean face of Cecil Aberton.

She had said to Craig, when Cecil came up to them on the dock, that she was delighted that he happened to be returning to England on this boat. She had lost her fancy for Cecil, with the humiliating effect of the miniature.

Doris dozed after lunch, and had a good hour of hard practice with her violin. She came down to the car at five minutes before her hour, with the brown leather case under her arm.

"To Doctor Von Mandeschild's, please, Bacon," she said to the chauffeur, "and wait for me there; I'm having a lesson!"

Her pretty face was as sober as she looked out of the car at the jumbled traffic of the money streets. What fun Hilary would have in Paris, with her French and her passion for little adventures!

She opened the studio door with her usual bold and ungrammatical greeting for Von Mandeschild, his own tongue.

The old man was at the piano; there was another man in the room, who pulled his long, lean form out of a velvet chair, and flung back his mane of heavy, long black hair.

Kronski had come back from his cross-country tour.

HILARY, with only a delighted woman of sixty for her companion, had exactly seventeen enchanting days in Paris, three in Switzerland, and fourteen in Spain. Exhausted with pleasure, she came smilingly aboard the vessel at Cherbourg, in the romantic twilight of a mellow March evening, for the trip home, Hilary had tramped, poked, investigated everywhere; she felt herself insatiable for travel.

"It must be my mother's French blood," she said animatedly to the elderly English surgeon, and his young son. "I just—well, I was Paris! I found my mother's, you know, and my cousins, and Didi—that's the little one—wanted me to meet her fiancé, and they were perfectly charming to me. And I met the old man who sold my mother the Amanti. He's still selling violins, but he's never had another Amanti! I only wish—I only wish my sister had been with me!"

But she remembered even as she said it that Butterfly had been for weeks in Paris without displaying any anxiety to discover her mother's old acquaintances there, and that upon one of their happiest trips in Spain, in answer to Hilary's lively cry of "Oh, how Butterfly would love this!"

Mrs. Spaulding had said sensibly, "On the contrary, I don't imagine Butterfly would get any pleasure at all from a trip like this with an old woman! There must always be something new with Butterfly!"

"Something more than what?" Hilary had asked, really concerned.

"More than everything!" Butterfly's mother-in-law had answered sternly. "It was Craig, and all the novelty of married life, for a while. But now there's a longing for some other gown, some other company, some prospect ahead that is just a little more extraordinary, something that some other woman has!"

"You do understand that Hilary had conceded sadly, struck with the truth of the picture.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

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"I understand her type; there are thousands of her," Mrs. Spaulding answered. "Nothing so noble, nothing habitual, really. A book must be easy to clip at both ends, for fear of being bored. I don't know where they're getting to, I'm sure."

"I think Butterfly will outgrow it," Hilary had said, with a sinking heart. "I know she will," Mrs. Spaulding answered, bracing her instantly. "Don't least as much as I do. Don't!"

The old woman kissed her good-by at the train; there were actual tears in the black brows.

"Good-by, child. I wish I had kept my two first little children," said Grace liked a daughter like you, a son to marry you to!" Hilary carried these words with one who listened to her felt, that there had never been so delightful a holiday.

THEY were presently watching the islands gray, rain-swept harbor. Liberty had shot her torch in greeting. Tugs fussed out to meet them. Hilary, writing and dresses and moving restlessly and smilingly and far, marvelled that an absence of only seven weeks could earn so delicious a pain of homecoming.

Presently, with an involuntary cry of joy that surprised her, she saw Craig, waiting on the dock, under a quivering umbrella, and studying the lines of the decks with patient eyes. Her cry died into silence, and she felt apprehension clutch at her heart; something was wrong. Oh, where was Butterfly—where was Butterfly? If he were meeting her, she thought. If he were dead! The holiday mood dropped from her like a mantle she leaned over the rail, and in a high and anxious voice called to him.

Whether he heard her or not, his eyes at that instant found her, and his whole face brightened as he waved his arm. And a moment later she saw Butterfly, charming in her hat, waving vigorously from the shelter of the long shed on the pier.

They were both smiling—they were both all right—Hilary told herself—they were both old, troubled look Craig had worn!

Nothing was said to explain it. She was the first through the customs office, they were running late to the big car and pouring out joyous nothing, as they threaded their slow way through the traffic in the stream-

THEN she was home again, or at least in Butterfly's home, and Craig had been to the office, and they could have talked if they had had been need. But Butterfly seemed to have no confidences; she was bright and sweet and interested, reported herself as busy with her music.

"Butterfly makes us all ashamed of ourselves," Violet Vanderwort, who came in for tea with a dozen others, said admiringly, later that afternoon. "She's going to win the Russian Charities Concert, with all the professionals."

"Butterfly!" Hilary exclaimed, in delight. "What shall you give her?"

"Konrad said to wait until you got here, and then we could go over everything and decide!"

"Konrad?" Hilary echoed, pleased with the little indication of friendship. "You do like him, don't you?" Long afterward she remembered the odd look that Violet gave her.

"Did you think Butterfly didn't like Konrad?" Violet asked.

"Here, lay off Butterfly, VII!" Cy Dwyer said good-naturedly. His sister gave him a contemptuous smile. "Here's Craig!" he added, as Craig came quietly in. "Edna's taken the taxi off the car, Craig. Have some?"

"Hello, every one!" Craig said, stopping to kiss the pretty name of his wife's neck. "This looks excellent!" It was long time since they all had drifted in like this. It seems to me!

"Because of Doris's disgusting indiscretions," Rose West said. "She has to have a lesson at five, she has to meet old Doctor von Something—other at five, it's ridiculous!" It was not as if she could support her, Craig, let her do something else than concert work!

"And if Doctor Something—other isn't there, sometimes Konrad himself takes you in for a lesson, doesn't he, Butterfly?" Violet asked.

"Sometimes," Butterfly said solemnly. "She's a good worker," Craig said. "What? You like her?" "Violet's decided, in faint displeasure, as Violet remarked, a silver little girl of laughter."

"If I ask to!" Craig said, laughing. "I want to talk—music—with you," Violet said. "I shall call on you." "Better let me call you," Craig demanded. "At your mother's house?" "No, I have little things of my own," she said, lazily gazing up the slim brown neck-piece and her gold bag. "Come to the door with me, Craig," she commanded.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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BUTTERFLY: By Kathleen Norris

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Craig obediently rose, and escorted her from the room. Hilary, still pleasantly tired, was contented to sit silent. She handed her cup to Dora, who with smiling eyes said levelly, in a clear, low tone: "Sis, go break that up!"

For a second Hilary was utterly confused. Then she understood; leaving her chair, with an odd little sensation of fright, she went casually into the hall, saying to Cy as she reached the doorway: "I'll get my book. I want to show you how French I look when I go to races!"

Craig and Vi were near the front door, Craig smiling down at her with his usual tolerant air, his hands in the pockets of his coat.

He was delighted to see Hilary, kept her there and drew her into the conversation. But Violet refused to linger. "Good-by, Craig; don't forget the luncheon! Good-by, Miss Collier! So glad you had such a nice trip!"

She ran down the steps, jumped into a waiting limousine. Craig looked at Hilary with a grin.

"What do you make of her?" he asked. "She's a wonder. I don't trust her as far as I can see her!" And immediately, pausing at the foot of the stairs, he added: "How does Dora seem to you? I'm worried about her. She works, she seems wrapped up in her music, she's perfectly well—but—well, I don't know! Maybe it's you she wants; she seemed a different woman when you were here! It couldn't be—Atherton?"

"Oh, Craig, no! Why, that wasn't a real affair at all," Hilary said positively. "Just foolishness, and just beginning, anyway. He crossed on the steamer with us, you know, and he's only a boy. Why, one day he spoke to me about that miniature affair, seemed embarrassed and ashamed about it, like a child!"

"Well, maybe you can find out what's the matter with Dora, if anything is!" Craig suggested.

"Could she be jealous of Vi, Craig?" "Of Vi! Why, I never see her!" His open amazement was the most heartening answer Hilary could have had; and she went up-stairs smiling. But she sighed as she reached her room, nevertheless. The heavy, threatening something that had hung over this house at Christmas time seemed to linger here still; misunderstanding, secrets, conspiracy. Why had Dora feared what Craig was saying to Violet in the hall? And why had Craig looked so grim upon the pier?

And to-morrow was Mount Holly and work again.

SHE reached the office in the little New Jersey town at noon the next day, and prepared to take up the dropped threads with a courageous heart. But the more than ten weeks' holiday, even in the dull season, seemed to have had the effect upon her work of water that closes smoothly over a sunken vessel.

On her desk were some forty disputed letters; fully half of them should have been answered weeks ago. And in the office, where old Kraut still grunted and mumbled, a dapper young man whose favorite word was "efficiency" had been placed. Mr. Eddy was just out of college, and he was a favorite already with old John Spaulding. It did not make Hilary's hard first day any easier to have this youth respectfully informing her about matters hitherto entirely in her charge. And it was late in a chilly, windy Spring afternoon when she discovered that his salary was already more than her own.

She walked home feeling sore and depressed. Hilary always thought of her little house with deep affection and even homesickness when she was away from it; but it was very dirty now, cold and empty and uninviting. The piano was still covered with a pink-and-white blanket, and the trunk that had seemed so delectably new and smart a few weeks ago merely seemed to taunt her with its foreign hotel labels and its scraped and marred sides.

After these luxurious weeks, there seemed to be an astonishing amount of work involved in the getting of a cup of tea and the making of a bed. Hilary burned her wrist, and got her hands raw and dirty. Then there was no hot water, and the bathroom was cold and smelled of and the plaster and lead pipe. She wanted to cry herself to sleep. Instead she got into bed with a hot-water bottle and a book, at nine o'clock, and philosophized herself into calm. After that everything went better. She slept well, and her solitary little breakfast was immensely to her liking. And Mr. Eddy proved a zealous youth, and not entirely lacking in humor.

And then, before things were fairly running again, John Spaulding was stricken down, and everything was consternation and excitement.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Craig Spaulding immediately came down from the city to be in Mount Holly "during our esteemed fellow townsman's indisposition," as the paper said. They took a delightful furnished bungalow out on the race-track

road, and beautiful little Mrs. Spaulding began to flash about the familiar roads in her roadster.

She was gracious to the townspeople who had snubbed her in her girlhood, only a few years ago; indeed she was brightly gracious with every one, and especially gracious with Craig. Hilary, at first, felt that her own cup of happiness was too full.

Things were going better at the factory than ever before. Old John had been a conservative, had hated advertising; but Craig immediately began to branch out.

HER own position was certainly the most important in the factory, except perhaps that of Craig himself. They worked together splendidly, really enjoying the emergency, and the sense that from the chaos they were steadily bringing forth success.

Meanwhile Dora was charming. She had told Hilary that there was no news. Yes, Konrad and old Von Mandescheid had gotten off late in May, but they would be back in September, and meanwhile she would work faithfully. Her concert appearance had been all that she hoped; nobody said that she was going to set the river on fire, but he was satisfied, and that was all she cared about.

"He? Oh, you mean old Von Mandescheid?" asked Hilary.

"Yes, I mean him," Dora answered.

How the Summer rushed away, Hilary did not know. It was boiling weather. Dora had gone with the Morrills, Craig's cousins, for three weeks on the Maine coast. Then came September, with little relief from the heat.

And always there was that odd brightness and sweetness about Dora. Hilary, after the first few weeks of their reunion, came to feel her old dislike to it, her old fear of it. What was Dora thinking about while she stood, swaying slightly, with the Amati resting against her soft cheek? She gave no clue.

But on a certain warm September evening when they were all in Hilary's little yard, idle after a supper that was almost all salad

and iced coffee, still at the table, and talking on into the dusk, there came an interruption, and—to Hilary—awakening at last.

Kronski had come to find them; just as he had come on a Winter night so long ago. He was earlier than he expected to be in America; his ship came in to-day, and to-morrow he left, for three weeks' Canadian shooting, with his good manager.

He sat down, between Craig and Dora, with Hilary opposite. And Dora looked up at him, with her brown eyes flaming in the soft half-light. She had hardly spoken, she was not smiling, she was only breathing a little rapidly.

"And so, have we been a good child? Have we been working four hours every day?" he asked suddenly, looking from one sister to the other with his quick, boyish smile.

Hilary, putting a tall, clinking glass of iced coffee beside him, nodded and smiled, and as he drank it off with a long wet gasp Konrad laid over her hand for a moment his own nervous, keenly tempered hand with an affectionate pressure of acknowledgment.

She went back to her place, conscious of an odd tumult in her breast. It was certainly not pain, and yet there was terror and a sort of heady fright about it; her breath caught treacherously, and a queer lightness, almost a giddiness, seized her.

The men were discussing Balkan politics; Dora, with that odd, wise, watchful smile in her eyes, was listening quietly. Hilary could lean back in her chair, unnoticed, and ask herself what had happened to her.

THE last of the afterglow died out of the pink-and-blue sky that showed above the old wall. Hilary looked at Konrad, who was talking animatedly; and said his name to herself as she might have put out her finger, as a child, to receive an electric current. With the name the strange new feeling shook her again; her heart soared, and seemed to float above her body; she wanted to laugh, to cry, to stay forever sitting so, breathing the soft, airless warmth of the dying day, and the rich,

heavy odor of the wallflowers, and the dusty peaches.

"What is the matter with me to-night?" she asked herself, coming back to a sober study of Konrad, sitting there in the dusk. He was only a clumsy, big, delightful peasant, in spite of his genius, but she liked him so much!

"But come; if you've only an hour, aren't we going to have some music?" she demanded. Kronski shrugged rebelliously.

"I am perfectly happy!" he protested. "You come straight to the piano," Hilary decreed, rising, and holding out her hand. He took it, smiling as they went into the warm, dark house.

"Yes, Mother, I will be a good child!" he said obediently. The sudden candle-lights showed her, smiling approval at him, and the instant he touched the Amati she knew there would be no further demur. "Ah, what hands—what hands!" he cried, as the first fiery rush of notes echoed through the old room; "why can not I take those hands of yours with me wherever I go! Come, I obey you. What are we to play?"

Hilary, always in serious earnest at the piano, answered only with a nod of her coppery crown toward the music-rest; they were off upon an ecstatic flight of sound.

Dora and Craig were in the gloom of the wide-opened window, seated upon its broad sill. Dora was silent, her eyes upon the players. Craig watched the street, where listening forms were gathering, and presently turned to Hilary, making to-night for the first time a discovery about her.

"Butterfly temperament!" he mused. "Why, it's Hilary who is the genius. And she's—by George, she is beautiful!"

She was always at her prettiest at the piano, anyway; there was a sureness, a dash, and brilliance about her. And to-night, her white fingers racing with Konrad's bow, her exquisite color flaming against her white skin, and with the candle-light touching her crown of hair, she was actually lovely. Craig noticed for the hundredth time the clean lines of her rounded chin, with its hint of a cleft, and the purity of the white, round throat. How she had flung herself into this music; there was something inspiring in the mere sight of it.

Craig thought: "She's asleep now. But if she ever fell in love—!"

The music ended upon tremendous and marching chords. Hilary let the last one die into perfect silence; Konrad's head, flung back for the last long-drawn note, dropped forward again; he gently laid down the violin, and Dora, wondering, saw that her sister's eyes were brimming with tears.

"Ah, Konrad—that was music!" Hilary faltered, smiling.

"Bravo!" he said. Dora had gone to the piano, and now she picked up the violin with an expectant look. But Kronski, still panting, shook his head.

"No more—no more! We must not spoil the perfect thing!" he said, toweeling vigorously with his handkerchief. Dora looking a little surprised, a little hurt, came slowly back to the circle, and sat in the chair beside him. Craig had gone out, with his usually brotherly concern for the comfort of them all, to find some ginger ale. But Hilary, as she herself sank into a seat, saw in the soft candle-light that Dora's soft little hand dropped against Kronski's, as if it had found a resting-place it loved.

AND then she knew. It was all suddenly clear. This was the explanation of Butterfly's serenity, her sweetness, her silences. She had been dreaming of Kronski all this domestic, contented Summer. Hers had been the subtle complacency of the secretly loved woman; it had been the memory of Kronski that had kept Dora happy through the blazing Midsummer days, and the long quiet evenings of talk, and the Sunday cruises in the car!

She looked at Dora, at Craig with his honest, handsome, intelligent face, bent concernedly over the ice and the glasses, and at Kronski, the big, clumsy, lean, eager man, with his boyish rages, his boyish vanity, his boyish eagerness for affection. He was rude sometimes, he was rarely reasonable—

Yes, but he was Kronski. And Hilary fancied that it was a maternal emotion that made her eyes a little dim as she smiled at him, and her throat a little thick. He was too sweet, too oddly pathetic and helpless for life to spoil and ill-treat. He had called her "Mother," and had said that he would obey her! Nice boy that he was! "No, Butterfly," she said in her heart, slowly sipping her iced drink. "You sha'n't play with him. You sha'n't hurt nonsense! He doesn't love you, and it's ridiculous to pretend about it. And I like him—mother and father told me about mine!"

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